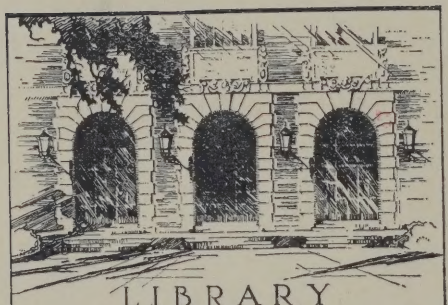

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

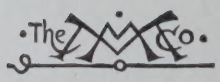
BY

RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

AND

EDMUND GOSSE, M.A., LL.D.

VOL. IV



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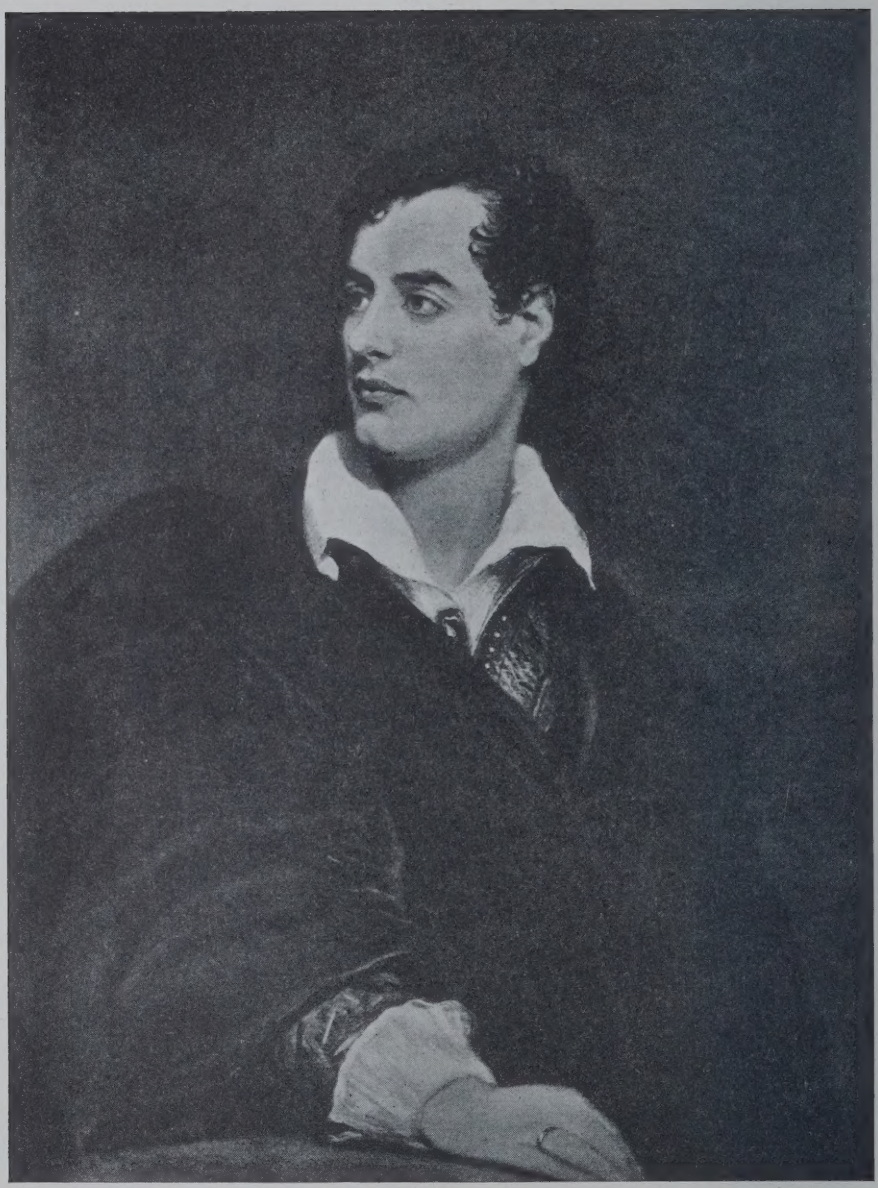

Lord Byron.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY T. PHILLIPS.

In the possession of John Murray, Esq.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME IV

FROM THE AGE OF JOHNSON TO THE AGE OF TENNYSON

BY

EDMUND GOSSE

HON. M.A. OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
HON. LL.D. OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER ON THE LITERATURE, FROM 1892 TO 1922, BY JOHN ERSKINE, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, AS A CHILD
FROM A MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.

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PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME

THE principles of selection which were followed in the earlier volumes of this work have been adhered to in this also, except in the last chapter, where it was found necessary in some degree to modify them. The age through which we have just passed is still too close to us to enable us to decide with any confidence which, among the many names which were prominent in the second rank of its literature, will continue to interest posterity. Instead, therefore, of crowding the page with eminent names, certain leading figures have been taken as unquestionably in themselves attractive, and as probably representative of the time. This portion of the work, it is obvious, must be peculiarly liable, in future editions, to extension and alteration. At present, its limit is the death of Queen Victoria, and it deals with no living person, except with one famous and venerable philosopher, whose work, we must regretfully suppose, is finished.

So far as the illustration of this volume is concerned, we descend through grades of picturesque decline to the period, not merely of the frock-coat and of the top-hat, but of that most inæsthetic instrument, the photographer's lens. We may claim, perhaps, to make up in copiousness for a lack of beauty which is no fault of ours. Among those whose kindness and generosity have enabled us to enrich this volume, my particular thanks are due to Mr. William Archer, to Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, to Mr. Ernest H. Coleridge, to Mr. Coningsby D'Israeli, to Mr. Warwick Draper, to Mrs. John Richard Green, to Miss Gaskell, to Mr. John Murray, to Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, to Mr. Clement Shorter, to Mr. M. H. Spielmann, to Mrs. Baird Smith, to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and to Mr. Butler Wood of Bradford. As before, I have to thank my friend Mr. A. H. Bullen for his kindness in reading the proofs and Mrs. Sydney Pawling for her valuable help in obtaining matter for illustration.

E. G.

November 1903.

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CHAPTER I

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH

1780–1815

THE period which immediately preceded and accompanied the French Revolution was one of violent and complete transition in English literature. The long frost of classicism broke up; the sealed fountains of romantic expression forced their way forth, and then travelled smoothly on upon their melodious courses. The act of release, then, is the predominant interest to us in a general survey, and the progress of liberated romance the main object of our study. Poetry once more becomes the centre of critical attention, and proves the most important branch of literature cultivated in England. The solitary figure of Burke attracts towards the condition of prose an observation otherwise riveted upon the singularly numerous and varied forms in which poetry is suddenly transforming itself. As had been the case two hundred years before, verse came abruptly to the front in England, and absorbed all public attention.

George III.

After the Portrait by Allan Ramsay

Among the factors which led to the enfranchisement of the imagination, several date from the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Johnson's famous and diverting *Lives of the Poets* was raised as a bulwark against forces which that sagacious critic had long felt to be advancing, and which he was determined to withstand. The Aristotelian rules, the monotony of versification, the insistence on abstract ideas and conventional verbiage—the whole panoply of classicism under which poetry had gone forth to battle in serried ranks since 1660 was now beginning to be discredited. The Gallic code was found insufficient, for Gray had broken up the verse; Collins had introduced a plaintive, flute-like note; Thomson had looked straight at nature; then the

timid protest had given scandal, while Churchill and Goldsmith had gone back to the precise tradition. But 1760-70 produced a second and stronger effort in revolt, founded on archaistic research. Antiquaries had gone dimly searching after the sources of Middle English, and Chatterton had forged the Rowley poems ; Warton had glorified Spenser, and Percy had edited his inspiring *Reliques*. Most of all, the pent-up spirit of lyricism, that instinct for untrammelled song which the eighteenth century had kept so closely caged, had been stimulated to an eager beating of its wings by the mysterious deliverances of the pseudo-Ossian.

The Revival of Nature.

On the whole, this last, although now so tarnished and visibly so spurious, seems to have been at that time the most powerful of all the influences which made for the revival of romanticism in England. Thousands of readers, accustomed to nothing more stimulating than Young and Blair, reading the Desolation of Balclutha and Ossian's Address to the Sun with rapture, found a new hunger for song awakened in their hearts, and felt their pulses tingling with mystery and melody. They did not ask themselves too closely what the rhapsody was all about, nor quibble at the poorness of the ideas and the limited range of the images. What Gessner gave and Rousseau, what the dying century longed for in that subdued hysteria which was presently to break forth in political violence, was produced to excess by the vibrations of those shadowy harp-strings which unseen fingers plucked above the Caledonian graves of Fingal and Malvina. *Ossian* had nothing of position and solid value to present to Europe ; but it washed away the old order of expression, and it prepared a clear field for Goethe, Wordsworth, and Chateaubriand.

Cowper's Mother

From an Engraving by Finden

But in the meantime, four poets of widely various talent arrest our attention during the last years of the century. Of these, two, Cowper and Crabbe, endeavoured to support the old tradition ; Burns and Blake were entirely indifferent to it—such, at least, is the impression which their work produces on us, whatever may have been their private wish or conviction. Certain dates are of value in emphasising the practically simultaneous appearance of these poets of the transition. Cowper's *Table Talk* was published in 1782, and the *Task* in 1785. Crabbe's clearly defined first period opens with the *Candidate* of 1780, and closes with the *Newspaper* of 1785. Blake's *Poetical*

Sketches date from 1783, and the *Songs of Innocence* from 1787. If the world in general is acquainted with a single bibliographical fact, it is aware that the Kilmarnock Burns was issued in 1786. Here, then, is a solid body of poetry evidently marked out for the notice of the historian, a definite group of verse inviting his inspection and his classification. Unfortunately, attractive and interesting as each of these poets is, it is exceedingly difficult to persuade ourselves that they form anything like a school, or are proceeding in approximately the same direction. If a writer less like Crabbe than Burns is to be found in literature, it is surely Blake, and a parallel between Cowper and Burns would reduce a critic to despair.

At first sight we simply see the following general phenomena. Here is WILLIAM COWPER, a writer of great elegance and amenity, the soul of gentle wit and urbane grace, engaged in continuing and extending the work of Thomson, advancing the exact observation of natural objects, without passion, without energy, without a trace of lyrical effusion, yet distinguished from his eighteenth century predecessors by a resistance to their affected, rhetorical diction; a very pure, limpid, tender talent, all light without fire or vapour.

William Cowper.

William Cowper

After the Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence

William Cowper (1731–1800) was the son of the Rev. John Cowper and his wife Ann Donne, of good family on both sides. His father was chaplain to George II. and rector of Great Berkhampstead, where the poet was born on the 15th of November 1731. He was a very delicate child, much neglected at home after his mother's death in 1737, when he was sent for two years to a school in Market Street, Herts, where his nervous strength was permanently undermined by the bullying of one of his school-fellows. His eyes became painfully inflamed, and for two years (1739-41) he was under medical care in the house of an oculist. About the age of ten he grew stronger, and was able to be sent to Westminster School, where he played cricket and football, and, under the celebrated Latinist, Vincent Bourne, became a competent scholar. Among his friends and associates at school were Churchill, Colman, Cumberland, and Warren Hastings. Cowper remained at Westminster until 1749, when he was entered

of the Middle Temple, and articled for three years to a solicitor. During this time he was intimate with the family of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, with whose daughters, Harriet and Theodora, he was to be found "from morning to night, giggling and making giggle." This was well enough, but when in 1752 he went to reside alone in the Temple, solitude made him morbid, and his old melancholy returned, in a religious form. He was called to the Bar in June 1754. The very proper refusal of Ashley Cowper to allow an engagement between the first cousins, William and Theodora, could not fail to render the life of the poet miserable; but this impossible courtship should have been nipped in its earlier stages. At the death of his father, in 1756, Cowper bought chambers in the Middle Temple, and began to contribute to current literature. He says that he "produced several half-penny ballads, two or three of which had the honour to become popular," but these have never been identified. A variety of causes, however, of which the dread of poverty was one, exasperated his neurosis, and in October 1763, just after his appointment to be Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, he became suicidally insane; on the 7th of December he was placed in an asylum at St. Albans, kept by a minor poet of some grace and an excellent physician, Dr. Nathaniel Cotton. His terrible *Sapphics* were written during this confinement. In the summer of 1765 he was considered to be so far cured that he was removed to lodgings in Huntingdon. Here he renewed his correspondence with a charming cousin, Lady Hesketh, and made some pleasant acquaintances, in particular that of a cultivated family of Unwins, into whose house he was taken as a paying guest later in the same year. In 1767 the elder Mr. Unwin was thrown from his horse, the children were dispersed, and it became natural for Mrs. Unwin and Cowper to take house together. Accordingly in September they removed to Orchard Side in Olney in Bucks. Here Cowper was greatly impressed by the character and conversation of the curate, John Newton, who persuaded the poet to help him in his parochial duties: Olney was a poor parish, without gentry, "and the poor poet was the only squire." Newton, however, had no sense of moderation; a young man of fiery

Cowper's Birthplace at Berkhampstead

Weston Lodge

From a Drawing by John Greig

I have taken, since you went, many of the walks which we have taken together, and none of them I believe, without thoughts of you. I have, though not a good memory in general, yet a good local memory, and can recollect by the help of a tree or a stile, what you said on that particular spot. For this reason I purpose, when the Summer is come, to walk with a book in my pocket. What I read at my fireside I forget, but what I read under a hedge or at the side of a pond, that pond and that hedge will always bring to my remembrance; and this is a sort of Memoria technica which I would recommend to you, did I not know that you have no reason for it

From a letter of Cowper's

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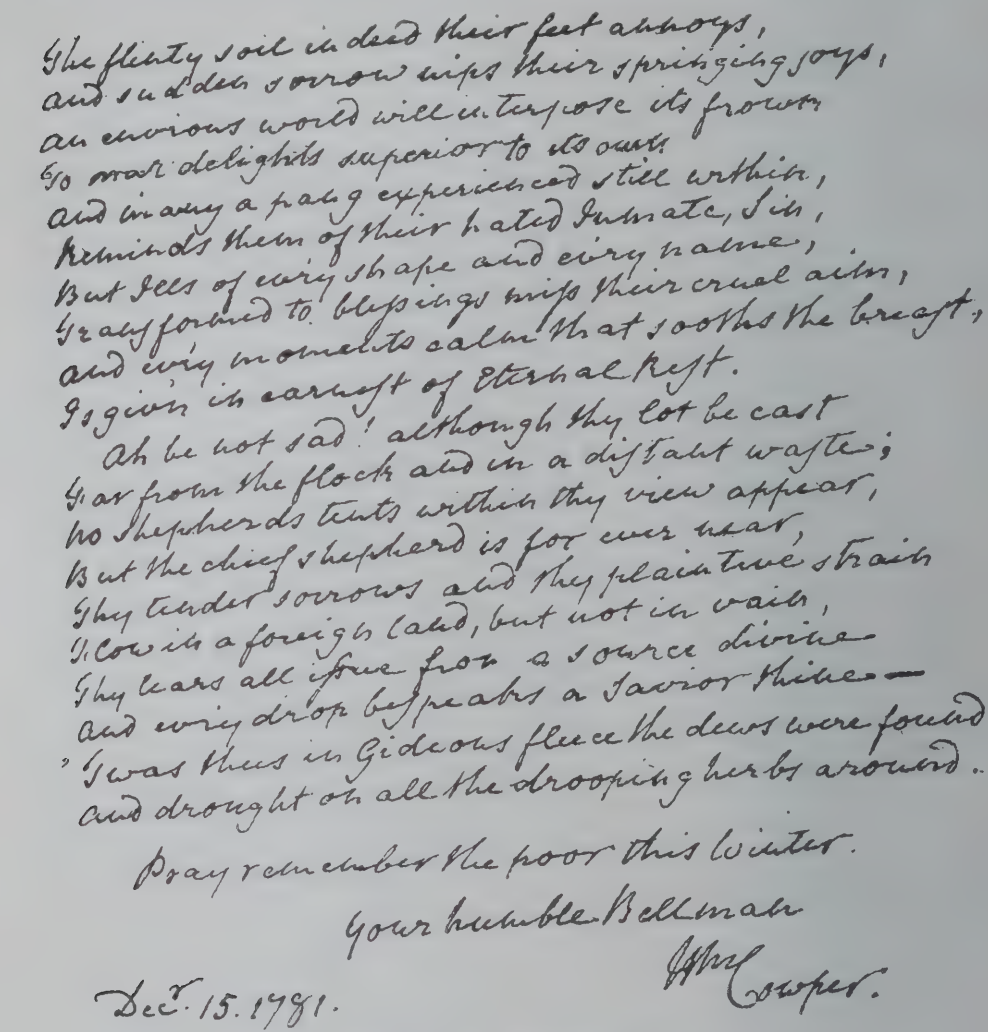
strength and zeal himself, he had no pity upon his friend's nervous weakness, and under the strain of violent religious excitement Cowper went mad again. But before this Newton had persuaded Cowper to join him in the composition of the hymns which were first collected eight years later. In 1772 Cowper and Mrs. Unwin had determined to marry, but an outbreak of suicidal mania was the signal for an obscuration of his intellect for sixteen months, during all which time Mrs. Unwin nursed him with untiring devotion. It was found that nothing amused him so much as looking after animals, and his friends collected quite a menagerie round him at Old Orchard, and in particular the three classic hares. In 1779 the *Olney Hymns* were published, and with recovering mental serenity a new bloom seems to come over the intellect of Cowper, and he wrote, for the first time, with ease and fluency. There was little to be said in favour of an anonymous satire in verse, *Antithelyphthora*, but he was now, as he approached his fiftieth year, about to become a poet. His first volume of *Poems*, indeed, including *Table Talk* and many of his best shorter pieces, was not published until 1782. *John Gilpin* followed anonymously in 1783. By this time Lady Austen, a vivacious and cultivated widow, had made her appearance in Olney, and at her persuasion Cowper now began to write a poem "upon a sofa": it turned into *The Task*, which was published in 1785. But, meanwhile, Cowper had been painfully forced to choose between an old friend and a new one; he renounced Lady Austen, and Mrs. Unwin regained her supremacy. *The Task* placed its author, with a bound, at the head of the poets of the age; it introduced many new friends to him, and it placed him in communication once more with his cousin, Lady Hesketh. She now became the most trusted of his correspondents, and, encouraged by her sympathy, Cowper began to translate Homer. His "dearest coz," Lady Hesketh, visited him in the summer of 1786, and with infinite delicacy helped him and Mrs. Unwin in the way of money, for they were now again threatened with poverty. It was at her instigation that they left Olney, and took a house at Weston-Underwood. Here the fanatic harshness of Newton and grief at the sudden death of William Unwin, his friend's son, brought on a fresh attack of insanity. Delayed by illness and melancholy, it was not until 1791 that the *Homer* saw the light. Cowper began to write once more with ardour, but the decline of Mrs. Unwin's faculties, ending in paralysis, clouded his intelligence again. He fought a losing battle against insanity, but for the

Cowper in his Study, with his favourite hare
From a Drawing by Richard Westall

remainder of his life he was practically a lunatic. In 1795 he was moved to Dunham Lodge,[1] near Swaffham, and then into the town of East Dereham, where Mrs. Unwin died on the 17th of December 1796. Cowper lived on, with occasionally gleams of sanity, his occasional translations, done during these last days, showing no failure of


The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
and sudden sorrow wipes their springing joys,
an envious world will interpose its frowns
to mar delights superior to its own;
and in any a pang experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated Intimate, Sin;
But Jesus of every shape and every name,
Yea welcome to bless wings wipe their cruel pains,
and every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of Eternal Rest.
Oh be not sad! although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock and in a distant waste;
No Shepherds tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd is for ever near,
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Yet Cow in a foreign land, but not in vain,
Thy tears all spring from a source Divine
and every drop bespeaks a Savior thine —
'Twas thus in Gideons fleece the dews were found,
and drought on all the drooping herbs around.

Pray remember the poor this winter.

Your humble Bellman

John Cowper.

Dec. 15. 1781.

MS. of the Bellman Verses

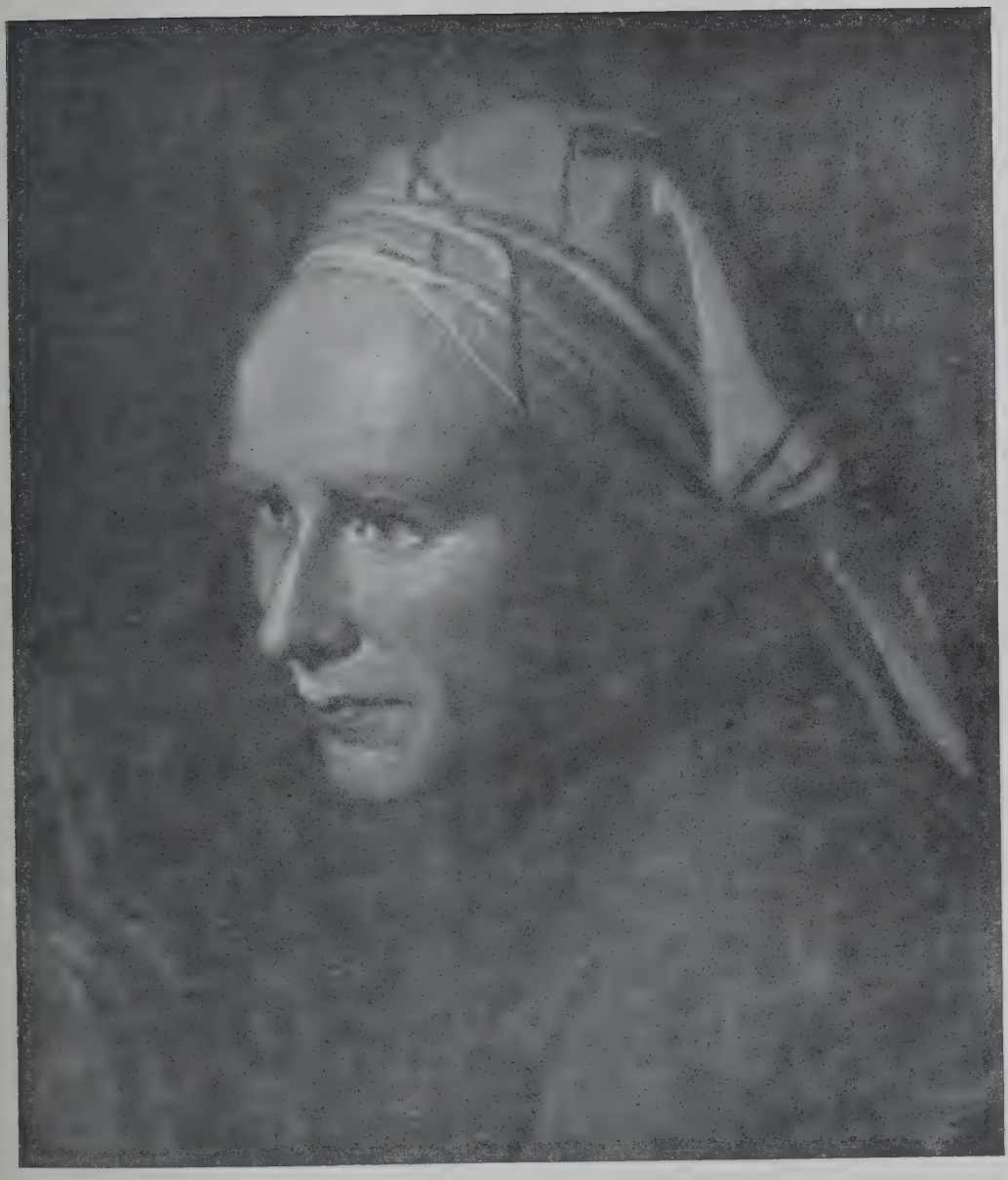
Preserved in the British Museum

power, until the 25th of April 1800. He was buried in Dereham Church, "named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken." His incomparably witty, tender, and graceful *Letters* were published, with his life, by Hayley in 1803.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade !
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

[1] Erroneously called *Dereham* Lodge in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.



William Cowper.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

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Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew ;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat.
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

Cowper's House at Weston

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

FROM "THE TASK": BOOK IV.

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright !—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks ;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.

True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet, careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

Cowper's Summer House

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding

But O the important budget ! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings ? have our troops awak'd ?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace ?
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all :
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

To Mrs. Unwin.

[*May* 1793.]

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalises whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

View of Olney

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding

The Colubriad.

Close by the threshold of a door nail'd fast
Three kittens sat; each kitten look'd aghast;
I passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye,
Not much concern'd to know what they did there,
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose,
Who having never seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting with attention due,
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, "Who are you?"

On to the hall went I, with pace not slow.
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe,
With which, well-arm'd, I hasten'd to the spot,
To find the viper,—but I found him not.
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only—that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipp'd between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make despatch and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard:"
For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
Even there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat,
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight;
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

George Crabbe. Then, here is GEORGE CRABBE, whom Byron would have done better to call "Dryden in worsted stockings," a dense, rough, strongly vitalised narrator, without a touch of revolt against the conventions of form, going back, indeed—across Goldsmith and Pope—to the precise prosody used by Dryden at the close of his life for telling tragical stories; a writer absolutely retrogressive, as it at first seems, rejecting all suggestion of change, and completely satisfied with the old media for his peculiar impressions, which are often vehement, often sinister, sometimes very prosaic and dull, but generally sincere and direct—Crabbe, a great, solid talent, without grace, or flexibility, or sensitiveness.

The Birthplace of Crabbe
From a Drawing by C. Stanfield

George Crabbe (1754–1832) was the son of the salt-master, or collector of salt-dues, at Aldeborough, in Suffolk, where he was born on Christmas Eve, 1754. His

childhood was one of pinching poverty, but his father, whose ambition exceeded his means, contrived to send him to fairly good schools at Bungay and at Stowmarket. He was apprenticed at the age of fourteen as errand-boy to a doctor near Bury St. Edmunds, and at seventeen to a surgeon at Woodbridge. In 1774 he published the rhymed anonymous satire called *Inebriety*. He studied medicine, and set up in practice in Aldeborough, but the profession was so distasteful to him, and his success in it so improbable, that in his twenty-fifth year he abandoned it, and came up to London with a capital of £3 to try his fortune in literature. His poem, *The Candidate*, was published anonymously in 1780, but brought with it neither fame nor money Reduced to absolute distress, the young poet wrote, without an introduction, to Edmund Burke, who saw him, took a fancy to him, and generously befriended him. Under the genial patronage of Burke, who introduced him to Reynolds, Thurlow, and Fox, Crabbe published anonymously *The Library* in 1781, and, with his name, what is one of his best productions, *The Village*, in 1783. By Burke's advice, Crabbe qualified himself for holy orders, and returned to Aldeborough as curate; in 1782 he was ordained priest, and appointed chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir. His troubles were now over, and still through the goodness of Burke, he became a pluralist after the fashion of his time, exchanging two poor livings in Dorsetshire for two of greater value in the Vale of Belvoir. When the Duke of Rutland died in 1788, the duchess presented him with two rectories in Leicestershire. Crabbe had by this time abandoned poetry, his latest publication of note having been *The Newspaper*, 1785. Lord Thurlow had told him that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. He carried out the parallel: he married and settled down as a comfortable country clergyman, without any ambition, and it was more than twenty years before the world heard of him again. Meanwhile he had added to his clerical incumbencies, and in 1796 he had taken a mansion in Suffolk, Great Glenham Hall. Here he lived for nearly ten years, and then returned to one of his incumbencies, Muston, where he had not lived since 1792, in consequence of a warning from his bishop that he had grown too lax about parochial residence. The general awakening

Rev. George Crabbe

After the Portrait by T. Phillips

of a public interest in poetry seems to have roused Crabbe in his seclusion. In 1807 he published the *Poems*, which he had written during his long retirement; they pleased, and in the same year Crabbe was encouraged to bring out a long poem, *The Parish Register*, parts of which had already been seen and admired by Fox. We are told that these passages were the last specimens of literature which "engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man." The success of *The Parish Register* was beyond all probable expectation, and Crabbe found himself suddenly famous at the age of fifty-three. He published *The Borough*, perhaps the best of his compositions, in 1810; *Tales in Verse* in 1812; and finally, in 1819, *Tales of the Hall*. During these years he had the gratification of seeing himself habitually named among the first poets of the age. When the sale of his works had already flagged a little, he was still able to dispose of his entire copyright for £3000, a sum which, according to an amusing story of Moore's, he characteristically carried loose in notes in his waistcoat-pocket from London to Trowbridge in Wiltshire, of which parish he had been the rector since 1814. His celebrity, his genial simplicity, and the gentleness of his humour made Crabbe a very general favourite, and entertaining stories of his unworldly manners were commonly current. He was now widely invited to great houses, and enjoyed his fame, but never quite woke up from his bewilderment at finding himself a fashionable genius. Walter Scott esteemed and liked Crabbe, and had often urged him to come and stay with him in Edinburgh. He was, nevertheless, a little disconcerted to see the Suffolk poet quietly arrive, unannounced, in the very midst of the celebration of George IV.'s visit in August 1822, and take a dignified part in the proceedings. Crabbe, already an elderly man, was to live nearly ten years more. He died at Trowbridge on the 3rd of February 1832, having published nothing since the *Tales of the Hall*. His works and letters were given to the world in 1834 by his son, George Crabbe the younger.

Rev. George Crabbe

From an original Drawing

They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane,—then linger in the mead,—
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,—
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum ;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay !—
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run—

Parham Hall, Suffolk (the Moat House of Crabbe)

From a Water-colour Drawing by Clarkson Stanfield

The ships at distance and the boats at hand ;
And now they walk upon the seaside sand,
Counting the number and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea :
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glitt'ring waters on the shingles roll'd :
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below ;
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by :
Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour-fire,—

Tokens of bliss !—" Oh ! horrible ! a wave
Roars as it rises—save me, Edward ! save !"
She cries ;—Alas ! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day !

DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

All our poor to know,
Let's seek the winding Lane, the narrow Row,
Suburban prospects, where the traveller stops
To see the sloping tenement on props,
With building yards immix'd, and humble sheds and shops ;
Where the Cross-keys and Plumbers' Arms invite
Laborious men to taste their coarse delight ;

Aldborough Town Hall

From a Drawing by C. Stanfield

Where the low porches, stretching from the door,
Gave some distinction in the days of yore,
Yet now neglected, more offend the eye,
By gloom and ruin, than the cottage by :
Places like these the noblest town endures,
The gayest palace has its sinks and sewers.
  Here is no pavement, no inviting shop,
To give us shelter when compell'd to stop ;
But plashy puddles stand along the way,
Fill'd by the rain of one tempestuous day ;
And these so closely to the buildings run,
That you must ford them, for you cannot shun ;
Though here and there convenient bricks are laid,
And door-side heaps afford their dubious aid.
  Lo ! yonder shed ; observe its garden-ground,
With the low paling, form'd of wreck, around :
There dwells a fisher ; if you view his boat,
With bed and barrel—'tis his house afloat ;
Look at his house, where ropes, nets, blocks, abound,
Tar, pitch, and oakum—'tis his boat aground :

That space inclosed, but little he regards,
Spread o'er with relics of masts, sails, and yards:
Fish by the wall, on spit of elder, rest,
Of all his food, the cheapest and the best,
By his own labour caught, for his own hunger dress'd.

Sir

Painful as it is to me to leave my Wife at this Time, yet the Fear of having my Absence imputed to motives very different from those which would have been the real ones, induces me to attempt the Journey to Wickham & I only write in Hope that if I be not at the White Hart by the Time appointed (which is impracticable) you would nevertheless expect me till 2 after 12, & if I should not then be with you, you will be so good as to conclude that I am detained by Impediments which cannot be removed. I shall take Money with me, but I little expect that you have sufficient, as I shall look for a payment of my Expences of every kind; ~~Be reckoned~~. But I will not enable myself to judge of what they should be. I am Sir Yr. obed Servt

Aldeburgh 12 Aug 1805

Mr. Crabbe is to tell that I am obliged to contrive his affairs with some Secrecy. — Geo. Crabbe

Facsimile Letter from Crabbe

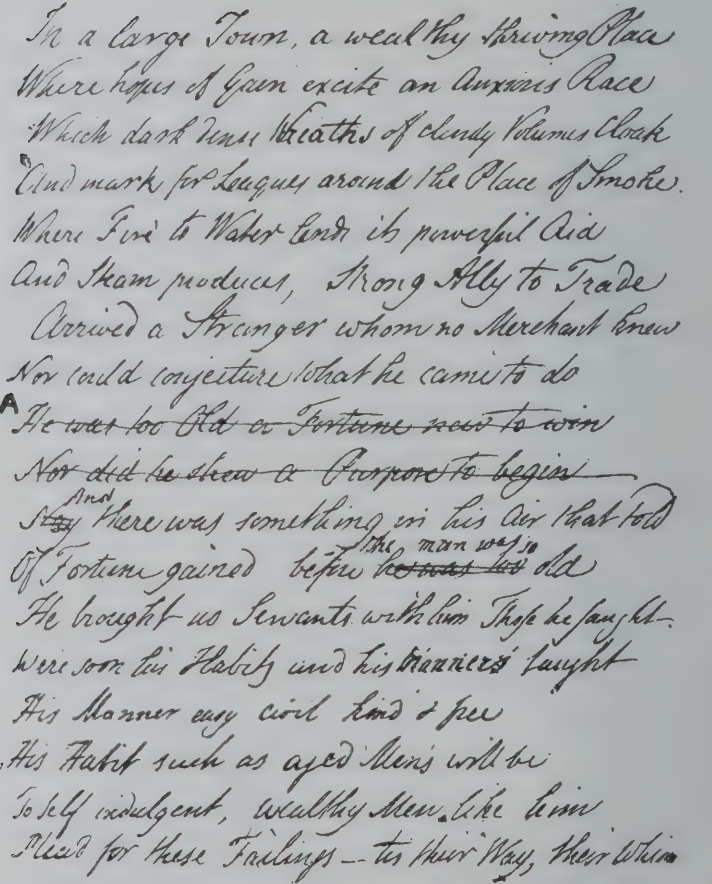
THE WIDOW.

From "Tales of the Hall."

Now came the time, when in her husband's face
Care, and concern, and caution she could trace;
His troubled features gloom and sadness bore,
Less he resisted, but he suffer'd more;
Grief and confusion seized him in the day,
And the night passed in agony away.
"My ruin comes!" was his awakening thought,
And vainly through the day was comfort sought;
"There, take my all!" he said, and in his dream,
Heard the door bolted, and his children scream.

Fretful herself, he of his wife in vain
For comfort sought—"He would be well again;
Time would disorders of such nature heal—
O! if he felt what she was doom'd to feel!

The Family of Friends.



Beginning of the MS. of Crabbe's "Family of Friends"

Such sleepless nights! such broken rest! her frame
Rack'd with diseases that she could not name!
With pangs like her's no other was oppress'd!"
Weeping, she said, and sigh'd herself to rest.

The suffering husband look'd the world around,
And saw no friend; on him misfortune frown'd;

Him self-reproach tormented ; sorely tried,
By threats he mourn'd, and by disease he died.

As weak as wailing infancy or age,
How could the widow with the world engage?

"Her debts would overwhelm her, that was sure!"
But one privation would she not endure ;
"We shall want bread! the thing is past a doubt."
"Then part with Cousins!" "Can I do without?"
"Dismiss your servants." "Spare me them, I pray!"
"At least your carriage!" "What will people say?"
"That useless boat, that Folly on the lake!"
"Oh! but what cry and scandal it will make."
For ever begging all to be sincere,
And never willing any truth to hear.

"It was so hard on her, who not a thing
Had done such mischief on their heads to bring;
This was her comfort, this she would declare,"—
And then slept soundly in her pillow'd chair.

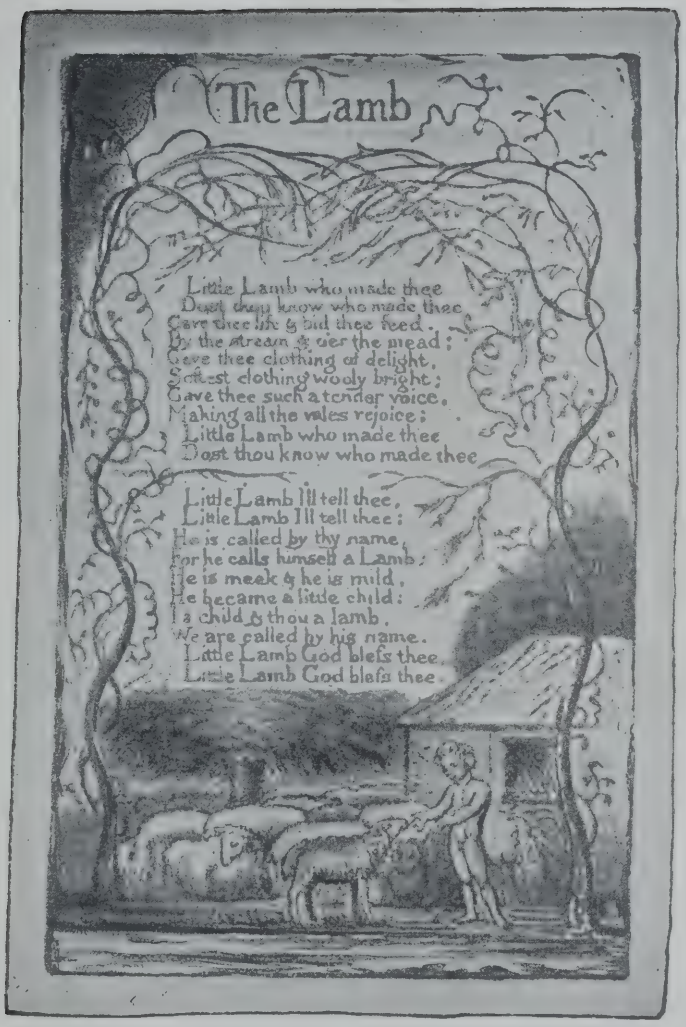
Then here is WILLIAM BLAKE, for whom the classic forms and traditions have nothing to say at all; whose ethereal imagination and mystic mind have taken their deepest impressions from the Elizabethan dramatists and from Ossian; whose aim, fitfully and feverishly accomplished, is to fling the roseate and cerulean fancies of his brain on a gossamer texture woven out of the songs of Shakespeare and the echoes of Fingal's airy hall; a poet this for whom time, and habit, and the conventions of an age do not exist; who is no more nor less at home in 1785 than he would be in 1585 or 1985; on whom his own epoch, with its tastes and limitations, has left no mark whatever; a being all sensitiveness and lyric passion and delicate, aerial mystery. *William Blake.*

William Blake (1757–1827) was the second son of James Blake, a hosier of Broad Street, Golden Square, where he was born on the 28th of November 1787. He was scarcely educated at all, beyond learning to read and write, but at ten years of age he began to copy prints, and at eleven years to write verses. He became at fourteen apprenticed to Basire, the engraver, and later worked in the schools of the Royal Academy. It is not here to the purpose to follow stage by stage the artistic career of Blake. In 1783 Flaxman the sculptor, in combination with another friend, caused Blake's juvenile poems, *Poetical Sketches*, to pass through the press. This volume, all written before 1777, with much very crude and feeble work, contained some of the poet's most perfect songs. His father died in 1784, and Blake set up next door to the paternal shop as a printseller, in partnership with a fellow-student. This arrangement lasted three years. Blake then started alone in Poland Street, and his first act was to bring out the *Songs of Innocence*, engraved, in a manner invented by the painter-poet, on copper, with a symbolic design in many colours, and finished by hand. The interest awakened by these astonishing productions was small, but Blake was not dejected. In 1789 he engraved *The Book of Thel*, and in 1790, in prose, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. In 1791 he published in the usual way the least important of his poetical books, *The French Revolution*. In 1794 the exquisite *Songs*

of Experience followed.. By this time he had moved again from Poland Street to Lambeth, where he continued to produce his rainbow-coloured rhapsodies. Among these, *The Gates of Paradise*, *The Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, and *America, a Prophecy*, were finished within a few months. *Europe* and *Urizen* also belong to 1794. At this period Blake's apocalyptic splendour of invention was at its height. There was a distinct decline in clearness of intellectual presentment in *The Song of Los* and *Ahania* (both 1795). Blake now turned mainly to painting and picture-engraving. In 1800 he left London for Felpham, near Bognor, to be near Hayley, who wanted Blake's constant services as an engraver. He was greatly delighted with Felpham : "Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates." Here he lived in peace until 1803, when occurred the very strange incident of his being arrested on a charge of sedition brought against him in revenge by a spiteful sergeant of dragoons. Blake was acquitted at Chichester in 1804, but he was excessively disturbed. "The visions were angry with him," he believed, and he returned to London. From lodgings in South Molton Street he began once more to issue prophetic "poems" of vast size and mysterious import—*Jerusalem* and *Milton*, both engraved in 1804. These he declared to be dictated to him supernaturally, "without premeditation, and even against my will." After this, although he continued to write masses of wild rhythm, *The Ghost of Abel* (1822) was the only literary work which he could be said, by any straining of the term, to "publish." By this time he had moved (1821) to the latest of his tenements, Fountain Court, in the Temple. In 1825 his health began to fail, and he was subject to painful and weakening recurrences of dysentery. He retained the habit of draughtsmanship, however, until a few days before his death on the 12th of August 1827, when he passed away smiling, after an ecstatic vision of Paradise. He had been a seer of luminous wonders from his very infancy, when he had beheld the face of God at a window and had watched shining angels walking amongst the hay-makers. In his early manhood he was habitually visited by the souls of the great dead, "all majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of man." The question how far Blake believed in the objective actuality of his visions has never been answered ; but it is evident that in his trances he did not distinguish or attempt to distinguish between substance and phantom. Blake was, in early life, a robust and courageous little man, active, temperate, and gentle; with extraordinary eyes. Of his unworldliness many tales are told, humorous and pathetic. His faith was like that of a little child, boundless and unreasoning. His wife, Catherine

William Blake

After the Portrait by T. Phillips


The Lamb
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

A Page from "Songs of Innocence."

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

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Dear Cumberland

I have lately had some pricks of conscience on account of not acknowledging your friendship to me ~~before~~ immediately on the receipt of your beautiful book. I have likewise had by me all the Summer 6 Plates which you desired me to get made for you. they have laid on my shelf without speaking to tell me whose they were or that they were there at all & it was some time (when I found them) before I could divine whence they came or whether they were bound or whether they were to lie there to eternity. I have now sent them to you to be transmuted, thou real Alchymist!

Go on Go on. such works as yours Nature & Providence the Eternal Parent demand from their children how few produce them in such perfection how Nature smiles on them. how Providence rewards them. How all your Brethren say, The sound of his harp & his flute heard from his secret forest cheers us to the labours of life & to plow & reap forgetting our labours

Let us see you sometimes as well as sometimes hear from you & let us often see your Works

Compliments to Mrs Cumberland & Family

yours in head & heart

Wm Blake

Lambeth
23 Decembr 1796
a Merry Christmas

Facsimile Letter from Blake to Richard Cumberland

Sophia Boucher (1761–1831), was ignorant and youthful when he married her, and was trained by him to be the docile partner in his artistic and poetic workmanship, to sit helpfully beside him, as he would have put it, in the onset of "the chariot of genius." His life was one of poverty and obscurity, endured with heroic cheerfulness.

AH! SUNFLOWER.

Ah, Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth, pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin, shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go!

HOLY THURSDAY.

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green:
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG.

As I wandered in the forest
The green leaves among,
I heard a wild flower
Singing a song—

"I slept in the earth
In the silent night;
I murmured my thoughts
And I felt delight.

"In the morning I went,
As rosy as morn
To seek for new joy,
But I met with scorn."

Robert Burns. And finally, here is ROBERT BURNS, the incarnation of natural song, the embodiment of that which is most spontaneous, most ebullient in the lyrical part of nature. With Burns the reserve and quietism of the eighteenth century broke up. There were no longer Jesuit rules of composition, no longer dread of enthusiasm, no longer a rigorous demand that reason or

intellect should take the first place in poetical composition. Intellect, it must be confessed, counts for little in this amazing poetry, where instinct claims the whole being, and yields only to the imagination. After more than a century of sober, thoughtful writers, Burns appears, a song-intoxicated man, exclusively inspired by emotion and the stir of the blood. He cannot tell why he is moved. He uses the old conventional language to describe the new miracle of his sensations. "I never hear," he says, "the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of

The Birthplace of Robert Burns

soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry." This is the prose of the eighteenth century; but when the same ideas burst forth into metre :—

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang"—

we start to discover that here is something quite novel, a mode of writing unparalleled in its easy buoyant emotion since the days of Elizabeth.

Robert Burns (1759-1796), the son of William Burnes or Burness and his wife Agnes Brown, was born in a cottage in the parish of Alloway, in Ayrshire, on the 25th of January 1759. Robert was the eldest of seven children; his father, who had been a gardener, was now a farmer, and "a very poor man." In 1765 Robert went to school in his native village, being, he says, already "a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy *something* in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot-piety." He was taught the elements of style in prose and verse by a remarkable youth, John Murdoch, whose highly-strung emotional eagerness unquestionably did much to awaken the boy's

genius for poetry. About 1772 Burns was sent to a parish school at Dalrymple, all the time cultivating an extraordinarily avid and general taste for such masterpieces of literature as fell in his way. William Burness, however, was now farming a place called Mount Oliphant, close to Alloway, a piece of "the poorest land in Ayrshire," and Robert must leave his books to work in the fields. The boy's life combined "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing toil of a galley-slave." This picture darkened in 1775, when the family fell into the hands of a factor, but brightened again in 1777, when William Burness moved to a better farm, Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here the Burnesses enjoyed four comfortable years, and here the joyous temperament of Robert began to assert itself. He was now writing verses with the greatest activity, and beginning to prosecute the earliest of his multifarious and celebrated love-affairs. With the design of marriage, indeed, he went in 1781 to Irvine to learn the flax-dressing business; the business of life, too, he was now learning with infinite address, and was in that first stage of his maturity in which, as Mr. Henley puts it, he appears before us "a peasant resolute to be a buck." He went back early in 1782 to Lochlea, to find his father's affairs in confusion. A few months later William Burness died, but before this event Robert and the ablest of his brothers, Gilbert, had taken another farm, Mossgiel, at Mauchline. From a financial point of view this enterprise was not lucky; but as a poet Burns was simply made at Mossgiel. Here rose into lush maturity and faded away as quickly his famous passions for Jean Armour and Mary Campbell (the very shadowy "Highland Lassie" of sentiment); these, and others, in their inceptions served as fuel for the lyric fire that now burned impetuously in the heart of Burns, and found vent in some of the most exquisite poetry he ever composed. In July 1786 his *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* was published at Kilmarnock; its success was instant, "old and young, high and low, grave and gay, all were alike delighted, agitated, transported." Ploughboys and maid-servants spent the money, "which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing," on the irresistible volume. The poet, however, made no money by it, for the profits were more than eaten up by the costs of printing a second edition. Breaking from Jean Armour, Burns now proposed to Mary Campbell that he and she should emigrate to Jamaica. He seems to have actually started for Greenock, when Mary Campbell was taken ill and died (October 1786). Burns, with surprising elasticity of temperament, changed all his plans, and determined on a raid upon Edinburgh. He arrived in that capital with conquest in his eye on the 28th of November. His advent was celebrated

Mrs. Burns (Jean Armour) and one of her grandchildren

After a Picture by S. M'Kenzie

Robert Burns.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY ALEXANDER NASMYTH.

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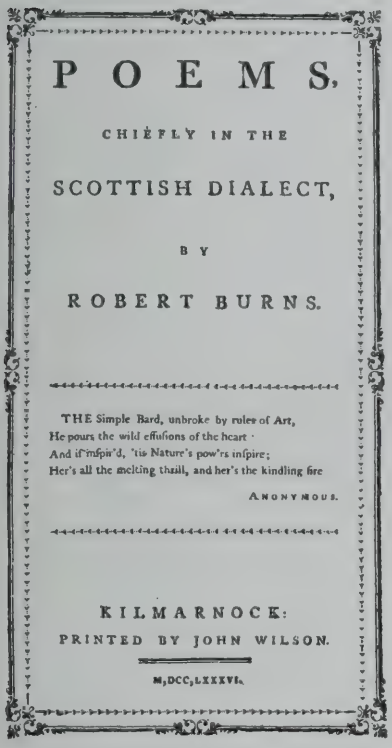
with a blare of trumpets; the strong, fresh countryman, "looking like a farmer dressed to dine with the laird," was at once the rage, and sported every night with earls and duchesses. Burns bore his triumph outwardly with "a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity" which did him much credit; inwardly it inflicted an irreparable hurt upon his temperament. No man of his years, least of all the ardent Rab of Mossgiel, could yield to "such solicitations and allurements to convivial enjoyment" as were now forced upon the fashionable poet without being ultimately the worse for them. His poems



POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

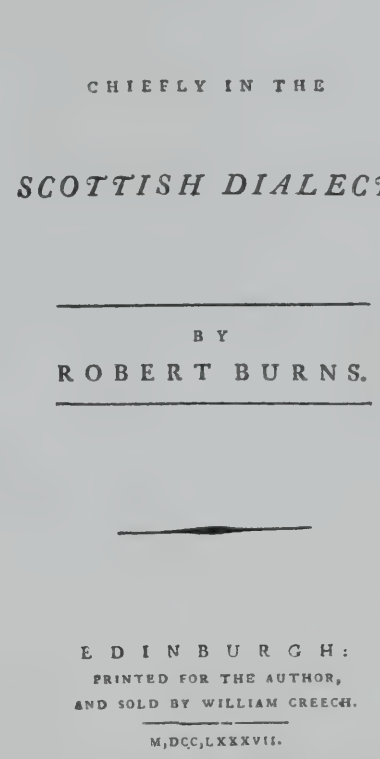
THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

KILMARNOCK:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

Title-page of First, or Kilmarnock Edition, of Burns's Poems



POEMS.

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY WILLIAM CREECH.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

Title-page of the Edinburgh Edition of Burns's Poems

were reprinted with additions in Edinburgh in April 1787; this time Burns received something substantial, perhaps £500, but he very foolishly sold the copyright for another £100, and his publisher was a tardy paymaster. At last, in June 1787, Burns was back at Mossgiel for a month, and then he started, by Edinburgh, for his famous tour in the Highlands with Nicol, a neighbour. Two very important friendships with women of the educated class are now to be noted, that with Mrs. Dunlop (1786-95) and that with Mrs. "Clarinda" M'Lehose (1787-91); these were both, in their ways, excellent ladies, to the first of whom the poet was like a son, and to the second like a sort of amatory china shepherd. To the animalism which mainly pursued the adventures of Burns, the sentimental affection of these two correspondents offers a contrast at which we may smile, but which was full of benefit to his better nature. Burns cultivated

their friendship "with the enthusiasm of religion," and in the vocabulary of the younger lady he was always aptly termed "Sylvander." Far less sentimental were Burns's relations with the agreeable females of Mauchline, and early in 1788 Jean Armour, who had forgiven him only too easily for past negligence, was turned by her parents out of house and home, and forced on the poet's protection. Presently—we do not quite know when or how—he married her privately, and in August publicly; in order to break with the past, Burns took charge at the same time of the farmstead of Ellisland in Dumfriesshire (which, however, never belonged to him), and thither, or at first to a house near by, his wife and he removed in November. Here for some time his life flowed on, after all its mad excitements, in a calm current of farm-work and occasional song-writing; and in some attention to the place as a gauger which Glencairn had secured for him in 1787. In August 1789 Burns was appointed Exciseman for the ten parishes of Dumfriesshire which surround Ellisland. It is not quite plain why the exercise of riding hither and thither over the moors of Nithsdale did not suit the poet's health, but almost immediately he began to age rapidly and to be a chronic sufferer from disease. But it is doubtful whether we have the gauging to blame for any part of this; although Burns was but thirty years of age, his constitution was undermined by the fierce zest with which he had drained the bowl of life, greedily, rashly, with lips sucking at the brim. To be colloquial, he had pre-eminently "eaten his cake," and he took no warning —what there was left of it he was eating still. He never cared for Ellisland, or to till another man's acres; he was therefore little disappointed when that charge came to an end. It was thought best that Burns should give up farming and come up to Dumfries, a more convenient centre than Ellisland for his excursions on behalf of the Excise. Accordingly, in December 1791, his wife and he settled in a town house in the Mill Vennel. He was now not writing much poetry, although in 1789 he had printed anonymously *The Prayer of Holy Willie*, in 1790 had indited the immortal *Tam o' Shanter*, and ever since 1787 and until his death was contributing songs, some original and some adapted, to "The Scots Musical Museum." Of the last years of Burns's life there is little to record that is agreeable. It was by the worst of mischances that he was led to settle in a little county-town where there was everything to tempt his weaknesses and nothing to stimulate his genius. His discontent found voice in a very unwise championship of the principles of the French Revolution; these Jacobin sentiments alienated him still further from those whose companionship might have been useful to him. He grew moody and hypochondriacal. He forgot that life had ever

Robert Burns

After the Portrait by Skirving

been fire in his veins; he wrote, "I have only known existence by the pressure of sickness and counted time by the repercussions of pain." Yet, as late as 1794, he could write the *Address to the Deil*, and his songs were tuneable to the very last. But he drank himself into degradation; the vitality in him was "burned to a cinder." His last days were darkened with the fear of being sent to gaol for debt. On the 21st of July 1796 this great poet and delightful man was released from a world in which he had no longer any place for happiness. The personal appearance of Burns in his prime was manly and attractive, without much refinement of feature, but glowing with health and the ardour of the instincts. Sir Walter Scott, who, when a boy of fifteen, saw Burns—"*Virgilium vidi tantum*"—has preserved a very fine description of him. "His person was robust, his manners rustic, not clownish. There was a strong expression of shrewdness in his lineaments; the eye alone indicated the poetic character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head," not even in that of Byron. His manners to women were exceeding insinuating; the Duchess of Gordon remarked that "his address to females was always deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly." Both these tributes date from 1786, when the powers and graces of Burns were at their fullest expansion, and had not begun to decay.

Mrs. Dunlop

After a Portrait by J. Irvine

FROM "TAM O' SHANTER."

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

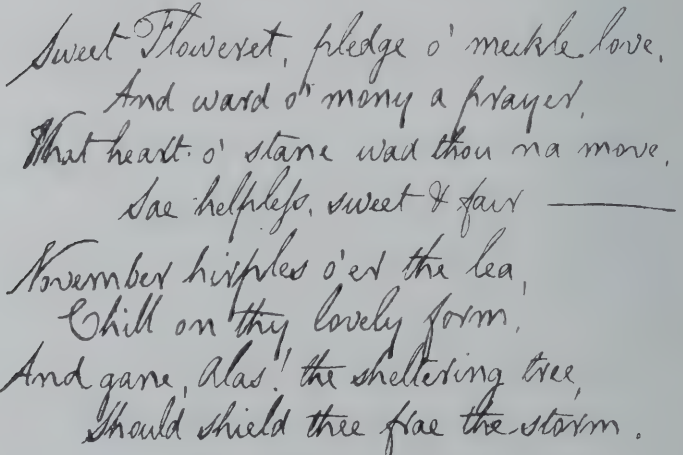
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bog'es catch him unawares;

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;

Alloway Kirk

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel—
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.


Sweet Flowerset, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet & fair ——
November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form,
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

Fragment of a MS. Poem by Robert Burns

FROM "ADDRESS TO THE DEIL."

O thou ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be :
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
Far ken'd and noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far :
An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whiles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin' ;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirlin' the kirks ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
In lanely glens you like to stray ;
Or where auld ruin'd castles gray
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my grannie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin',
Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortries comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin' light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a rash-bush stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad.

Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come, &c.
Oh whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
Yet look, &c.
Oh whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.
Oh whistle, &c.

House at Dumfries where Burns Died

A Red, Red Rose.

O my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I ;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only love !
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Your book is, I hear, on the road to reach me. — As to printing of Poetry, when you prepare it for the Press, you have only to spell it right, & place the capital letters properly as to the punctuation, the Printers do that themselves. —

I have a copy of "Tam of Shanter ready to send you by the first opportunity: it is too heavy to send by Post

I heard of Mr. Corbet lately. — He, in consequence of your recommendation, is most zealous to serve me — Please favor me soon with an account of your good folks; if Mrs Henri is recovering, & the young gentleman doing well

I am ever, my dear Friend & honored Patroness,
yours sincerely
Robt. Burns

Extract from Letter from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

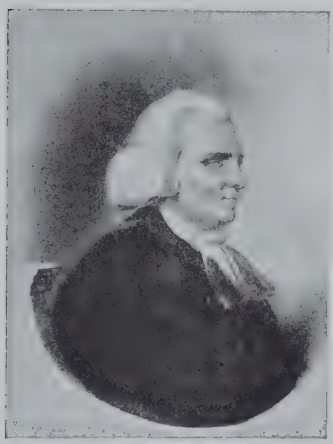
John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go:
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Greyfriars' Churchyard
From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett

We have spoken of Burns as he comes to us in the sequence of the great poets of Britain. In Scottish poetry he takes a somewhat different place. Here he seems not one in a chain, but the supreme artist to whom all others are merely subsidiary. Scotch Doric verse appears to us like a single growth, starting from the rich foliage of Dunbar and his compeers, *Scotch Doric Verse.*

up the slender stem of Alexander Scott, of Sempills, of Montgomery, of Allan Ramsay, of the song-writers of the eighteenth century, swelling into the fine opening bud of Fergusson, only to break into the single aloe-blossom of the perfect Burns. All local Scottish verse, from the early sixteenth century until to-day, presupposes Burns; it all expands towards him or dwindles from him. If his works were entirely to disappear, we could re-create some idea of his genius from the light that led to it and from the light that withdraws from it. This absolute supremacy of Burns, to perfect whose amazing art the Scottish race seemed to suppress and to despoil itself, is a very remarkable phenomenon. Burns is not merely the national poet of Scotland; he is, in a certain sense, the country itself: all elements of Scotch life and manners, all peculiarities of Scotch temperament and conviction, are found embroidered somewhere or other on Burns's variegated singing-robes.



Dr. Blacklock

After an original Portrait

The Poets of the Eighties.

It is obvious that these four great poets of the eighties are not merely "great" in very various degree, but are singularly unlike one another. Cowper so literary, Crabbe so conventional, Blake so transcendental, Burns so spontaneous and passionate—there seems no sort of relation between them. The first two look backward resolutely, the third resolutely upward, the fourth broadly stretches himself on the impartial bosom of nature, careless of all rules and conventions. It appears impossible to bring them into line, to discover a direction in which all four can be seen to move together. But in reality there is to be discovered in each of them a protest against rhetoric which was to be the keynote of revolt, the protest already being made by Goethe and Wieland, and so soon to be echoed by Alfieri and André Chenier. There was in each of the four British poets, who illuminated this darkest period just before the dawn, the determination to be natural and

Mrs. Thomson (Jessie Lewers)

After a Portrait by J. Irvine

Mauchline 13th Nov. 1788

Madam

I had the very great pleasure of dining at Dunlop yesterday. — Men are said to flatter women because they are weak, if it is so, Poets must be weaker still, for Misses Rachel & Keith ~~Dr~~ Miss Georgina M^c^kay, with their flattering attentions & artful compliments, absolutely turned my head. — I own they did not lard me over as a Poet does his Patron or still more his Patroness, nor did they sugar me up as a Cameronian Preacher does J. J. & C... ft: but they so intoxicated me with their sly insinuations & delicate innuendoes of Compliment that if it had not been for a lucky recollection how much additional weight & lustre your good opinion & friendship must give me in that circle, I had certainly looked on myself as a person of no small consequence — I dare not say one word how much I was charmed with the Major's friendly welcome, elegant manner & acute remark, lest I should be thought to balance my

ovencalcomy of applause over against the finest Quey in Ayrshire which he made me a present of to help & adorn my farm-stock. — As it was on Hallowda. I am determined annually as that day returns to decorate her horns with an Ode of gratitude to the family of Dunlop. —

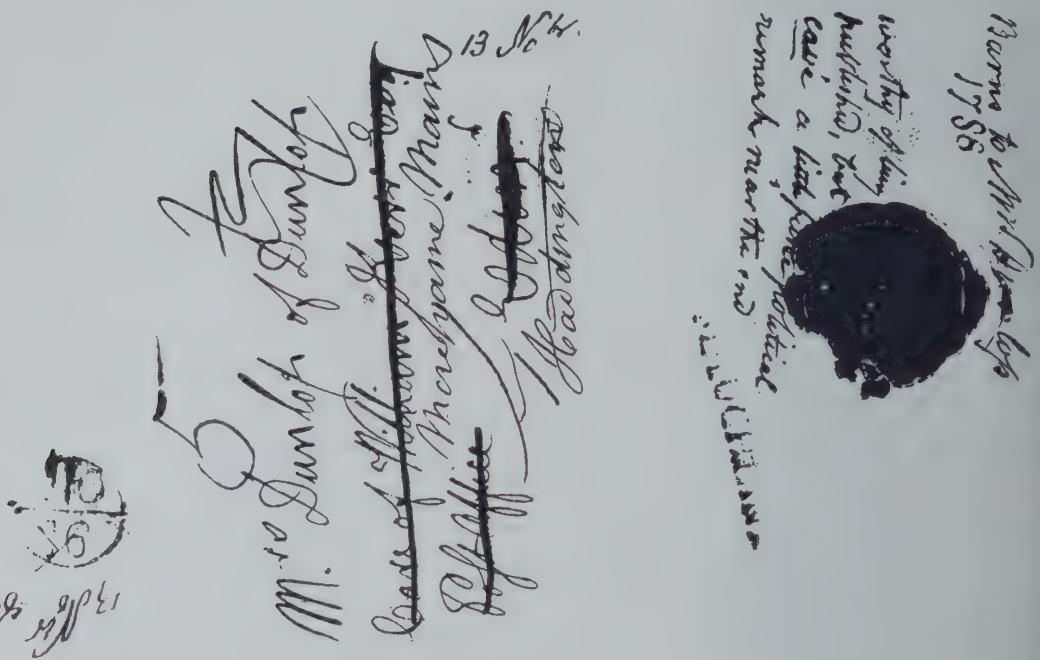
The Songs in the 2d Vol. of the Museum, marked, D. are D.r Blacklock's; but as I am sorry to say they are far short of his other works, I, who only kn the cyphers of them all, shall never let it be know Those marked, T, are the work of an obscure, tin kling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler: a mortal, who though he drudges about Edi is a common Printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, & knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God, & Solomon-the-son-of-David, yet that sam inknown drunken Mortal is author & compiler three fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopedia Br tanica. — Those marked, Z, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but in fact,

of a good many of them, little more than the Kronos's ancient; tho' there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence. — Next letter I write you, I shall send one or two sets of verses I intend for Johnson's 3d Volume. —

"What you mention of the thanksgiving day is inspiration from above. — Is it not remarkable, odiously remarkable, that tho' manners are more civilized, & the rights of mankind better understood, by an Augustan Century's improvement, yet in this very reign of heavenly Hanoverianism, & almost in this very year, an empire beyond the Atlantic has had its Revolution too; & for the very same maladministration & legislative misdemeanors in the illustrious & sapient impotent Family of H — as was complained of in the tyrannical & bloody house of Stuart." —

So soon as I know of your arrival at Dunlop, I shall take the first conveniency to dedicate a day or perhaps two to Your & Friendship, under the guarantee

of the Mayor's hospitality. — There will soon be three score & ten miles of permanent distance between us; & now that your friendship & friendly correspondence is entwisted with



the heart strings of my enjoyment of life, I must indulge myself in a festive day of — The feast of reason & the flow of soul. I have the honor to be Madam, your grateful humble serv.t
Robt. Burns

sincere. It was this that gave Cowper his directness and his delicacy; it was this which stamps with the harsh mark of truth the sombre vignettes of Crabbe, just as truly as it gave voluptuous ecstasy to the songs of Blake, and to the strong, homely verse of Burns its potent charm and mastery.

It was reality that was rising to drive back into oblivion the demons of conventionality, of "regular diction," of the proprieties and machinery of composition, of all the worn-out bogies with which poetical old women frightened the baby talents of the end of the eighteenth century. Not all was done, even by these admirable men: in Burns himself we constantly hear the verbiage grating and grinding on; in his slow movements Crabbe is not to be distinguished from his predecessors of a hundred years; Cowper is for ever showing qualities of grace and elegant amenity which tempt us to call him, not a forerunner of the nineteenth, but the finest example of the eighteenth-century type. Yet the revolt against rhetorical convention is uppermost, and that it is which is really the characteristic common feature of this singularly dissimilar quartette; and when the least inspired, the least revolutionary of the four takes us along the dismal coast that his childhood knew so well, and bids us mark how

> "Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
> Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
> Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
> And the soft, shiny mallow of the marsh,"

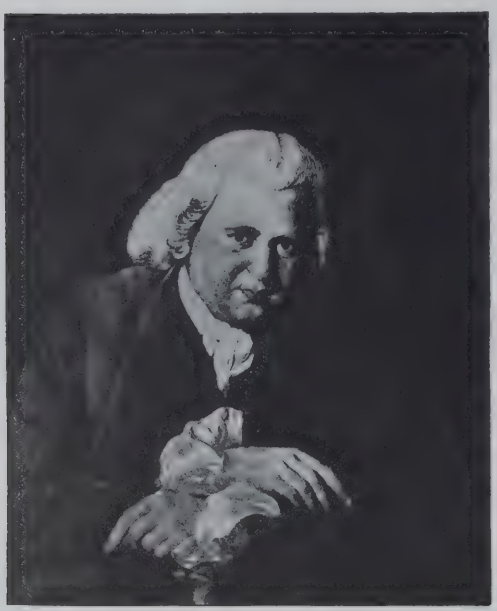
we observe that the reign of empty verbiage is over, and that the poets who shall for the future wish to bring concrete ideas before us will do so in sincere and exact language. That position once regained, the revival of imaginative writing is but a question of time and of opportunity.

A very singular circumstance was the brevity of duration of this school of the eighties, if school it can be called. Burns was unknown until 1786, and in 1796 he died. Cowper's original productions, so far as they were not posthumous, were presented to the world in 1782 and 1785, and for nine years before his death in 1800 he had been removed from human intercourse. Blake remained as completely invisible as any one of his own elemental angels, and his successive collections can scarcely be said to have done more than exist, since even those which were not, like the Prophetic Books, distributed in a species of manuscript were practically unobserved. Crabbe had a very curious literary history: his career was divided into two distinct portions, the one extending from 1780 to 1785, the other continued from 1807; from his thirty-first to his fifty-third year Crabbe was obstinately silent. We may say, therefore, that the transitional period in English poetry, hanging unattached between the classical and the romantic age, lasted from 1780 to 1786. During these seven years a great deal of admirable verse was brought before the observation of English readers, who had to make the best they could of it until the real romantic school began in 1798. In Cowper, Crabbe, Burns, and Blake, we look in vain for any exotic influence of any importance. Cowper was

a good scholar and translated Homer, but Greek poetry left no mark on his style; the others were innocent of ancient learning, and they were united in this also, that they are exclusively, almost provincially, British.

Minor Poets.

Meanwhile, the old classical tradition did not perceive itself to be undermined. If criticism touched these poets at all—Blake evaded it, by Burns it was bewildered—it judged them complacently by the old canons. They did not possess, in the eyes of contemporaries, anything of the supreme isolation which we now award to them. The age saw them accompanied by a crowd of bards of the old class, marshalled under the laureateship of Whitehead, and of these several had an air of importance. Among these minnows, ERASMUS DARWIN was a triton who threw his preposterous scientific visions into verse of metallic brilliance, and succeeded in finishing what Dryden had begun. But with this partial and academic exception, everything that was written, except in the form of satire, between 1780 and 1798, in the old manner, merely went further to prove the absolute decadence and wretchedness to which the classical school of British poetry was reduced.



Erasmus Darwin

After the Portrait by Joseph Wright of Derby

Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), was born at Elston Hall, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of December 1731. He was educated at Chesterfield School, and proceeded to St. John's, Cambridge, in 1750. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and settled as a physician in Lichfield towards the close of 1756. Here he became a useful and prominent man, gradually extending his reputation as a philanthropist as well as a doctor. Darwin built himself a villa just outside Lichfield, with fountains and a grotto, and here he carried on the botanical studies of his middle life. Here, also, he turned to the composition of poetry, but for a long time in secret, lest it should damage his practice. He was nearly fifty years of age before he ventured to publish, anonymously, his earliest work, *The Loves of the Plants* (1789). Some years before this he had married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Chandos-Pole, and had moved to her estate, Redbourne Hall, near Derby. He afterwards moved into Derby itself, and finally to Breadsall Priory. In 1792 he published *The Economy of Vegetation*, which, with *The Loves of the Plants*, formed the poem since called *The Botanic Garden*. Darwin now turned to prose and produced several theoretical treatises, in particular, *Zoonomia* (1794) and *Phytologia* (1800); he also wrote a very curious work on *Female Education in Boarding Schools* (1797). A final poem *The*

Temple of Nature, was posthumous (1803). Erasmus Darwin died at Breadsall on the 18th of April 1802, and a highly entertaining life of him—one of the curiosities of biographical literature—was published soon afterwards by another Lichfield poet, Anna Seward (1747–1809), who seems to have wished to revenge the *spretæ injuria formæ*. Darwin was the centre of a curious provincial society of amiable pedants and blue stockings, to all of whom he was vastly superior in intellect and character. He was an amateur in philosophy, in verse a tasteless rhetorician, but he was a man of very remarkable force of personal character, amiable, vigorous, and eccentric. It is never to be forgotten that he was the worthy grandfather of a far more eminent contributor to human knowledge, Charles Darwin.

FROM "THE BOTANIC GARDEN."

And now, Philanthropy, thy beams divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line ;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
As northern lustres o'er the vault of night ;
From realm to realm, by cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard, journeying, seeks the house of woe ;
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails, and galling fetters clank ;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan ;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health ;
With soft persuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands ;
Leads stern-ey'd Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains ;
Or guides awaken'd Mercy through the gloom,
And shows the prison sister to the tomb ;
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life !

The spirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes, their partial eye,
When first, arrayed in Virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe ;
Saw round his brow, the sun-bright glory blaze
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays,
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And asked what seraph-foot the earth imprest.
Onward he moves, Disease and Death retire,
And murmuring Demons hate him, and admire.

It was a happy instinct to turn once more to foreign forms of poetic utterance, and a certain credit attaches to those who now began to cultivate the sonnet. Two slender collections, the one by THOMAS RUSSELL, and the other by WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, both of which appeared in 1789, exhibited

the results of the study of Petrarch. Of these two men, Russell, who died prematurely in 1788, was the better as well as the more promising poet; his *Philoctetes in Lemnos* is doubtless the finest English sonnet of the century. But he attracted little notice; while Bowles was fortunate enough to extend a powerful and, to say the truth, an unaccountable spell over Coleridge, who doubtless brought to the mild quatorzains of Bowles much more than he found there. Russell was the first English imitator of the budding romantic poetry of Germany. It is necessary to mention here the pre-Wordsworthian, or, more properly, pre-Byronic, publications of Samuel Rogers—the *Poems* of 1786, the accomplished and mellifluous *Pleasures of Memory* of 1792, the *Epistle to a Friend* of 1798. These were written in a style, or in a neutral tint of all safe styles mingled, that elegantly recalls the easier parts of Goldsmith. Here, too, there was some faint infusion of Italian influence. But truly the early Rogers survives so completely on traditional sufferance that it is not needful to say more about it here; a much later Rogers will demand a word a little further on.

William Lisle Bowles

Of the two clergymen who divide the credit of having re-introduced the sonnet into general practice in England, the **Rev. William Lisle Bowles** (1762–1850), was born at King's Sutton, where his father was vicar. He went to Winchester, where Dr. Joseph Warton (1722–1800), himself a graceful poet, was head-master, and gave a literary character to the school. Bowles proceeded to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1781. In 1789 he published a pamphlet of *Fourteen Sonnets*, which "delighted and inspired" the youthful S. T. Coleridge, and which were widely read and admired. Bowles rose in the Church, and became in 1828 a canon residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. In 1806 an edition of Pope, which he brought out, engaged him in a lively public controversy with Byron. Bowles died at Salisbury in April 1850. The career of the **Rev. Thomas Russell** (1762–1788) began in close parallelism with that of Bowles, but was soon cut short. Russell was the son of an attorney at Beaminster. He also went to Winchester, and came under the influence of Joseph Warton. He was a precocious and excellent scholar, and, proceeding to Oxford, was elected a Fellow of New College in his nineteenth year. He made a special study of the modern continental literatures of his time. He was attacked by phthisis, and rapidly succumbed to it, dying at Bristol Hot Wells on the 31st of July 1788. Russell published nothing in his life-time, but his posthumous *Sonnets* were collected in 1789, the same year as Bowles's appeared; some miscellaneous lyrics were appended to the little volume. Russell's great sonnet on Philoctetes has been universally admired.

SONNET.

(*Supposed to be written at Lemnos.*)

On this lone Isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious Pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound : alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watch'd, and blam'd its lingering flight ;
By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave
And savage howlings chas'd his dreams by night.
Hope still was his : in each low breeze, that sigh'd
Thro' his rude grot, he heard a coming oar,
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied ;
Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts fam'd Trachis from th' Euboic shore.

Wordsworth and Coleridge

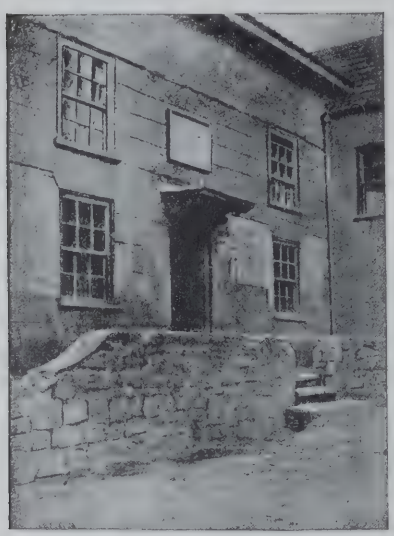
But an event was now preparing of an importance in the history of English literature so momentous that all else appears insignificant by its side. In June 1797 a young Cambridge man named SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was devoted to poetry, paid a visit to another young Cambridge man named WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, who was then settled with his sister Dorothy near Crewkerne, in Dorset. The Wordsworths had been deeply concerned in poetical experiment, and William showed to his guest a fragment which he had lately composed in blank verse ; we may read it now as the opening of the first book of the *Excursion*. Coleridge was overwhelmed ; he pronounced the poem "superior to anything in our language which in any way resembled it," and he threw in his lot unreservedly with Wordsworth. The brother and sister were then just in the act to move to a house called Alfoxden, in West Somerset, where they settled in July 1797. Coleridge was then living at Nether Stowey, close by, a spur of the Quantocks and two romantic coombes lying between them. On these delicious hills, in sight of the yellow Bristol Channel, English poetry was born again during the autumn months of 1797, in the endless walks and talks of the three enthusiasts—three, since Dorothy Wordsworth, though she wrote not, was a sharer, if not an originator, in all their audacities and inspirations.

William Wordsworth

After the Portrait by Robert Hancock

Wordsworth and Coleridge had each published collections of verses, containing some numbers of a certain merit, founded on the best descriptive masters of the eighteenth century. But what they had hitherto given to the public appeared to them mere dross by the glow of their new illumina-

tion. Dorothy Wordsworth appears to have long been drawn towards the minute and sensitive study of natural phenomena; William Wordsworth already divined his philosophy of landscape; Coleridge was thus early an impassioned and imaginative metaphysician. They now distributed their gifts to one another, and kindled in each a hotter fire of impulse. A year went by, and the enthusiasts of the Quantocks published, in September 1798, the little volume of *Lyrical Ballads* which put forth in modest form the results of their combined lucubrations. Mrs. S. T. Coleridge, who was not admitted to the meditations of the poetic three, gaily announced that "the *Lyrical Ballads* are not liked at all by any," and this was, rather crudely put, the general first opinion of the public. It is proper that we should remind ourselves what this epoch-making volume contained.

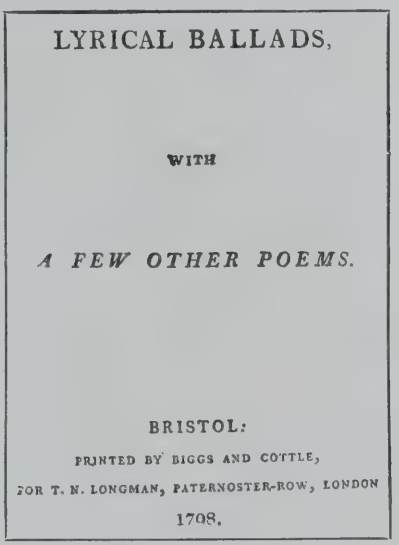


Cottage at Nether Stowey occupied by S. T. Coleridge, 1797-1800

It was anonymous, and nothing indicated the authorship, although the advertisements might reveal that Southey, Lamb, Lloyd, and Coleridge himself were of the confraternity to which its author or authors belonged. The contributions of Wordsworth were nineteen, of Coleridge only four; but among these last, one, the *Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*, was of preponderating length and value, "professedly written," so the preface said, "in imitation of the *style* as well as of the spirit of the elder poets." This very wonderful poem, Coleridge's acknowledged masterpiece, had been composed in November 1797, and finished, so Dorothy records, on "a beautiful evening, very starry, the hornèd moon shining." A little later *Christabel* was begun, and, in "a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton" (probably early in 1798), *Kubla Khan*. Neither of these, however, nor the magnificent *Ode to France*, nor *Fears in Solitude*, make their appearance in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. In this volume Wordsworth is predominant, and his contributions exemplify two of his chief aims in poetical revolution. He desired to destroy the pompous artificiality of verse-diction and to lower the scale of subjects deemed worthy of poetical treatment; in this he was but partly judicious, and such experiments as "Anecdote for Fathers" and the "Idiot Boy" gave scoffers an occasion to blaspheme. But Wordsworth also designed to introduce into verse an impassioned consideration of natural scenes and objects as a reflection of the complex life of man, and in this he effected a splendid revolution. To match such a lyric as the "Tables Turn'd" it was necessary to return to the age of Milton, and in the "Lines written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey,"

Wordsworth somewhat shyly slipped in at the end of the volume a statement of his literary creed, and an example of the new manner of writing so noble, so full, and so momentous, that it has never been excelled, even by himself.

Thus, in a little russet volume published at Bristol, and anonymously put forth by two struggling lads of extreme social obscurity, the old order of things literary was finally and completely changed. The romantic school began, the classic school disappeared, in the autumn of 1798. It would be a great error, of course, to suppose that this revolution was patent to the world: the incomparable originality and value of "Tintern Abbey" was noted, as is believed, by one solitary reader; the little book passed as a collection of irregular and somewhat mediocre verse, written by two eccentric young men suspected of political disaffection. But the change was made, nevertheless; the marvellous verses were circulated, and everywhere they created disciples. So stupendous was the importance of the verse written on the Quantocks in 1797 and 1798, that if Wordsworth and Coleridge had died at the close of the latter year we should indeed have lost a great deal of valuable poetry, especially of Wordsworth's; but the direction taken by literature would scarcely have been modified in the slightest degree. The association of these intensely brilliant and inflammatory minds at what we call the psychological moment, produced full-blown and perfect the exquisite new flower of romantic poetry.


LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

A FEW OTHER POEMS.

BRISTOL:

PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTLE,

FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON

1798.

Title-page of First Edition of "Lyrical Ballads"

Burns had introduced "a natural delineation of human passions;" Cowper had rebelled against "the gaudiness and inane phraseology" of the eighteenth century in its decay; Crabbe had felt that "the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure." These phrases, from the original preface of 1798, did not clearly enough define the objects of Wordsworth and Coleridge. To the enlarged second edition, therefore, of 1800, the former prefixed a more careful and lucid statement of their distinguishing principles. This preface, extending to nearly fifty pages, is the earliest of those disquisitions on the art of verse which would give Wordsworth high rank among critics if the lustre of his prose were not lost in the blaze of his poetry.

During these last two years of the century the absolute necessity for a radical reform of literature had impressed itself upon many minds. Wordsworth found himself the centre of a group of persons, known to him or unknown, who were anxious that "a class of poetry should be produced" on the lines indicated in "Tintern Abbey," and who believed that it would

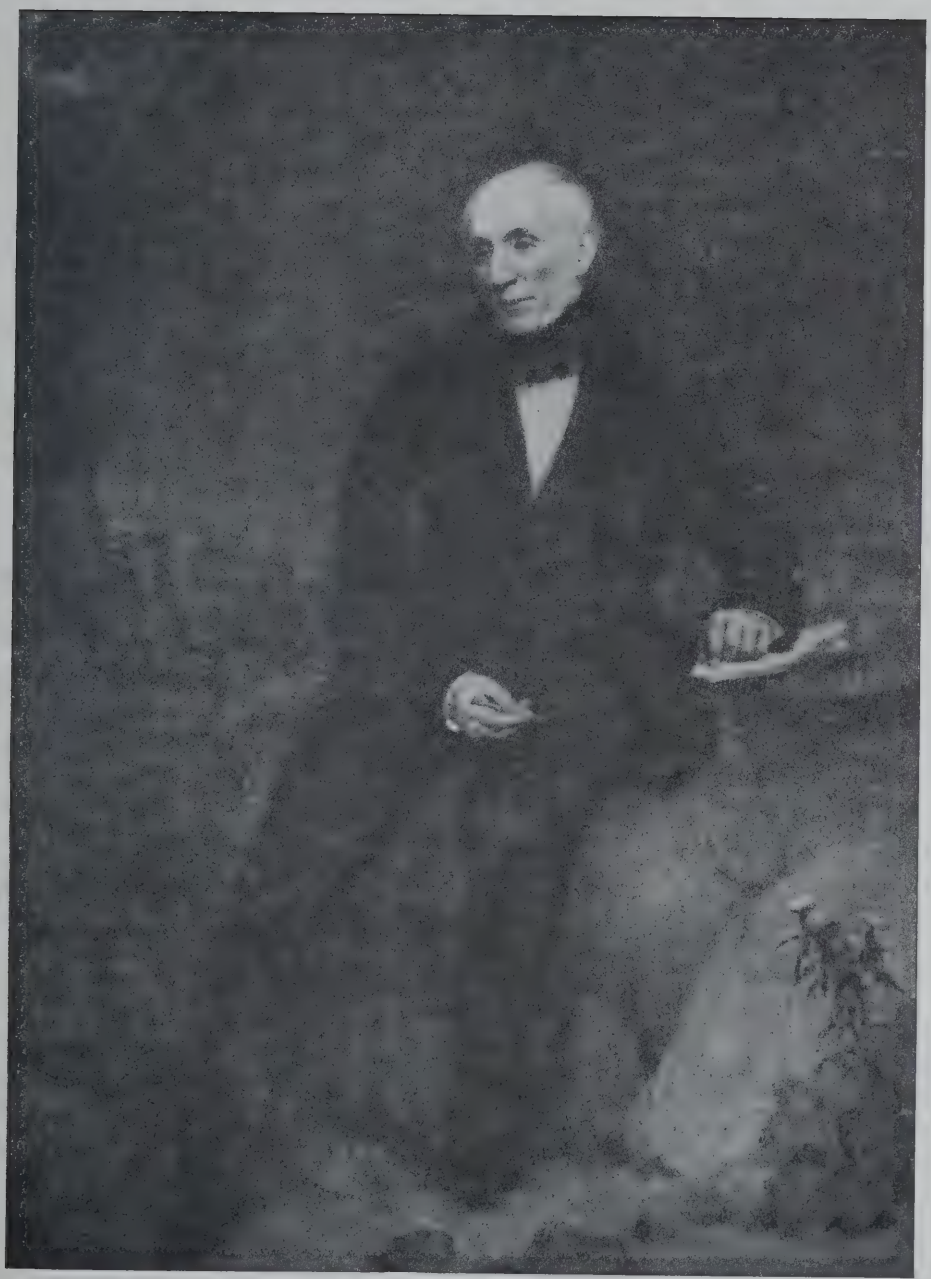
be "well adapted to interest mankind permanently," which the poetry of the older school had manifestly ceased to do. It was to these observers, these serious disciples, that the important manifesto of 1800 was addressed. This was no case of genius working without consciousness of its own aim; there was neither self-delusion nor mock-modesty about Wordsworth. He considered his mission to be one of extreme solemnity. He had determined that no "indolence" should "prevent him from endeavouring to ascertain what was his duty," and he was convinced that that duty was called to redeem poetry in England from a state of "depravity," and to start the composition of "poems materially different from those upon which general approbation is [in 1800] at present bestowed." He was determined to build up a new art on precept and example, and this is what he did achieve with astonishing completeness.

S. T. Coleridge

After the Portrait by Peter Vandyke

In the neighbourhood of the Quantocks, where he arrived at the very moment that his powers were at their ripest and his genius eager to expand, Wordsworth found himself surrounded by rustic types of a pathetic order, the conditions of whose life were singularly picturesque. He was in the state of transition between the ignorance of youth and that hardness and density of apprehension which invaded his early middle life. His observation was keen and yet still tender and ductile. He was accompanied and stimulated in his investigations by his incomparable sister. To them came Coleridge, swimming in a lunar radiance of sympathy and sentimental passion, casting over the more elementary instincts of the Wordsworths the distinction of his elaborate intellectual experience. Together on the ferny hills, in the deep coombes, by "Kilve's sounding shore," the wonderful trio discussed, conjectured, planned, and from the spindles of their talk there was swiftly spun the magic web of modern romantic poetry. They determined, as Wordsworth says, that "the passions of men should be incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." All elements were there—the pathetic peasants, the pure solitudes of hill and wood and sky, the enthusiastic perception of each of these, the moment in the history of the country, the companionship and confraternity which circulate the tongues of fire—and accordingly the process of combination and creation was rapid and conclusive.

There are, perhaps, no two other English poets of anything like the



William Wordsworth.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HENRY W. PICKERSGILL.

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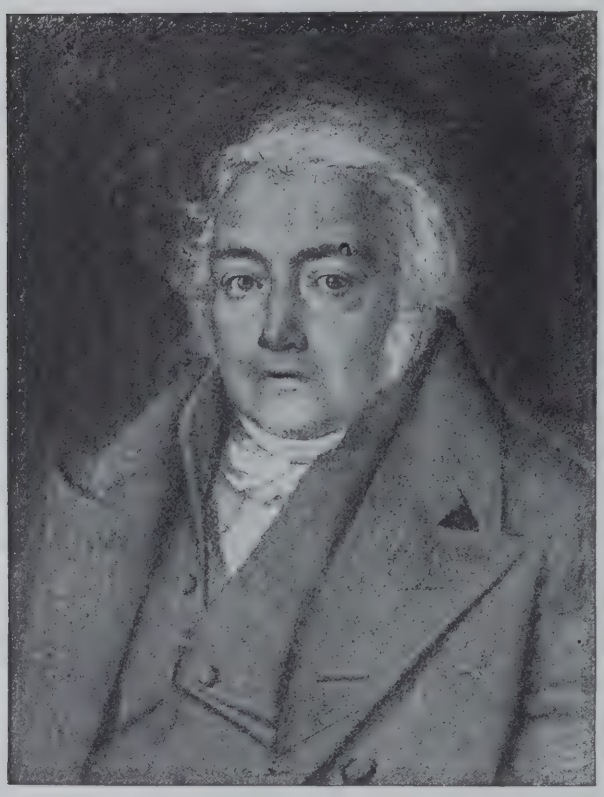
same importance who resemble one another so closely as do Wordsworth and Coleridge at the outset of their career. They were engaged together to a degree which it is difficult for us to estimate to-day, in breaking down the false canons of criticism which rhetorical writers had set up, and in recurring to a proper and beautiful use of common English. In so doing and writing in close companionship, interested in the same phenomena, immersed in the same scenery, it is not extraordinary that the style that each adopted strictly resembled the style of the other. This is especially true of their blank verse, a form which both sedulously cultivated, in which both enshrined some of their most characteristic thoughts, and in which both were equally engaged in destroying that wooden uniformity of pause and cadence with which Akenside had corrupted the cold but stately verse of Thomson. Who was to decide by whom the "Nightingale" and by whom the "Night-Piece" of 1798 were written? The accent, the attitude, were almost precisely identical.

Yet distinctions there were, and as we become familiar with the two poets these predominate more and more over the superficial likeness. Coleridge is conspicuous, to a degree beyond any other writer between Spenser and Rossetti, for a delicate, voluptuous languor, a rich melancholy, and a pitying absorption without vanity in his own conditions and frailties, carried so far that the natural objects of his verse take the qualities of the human Coleridge upon themselves. In Wordsworth we find a purer, loftier note, a species of philosophical severity which is almost stoic, a freshness of atmosphere which contrasts with Coleridge's opaline dream-haze, magnifying and distorting common things. Truth, sometimes pursued to the confines or past the confines of triviality, is Wordsworth's first object, and he never stoops to self-pity, rarely to self-study. Each of these marvellous poets is pre-eminently master of the phrase that charms and intoxicates, the sequence of simple words so perfect that it seems at once inevitable and miraculous. Yet here also a very distinct difference may be defined between the charm of Wordsworth and the magic of Coleridge. The former is held more under the author's control than the latter, and is less impulsive. It owes its impressiveness to a species of lofty candour which kindles at the discovery of some beautiful truth not seen before, and gives the full intensity of passion to its expression. The latter is a sort of Æolian harp (such as that with which he enlivened the street of Nether Stowey) over which the winds of emotion play, leaving the instrument often without a sound or with none but broken murmurs, yet sometimes dashing from its chords a melody, vague and transitory indeed, but of a most unearthly sweetness. Wordsworth was not a great metrist; he essayed comparatively few and easy forms, and succeeded best when he was at his simplest. Coleridge, on the other hand, was an innovator; his *Christabel* revolutionised English prosody and opened the door to a thousand experiments; in *Kubla Khan* and in some of the lyrics, Coleridge attained a splendour of verbal melody which places him near the summit of the English Parnassus.

In an historical survey such as the present, it is necessary to insist on the fact that although Coleridge survived until 1834, and Wordsworth until 1850, the work which produced the revolution in poetic art was done before the close of 1800. It was done, so far as we can see, spontaneously. But in that year the Wordsworths and their friend proceeded to Germany, for the stated purpose of acquainting themselves with what the Teutonic world was achieving in literature. In Hamburg they visited the aged Klopstock, but felt themselves far more cordially drawn towards the work of Bürger and Schiller, in whom they recognised poets of nature, who, like themselves, were fighting the monsters of an old, outworn classicism. Wordsworth was but cautiously interested; he had just spoken scornfully of "sickly and stupid German tragedies." Coleridge, on the other hand, was intoxicated with enthusiasm, and plunged into a detailed study of the history, language, and philosophy of Germany. Bürger, whose *Lenore* (1774) had started European romanticism, was now dead; but Goethe and Schiller were at the height of their genius. The last-mentioned had just produced his *Wallenstein*, and Coleridge translated or paraphrased it in two parts; these form one of the very few versions from any one language into another which may plausibly be held to excel the original. In the younger men, with whom he should have been in more complete harmony—in Tieck, in the young, yet dying Novalis, in the Schlegels—Coleridge at this time took but little interest. The fact is that, tempting as was to himself and Wordsworth then, and to us now, the idea of linking the German to the English revival, it was not very easy to contrive. The movements were parallel, not correlated; the wind of revolt, passing over European poetry, struck Scandinavia and Germany first, then England, then Italy and France, but each in a manner which forced it to be independent of the rest.



S. T. Coleridge

From a Drawing by J. Kayser in the possession of E. H. Coleridge, Esq.

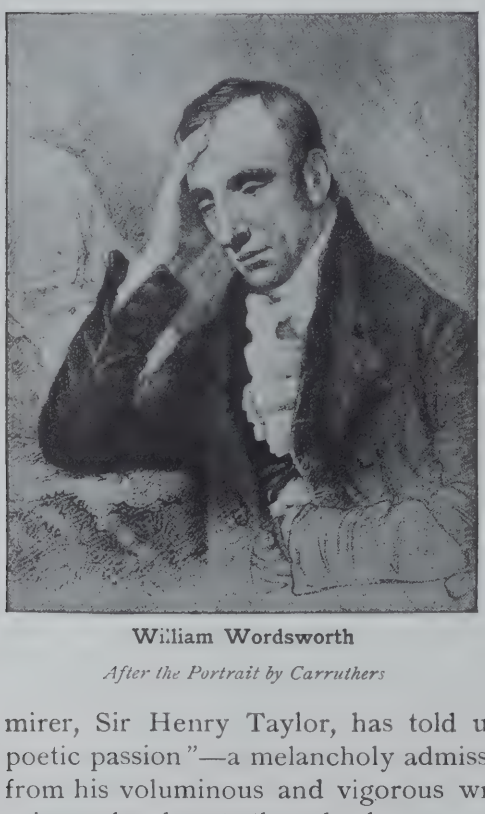
For the next fifteen years poetry may be said to have been stationary in England. It was not, for that reason, sluggish or unprolific; on the contrary, it was extremely active. But its activity took the form of the gradual acceptance of the new romantic ideas, the slow expulsion of the old classic taste, and the multiplication of examples of what had once for all been supremely accomplished in the hollows of the Quantocks. The career of the founders of the school during these years of settlement and acceptation may be briefly given. At the very close of 1799 Wordsworth went back to his own Cumbrian county, and for the next half-century he resided, practically without intermission, beside the little lakes which he has made so famous—Grasmere and Rydal. Here, after marrying in 1802, he lived in great simplicity and dignity, gradually becoming the centre of a distinguished company of admirers. From 1799 to 1805 he was at work on the *Prelude*, a didactic poem in which he elaborated his system of natural religion; and he began at Grasmere to use the sonnet with a persistent mastery and with a freedom such as it had not known since the days of Milton. In 1814 the publication of the *Excursion* made a great sensation, at first not wholly favourable, and gave to the service of Wordsworth some of the pleasures of martyrdom. In 1815 the poet collected his lyrical writings.

Rydal Mount, occupied by Wordsworth from 1813 to his death in 1850

This date, 1814–15, therefore, is critical in the career of Wordsworth. It forced his admirers and detractors alike to consider what was the real nature of the innovation which he had introduced, and to what extreme it could be pushed. In 1815 he once more put forth his views on the art of verse in a brilliant prose essay, which may be regarded as his final, or at least maturest utterance on the subject. At this moment a change came over the aspect of his genius: he was now forty-five years of age, and the freshness of his voice, which had lasted so long, was beginning to fail. He had a brief Virgilian period, when he wrote *Laodamia* and *Dion*, and then the beautiful talent hardened into rhetoric and sing-song. Had Wordsworth passed away in 1815 instead of 1850, English literature had scarcely been the poorer. Of

Coleridge there is even less to be said. His career was a miserable tissue of irregularity, domestic discord, and fatal indulgence in opium. In 1812 he recast his old drama of *Osorio* as *Remorse*, a fine romantic tragedy on Jacobean lines. He was occasionally adding a few lines to the delicious pamphlet of poetry which at length found a publisher in 1817 as *Sibylline Leaves*. Yet even here, all that was really important had been composed before the end of the eighteenth century. Save for one or two pathetic and momentary revivals of lyric power, Coleridge died as a poet before he was thirty.

The name of ROBERT SOUTHEY has scarcely been mentioned yet, although it is customary to connect it indissolubly with those of his great friends. He was slightly younger than they, but more precocious, and as early as 1793 he somewhat dazzled them by the success of his *Joan of Arc*. From that time forth until shortly before his death, in 1843, Southey never ceased to write. He was always closely identified in domestic relations with Wordsworth, whose neighbour he was in the Lakes for forty years, and with Coleridge, who was his brother-in-law. He early accepted what we may call the dry bones of the romantic system, and he published a series of ambitious epics—*Thalaba*, *Madoc*, *Kehama*, *Roderick*—which he intended as contributions to the new poetry. His disciple and latest unflinching admirer, Sir Henry Taylor, has told us that Southey "took no pleasure in poetic passion"—a melancholy admission. We could have guessed as much from his voluminous and vigorous writing, from which imagination is conspicuously absent, though eloquence, vehemence, fluency, and even fancy are abundant. The best part of Southey was his full admiration of some aspects of good literature, and his courageous support of unpopular specimens of these. When Wordsworth was attacked, Southey said, in his authoritative way, "A greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been, nor ever will be." He supported the original romantic movement by his praise, his weighty personality, the popular character of his contributions. But he added nothing to it; he could not do so, since, able and effective man of letters as he was, Southey was not, in any intelligible sense, himself a poet.



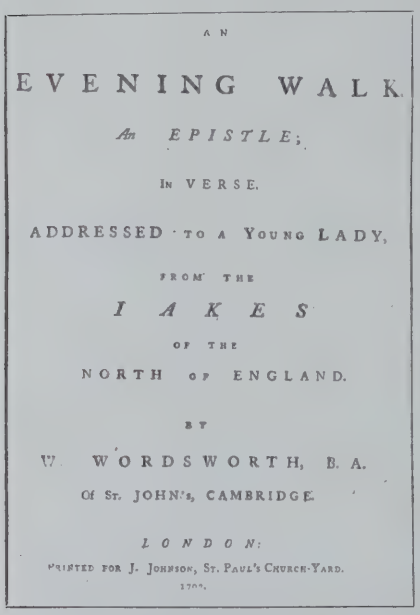
William Wordsworth

After the Portrait by Carruthers

William Wordsworth (1770–1850), the second son of John Wordsworth and Anne Cookson-Crackanthorp, his wife, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April 1770. His father, an attorney, was confidential agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. His mother, who died when he was eight, remarked that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious was William, who was of "a stiff, moody, and violent temper." After a period of schooling at Cockermouth, Wordsworth lived from 1778 to 1783, when his father died, at Penrith, and went to school at Hawkshead. Mr. John Wordsworth had been crippled by the extraordinary tyranny of Lord Lonsdale, who had forced him to lend him his whole fortune—£5000—and who refused to repay it. The orphans were, however, brought up by their paternal uncles, who, in 1787, sent William to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here his intellectual nature developed to a degree which made him henceforth, as he said, "a dedicated spirit." In the *Prelude* long afterwards he describes a visit to the Continent which he paid in 1790, a vacation ramble in Switzerland being then so unhackneyed an event that he is justified in calling it "an unprecedented course." Wordsworth took his degree early in 1791, and left Cambridge without having selected a profession. He lived for some months, vaguely, in London, with no expressed purpose; in the following winter he crossed over to France, arriving in Paris when the Revolution, with which he entirely sympathised, was at its height. The year 1792 was spent at Orleans and at Blois, and after the massacres of September Wordsworth returned, full of Girondist enthusiasm, to Paris. He was prevented from taking an active part in French politics only by the ignominious but most happy circumstance that his uncles cut off his allowance. The execution of Louis XVI. was a tremendous shock to his moral nature, and his exultation over France was turned to miserable grief. Between William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy there had subsisted from infancy the tenderest bond of sympathy; she was keeping house at Penrith when William rejoined his family early in 1793. Already they had formed the design of living together alone in some cottage. Meanwhile, upon his return from France, two thin pamphlets of Wordsworth's verse had been published—*The Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, which were in the old Popesque manner, and which attracted no attention. In 1793 and 1794, when Wordsworth was not with his family, he was with Raisley Calvert, a young man of great intelligence. Calvert now died and left his friend a legacy of £900, on which he and his sister just contrived to live until the new Lord Lonsdale redeemed his father's pledges. In this way Wordsworth was able to devote himself entirely to meditation and poetry. In 1795 he persuaded his sister to join him in a small house at Racedown, near Crewkerne, in Dorset, where at last, in his twenty-sixth year, his genius began to display its true bent. Here he wrote

Dove Cottage
From a Photograph

the tragedy of *The Borderers*, and began, perhaps in 1796, *The Excursion*. Coleridge, who had met with *An Evening Walk*, was enthusiastically anxious to know its author, and a visit which he paid to the Wordsworths in June 1797 revealed to himself and to them their splendid vocation. In July the Wordsworths were allowed to rent, for a nominal sum, the fine manor-house of Alfoxden, at the northern foot of the Quantocks, where they were within a walk of Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey. Here the friends wrote that amazing collection, the *Lyrical Ballads*, which, in its first one-volume form, was published by Cottle in 1798. William and Dorothy spent the ensuing winter months at Goslar, in Germany, and here the former wrote some of his most exquisite lyrics. Here, too, he planned and began *The Prelude*, which remained unpublished until 1850. The Wordsworths returned to England in 1799, and after some hesitation settled at Townend, near Grasmere. He thus returned, at the age of thirty, to the scenes of his childhood, scenes which were to accompany him for the remainder of his life. His sailor brother, John, shared the cottage with William and Dorothy during the greater part of 1800: this brother it was—"a deep distress hath humanised my soul"—who died so tragically within sight of shore five years afterwards. Up to this time Wordsworth had lived mainly on Calvert's bequest, which was now reaching its end. He would have been forced to seek for employment, but most happily, at the critical moment, in 1801, Lord Lonsdale recognised the claim upon him, and returned the £5000 which his father had borrowed, with £3500 as full interest on the debt. On the interest of their shares of this money, together with a small annuity, William and Dorothy were now able to subsist, with strict frugality still, but without anxiety. In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, a companion of the most delicate and appreciative susceptibility—Dorothy, of course, remaining a member of the household. In the summer of 1803 the three travelled through Scotland—a tour commemorated in several of William's best poems, especially *The Highland Girl*. In this year they formed the acquaintance of Walter Scott and of the painter, Sir George Beaumont, of Coleorton, who bought a little estate at Applethwaite, which he presented to Wordsworth, but the poet did not take it up. The friendship with Beaumont, however, became one of the closest of his life. The war with France, culminating in the battle of Trafalgar, excited the patriotism of Wordsworth, who wrote his *Happy Warrior* in 1805 as a requiem over Nelson, and his prose *Convention of Cintra* in 1808 as a contribution to practical politics. In 1807 a valuable collection of his *Poems* appeared, containing much of what he had written since 1800. Four children were born to him at Townend, when, in 1808, he moved to a larger house at the other end of Grasmere, where his last child, William, was born. In 1811 the Wordsworths moved again to the parsonage of


AN

EVENING WALK,

An EPISTLE;

IN VERSE,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

FROM THE

LAKES

OF THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND.

BY

W. WORDSWORTH, B. A.

OF ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1793.

Title-page of Wordsworth's "Evening Walk," 1793

Grasmere. The deaths of two of his children in 1812 made it impossible to stay in a place which, standing quite close to the churchyard, was to the parents an hourly reminder of their loss. In the early months of 1813, then, they moved to Rydal Mount, close to Ambleside, which was to be Wordsworth's home for the remainder of his long life. He was at the same time appointed Distributor of Stamps for the county of Westmoreland. Wordsworth now resided at Rydal as in a "Sabine valley," void of care and disturbance, with a few neighbours whom he distinguished with his friendship, and who deserved it. He became more and more conservative in his attitude towards life, and it is obvious that rather early what is called progress passed him by. After 1810, moreover, he grew gradually fossilised, or at least unbending, in his attitude to literature also, and the most fruitful portion of his career closes with the publication of *The Excursion* in 1814. In 1815 he published *The White Doe of Rylstone*, his only long poem with a story; and in a famous brace of essays, in which a reissue of his minor lyrics was set, he summed up his practical theory of poetics. In 1820 he issued his *Sonnets on the River Duddon*, and in 1820 he wrote a great deal of verse during a prolonged visit to Switzerland and Italy. The *Ecclesiastical Sketches* and *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* belong to 1822. After this the years passed in great uniformity and stillness, broken only by the somewhat frequent visits which Wordsworth, who loved to travel, paid to the Continent and to Scotland. Of these, perhaps the most interesting was that to Abbotsford in 1831, to part from the dying Sir Walter Scott. In 1832 his sister Dorothy, whose companionship had been so precious a birthright to him, failed in mental health, and in 1834 he was called upon to bear the death of Coleridge. In 1835 he published *Yarrow Revisited*. All this time his reputation was steadily increasing, and he was seen magnified in that "celestial light" which Keble attributed to

Peel Castle, the subject of Wordsworth's Poem

After the Picture by Sir George Beaumont

Wordsworth's Lodging at Hawkshead

From a Photograph

his genius. When Southey died in 1843, Wordsworth was with difficulty persuaded to yield to the Queen's personal wish, and accept the post of Poet Laureate. In 1847 his daughter, Dora Quillinan, died at Rydal, and her loss was a wound which never healed. He sank from weakness, resulting on an attack of pleurisy, on the 23rd of April 1850, and his last words were, "Is that Dora?" He had just entered his eighty-first year. Wordsworth possessed a temperament of rare concentration, and he had the power of retiring to the inner fount of his own being, and resting there, to a degree scarcely paralleled in literary history. A heroic inward happiness, founded upon exalted reflection, is the keynote of Wordsworth's character. "Fits of poetic inspiration," as Aubrey de Vere has told us, "descended on him like a cloud, and, till the cloud had drifted, he could see nothing beyond." In these fits Wordsworth was, in his own words, "exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyousness and beauty of nature." The personal appearance of this most spiritual of poets was apt to disappoint his hasty admirers. He looked a tall, bony, Cumbrian yeoman, with a hard-featured countenance, honest and grave, but in no sense, and at no time of life, beautiful.

William Wordsworth

From a Drawing by "Alfred Croquis" [Daniel Maclise]

FROM "TINTERN ABBEY."

O sylvan Wye! Thou wand'rer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first

My dear Cottle,

I received your letter inclosing a 5 £ Bank note. I am in want of money I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will remit to me (not to my Brother as I before requested) the remaining 15 £ as soon as you can with out inconvenience. Most probably your statement is accurate for myself I recollect nothing about it. What I told you was from Dorothy's memory & she is by no means certain about it. . . .

You tell me the poems have not sold ill. If it is [redacted] favourable I should wish to know what number have been sold.

From what I can gather it seems that the Conquest Ravine has upon the whole been an injury to the [illegible] volume. I mean that the old words & the strangeness of it have deterred [illegible] from going on. If the volume should come to a second Edition I would put in its place some little thing which would be more likely to suit the common taste.

When you send the money pray look over this letter & reply to this part of it.

I shall be obliged to you if you will send me three copies of the Ballads enclosed in your parcel to Charles Cly. I shall easily get them from Penrith

We are highly gratified by the affectionate wish which you express to see us again in Somersetshire. We are as yet not determined where we shall settle. We have as

particular house is seen, so it is impossible for us to say when we shall have the pleasure of seeing you.

Dorothy sends her very kind love to you - God bless you, my dear Colle your affectionate Bro

W Wordsworth

No 1

We thank you for your care of our box. We do not at present want any of its contents -

2

24 June. Sockburn
near Northallerton Yorkshire
To be left at Smeaton

We have never heard from Coleridge since our arrival in England - we are anxious for news of him. I hope he is coming home as he does not write to us

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I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led ; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite : a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have follow'd, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learn'd
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth : of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well-pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
  And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

FROM "LAODAMIA."

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure ;
Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth :

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, that sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

SONNET.

The shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O moon, as thou art bright !"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread,
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and shew'd her fulgent head
Uncover'd ; dazzling the beholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went floating from her, dark'ning as it went ;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approach'd this glory of the firmament ;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured ; content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

LINES

Written in early Spring.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd ;
Their thoughts I cannot measure ;
But the least motion which they made,
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If I these thoughts may not prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

FROM THE "ODE: INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be :
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering !
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our lives !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquish'd one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they :
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality !
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live ;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834) was the youngest of the thirteen children of the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, in the east of Devonshire, where the poet was born on the 21st of October 1772. His mother, Anne Bowden, was the vicar's second wife. He was an odd, dreamy child, "fretful and inordinately passionate," isolated by his love of reading and by his visions. He entered the grammar school at Ottery, of which his father was the master, in 1778. Soon after

his father's death S. T. Coleridge was placed at Christ's Hospital at the age of nearly ten. Here he made acquaintance with Lamb. "A poor friendless boy," Coleridge seems to have stayed in London seven years without once revisiting his family. In 1789 the publication of the *Sonnets* of Bowles awakened him to attempt serious poetic composition. In February 1791 Coleridge left school and went into residence as a sizar at Jesus College, Cambridge. Of his early life at the university not much is known, nor of the causes which led him to run away to London and enlist in the King's Light Dragoons in December 1793. He adopted the appropriate name of Comberback, for he could not ride. For better or worse, however, Coleridge had to continue to be a trooper for nearly four months. He was brought back to Jesus and admonished, but no further notice was taken of the escapade. At Oxford in the ensuing summer he met Southey, who converted him to the romantic scheme of a "pantisocratic" settlement on the banks of the Susquehana, and they wrote together and published at Cambridge a drama, *The Fall of Robespierre* (1794). Coleridge left Cambridge in December without a degree, and went to stay through the winter near Lamb in London, presently joining Southey at Bristol, where he lectured on politics.

S. T. Coleridge

After a Pastel taken in Germany

In 1795 he married Sara Fricker, and lived first at Clevedon, and then at various other places, feebly endeavouring to earn a living. An interesting volume of *Poems* marked the season of 1796, and in this year Coleridge published a very dull magazine, *The Watchman*. He also accepted, in June 1796, the sub-editorship of *The Morning Chronicle*, but whether he ever took up this post seems to be doubtful. Nervous and anxious, Coleridge suffered much from neuralgia, which left him "languid even to an inward perishing," and it was at this time that he had recourse to laudanum,

The Cottage at Clevedon occupied by Coleridge

to which he became more or less a slave for the remainder of his life. From the winter of 1796 to July 1800 the home of the Coleridges was Nether Stowey, a little remote town at the head of the Quantocks, in Somerset. Here, as has been said, he was close to Wordsworth, whom he had visited at Racedown in June, and who settled with his sister at Alfoxden in July 1797. At Stowey many—indeed, almost all—of Coleridge's best poems were composed. In 1798 he published his *Fears in Solitude*, and *France*, and in September of that year there appeared the famous anonymous volume of *Lyrical Ballads*. A day or two later Coleridge and Wordsworth sailed for Germany, where the former remained, wandering about, until June 1799, when he returned to Stowey. In 1800 he published his version of *Wallenstein*, and went to live with Wordsworth in the Lakes, at Dove Cottage. From July 24, 1800, to 1804, Greta Hall, at Keswick, was the residence of the Coleridges, although S. T. C., being now in a very depressed and morbid condition of mind and body, was seldom to be found there. In April 1804 he started alone for Malta, where he was appointed to act as private secretary to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He visited Sicily, Naples, and Rome, and did not return to England until August 1806, when remorse for his neglect of his family and of his own interests justified him in describing himself as "ill, penniless, and worse than homeless." Coleridge, however, was received at Greta Hall with great indulgence, but it was soon found necessary to arrange a separation between him and his wife, followed, however, by a partial reconciliation. With one person, however, he had remained so long on good terms, that his quarrel with Wordsworth in 1810 seemed to mark the lowest stage of his degradation. Coleridge now occupied himself with a philosophical journal called *The Friend*, "an endless preface to an imaginary work." He came up to London, and lived obscurely, keeping up no correspondence with his family and friends in Cumberland. In 1812 he delivered his first series of "Lectures on Shakespeare," which were brilliantly attended; in the autumn he returned to Greta Hall, and became reconciled with Wordsworth. Byron, who had attended the lectures, with great courtesy induced the managers of the new Drury Lane to accept Coleridge's tragedy of *Remorse*. It was produced early in 1813, and Coleridge received £400, the only occasion during his whole life when he earned a substantial sum of money with his pen. This is perhaps the place at which to remark that Coleridge's life had been made possible only by the generosity of Josiah Wedgwood, who had paid him a pension of £150 a year since 1798. Of this £75 was arbitrarily withdrawn in 1812, and his wife and family would have been sharply pinched but for the opportune

S. T. Coleridge

From an original Drawing by C. R. Leslie in the possession of E. H. Coleridge, Esq.

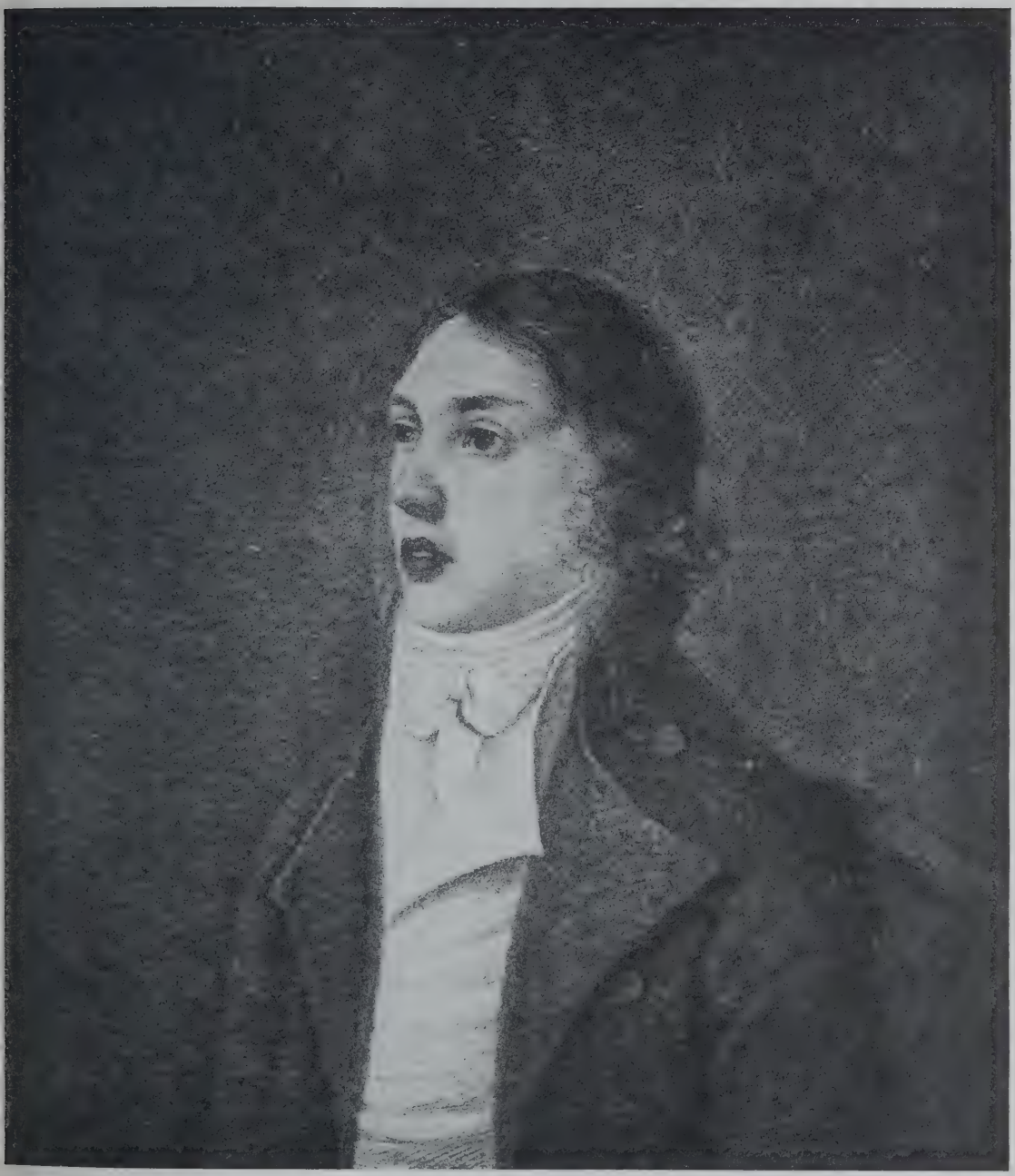
success of *Remorse*. Coleridge now sank very low under the dominion of laudanum. In his delirious self-abasement he desired, in 1814, to be placed in a private madhouse. He promised to go back with Southey to Greta Hall, but he failed to do so, and finally abandoned his wife and children to Southey's care. From 1814 to 1816 he was living at Calne in Wilts. He went up to London in March of that year, bringing with him several important MSS. It was now that Charles Lamb described him as "an archangel—a little damaged." His friends recommended that he should submit himself to the charge of a physician, Mr. Gillman, in whose house at Highgate he became a boarder in April 1816. Coleridge now published his *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, *The Pains of Sleep*, a slender volume of exquisite poetry, written many years before. The results of the retirement at Highgate were at first favourable: Coleridge managed to do a good deal of work. He published the *Biographia Literaria*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and *Zapolya*, all in 1817. But even lectures now ceased to be a resource. "From literature," he wrote in 1818, "I cannot gain even bread," for his publisher became bankrupt, owing him his returns on all his recent books. In 1820 his eldest son, Hartley, forfeited his fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, mainly on the ground of intemperance; this last very heavy affliction bowed S. T. Coleridge to the ground, and threw him back upon excessive laudanum. The next few years were sad and almost empty, but in 1825 he published *Aids to Reflection*, and he received until the death of George III. a royal annuity of £100 a year, which prevented his having to scribble for bread. Carlyle now described him as "a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle," and drew the celebrated portrait beginning, "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill." He increased in bodily weakness, but with a mind always powerful and more and more serene. He took a tour up the Rhine, in the charge of the Wordsworths, in 1828. In the winter of 1833 he wrote his beautiful *Epitaph for S. T. C.*, and prepared himself for death. It came painlessly and in sleep on the morning of the 25th of July 1834.

Mrs. S. T. Coleridge

From a Miniature in the possession of Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq.

FROM "FRANCE—AN ODE."

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!



Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY ROBERT HANCOCK.

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Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-birds singing,
  Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
  Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man belov'd of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
  How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
  Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
  And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !
Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !
  Yea, everything that is and will be free !
  Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
  With what deep worship I have still adored
    The spirit of divinest Liberty.

From "Youth and Age."

Flowers are lovely ! Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
                Ere I was old !
Ere I was old ? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd—
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe, that Thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size :
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
                When we are old !
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismist,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
All, all that stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And fan his sacred flame.

Ever in my waking dreams
I feed upon that happy hour
When midway on the mount I sate
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the light of Eve;
And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed Knight;
She stood and listen'd to my Harp
Amid the lingering Light.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story;
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

MS. of the opening stanzas of "Love"

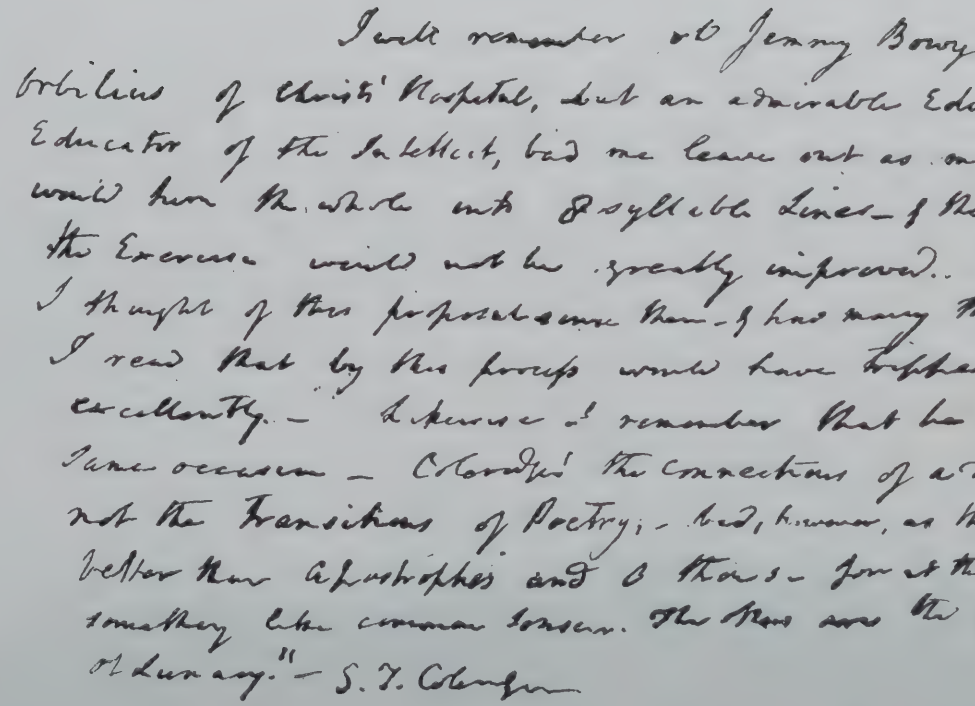
Kubla Khan.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round.
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
Of the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw ;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes ! his floating hair !



I will remember old Jemmy Bowyer, the plagose Orbilius of Christ's Hospital, but an admirable Educer or Ex. than Educator of the Intellect, bid me leave out as many epithets as would turn the whole into Dactylic Lines—& then ask myself, if the Exercise would not be greatly improved. How often have I thought of this proposal since then—& how many thousand lines have I read that by this process would have trebled their Strength & Energy excellently.— Likewise I remember that he bid me on the same occasion— Colerdge! the Connections of a Declamation are not the Transitions of Poetry;— bad, however, as they are, they are better than Apostrophes and O thous— for at the worst they are something like common Sense. The Others are the grimaces of Lunacy."— S. T. Coleridge

Extract from a Diary of S. T. Coleridge

A pillar grey did I behold:
From Sky & Earth it slanted!
And poised thereon a Bird so bold,
A fairy Bird that chanted.

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled,
Within that shaft of shiny Mist:
His Eyes of Fire, his Beak of Gold,
All else of Amethyst.

And thus he sang: Adieu! Adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
Sweet Month of May! we must away!
Far, far away!
To day! To day!

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5 An unpublished poem by S. T. Coleridge. In the possession of E. H. Coleridge, Esq.

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Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.

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(ENTRANCE FROM FETTER LANE.)

MR. COLERIDGE

WILL COMMENCE

ON MONDAY, NOV. 18th,

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON SHAKESPEAR AND MILTON,

IN ILLUSTRATION OF

THE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY,

AND THEIR

Application as Grounds of Criticism to the most popular Works of later English Poets, those of the Living included.

After an introductory Lecture on False Criticism, (especially in Poetry,) and on its Causes: two thirds of the remaining course, will be assigned, 1st, to a philosophic Analysis and Explanation of all the principal *Characters* of our great Dramatist, as Othello, Falstaff, Richard 3d, Iago, Hamlet, &c.: and 2nd, to a critical *Comparison* of Shakespear, in respect of Diction, Imagery, management of the Passions, Judgment in the construction of his Dramas, in short, of all that belongs to him as a Poet, and as a dramatic Poet, with his contemporaries, or immediate successors, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, &c. in the endeavour to determine what of Shakespear's Merits and Defects are common to him with other Writers of the same age, and what remain peculiar to his own Genius.

The Course will extend to fifteen Lectures, which will be given on Monday and Thursday evenings successively. The Lectures to commence at ½ past 7 o'clock.

Single Tickets for the whole Course, 2 Guineas; or 3 Guineas with the privilege of introducing a Lady: may be procured at J. Hatchards, 190, Piccadilly; J. Murray's, Fleet Street; J. and A. Arch's, Booksellers and Stationers, Cornhill; Godwin's Juvenile Library, Skinner Street; W. Pople's, 67, Chancery Lane; or by Letter (post paid) to Mr. S. T. Coleridge, J. J. Morgan's, Esq. No. 7, Portland Place, Hammersmith.

Programme of Coleridge's Lectures of 1808

Work Without Hope.

Lines Composed 21st February 1827.

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

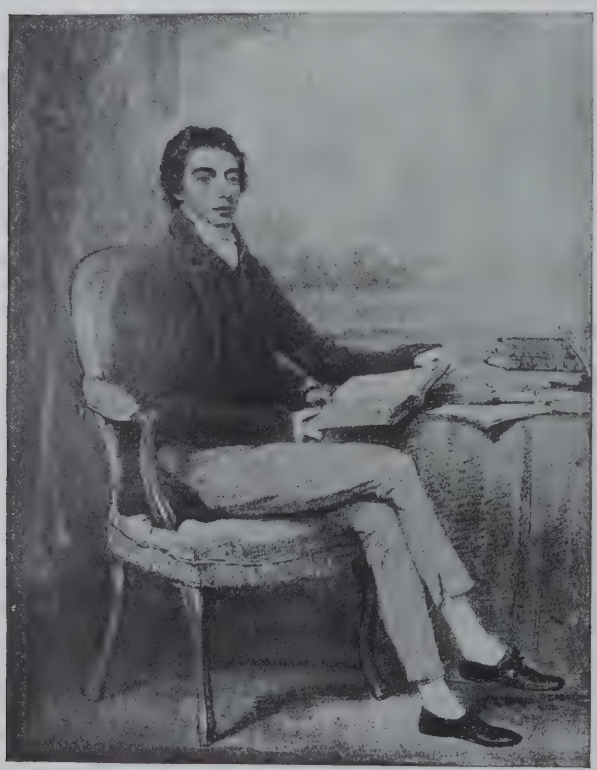
BOATMEN'S SONG FROM "REMORSE."

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

Robert Southey (1774–1843) was the eldest son of a linen-draper in Bristol, where, in a house in Wine Street, he was born on the 12th of August 1774. He was a sensitive child, whose idiosyncracies were encouraged by his being brought up, after the fashion of Rousseau's Emile, by an eccentric maiden aunt at Bath. He went to a school at Corston and elsewhere, and then at the age of fourteen to Westminster, already dreaming of becoming a poet. Here he stayed until 1792, when he was expelled for a literary jocosity at the expense of the headmaster. He returned to Bristol to find his father's business bankrupt; still, some months later he was able, at an uncle's cost, to proceed to Balliol College. He was now on fire with the principles of the French Republic; all he learned at Oxford, he says, was "a little swimming and boating." In 1793 he wrote in a few weeks the epic of *Joan of Arc*, and then "another epic poem and then another." His terrible fluency had already taken hold of him. In June of 1794 he met and was instantly fascinated by S. T. Coleridge, who communicated



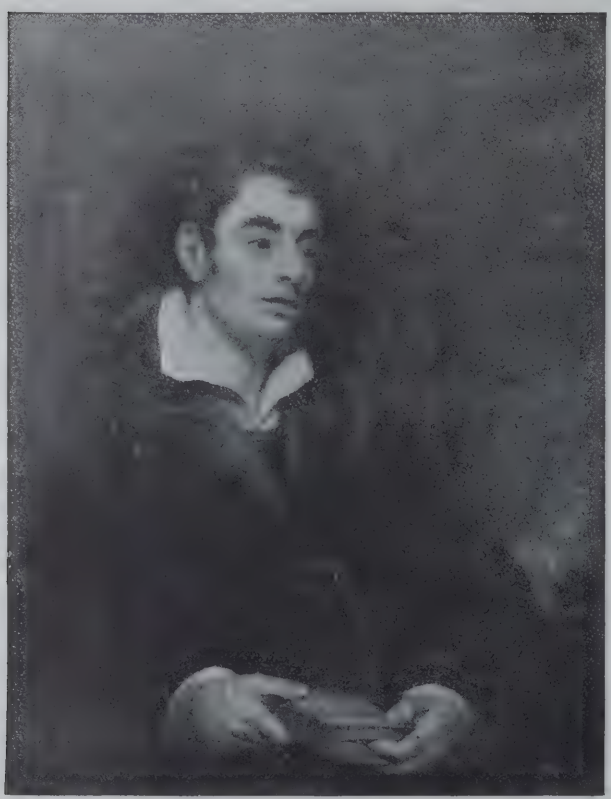
Robert Southey

After the Portrait by Henry Edridge

to him the dream of pantisocracy; the lads agreed to emigrate together to America. This was prevented by their extreme poverty, but in 1795 they found a publisher in Bristol as enthusiastic as themselves, and a poet to boot, Joseph Cottle (1770–1853), who consented to publish their poems and give them money too. *Joan of Arc* was not issued until 1796, but in November Southey had married his boyhood's love, Mrs. Coleridge's sister, Edith Fricker, and a few days later had started alone for Madrid by sea from Falmouth to Corunna. In Spain he threw himself with ardour into the study of Spanish life and literature. Returning by Lisbon to Bristol, he tried in vain to live by journalism. The next months were vaguely spent, but in 1797–98 the Southeys are found residing in a little house at Westbury, Wilts, where he produced poetry with vehemence and volume, cheered by the companionship of Humphry Davy (1778–1829), the natural philosopher. His health broke down under excess of cerebral excitement, and in 1800 he went with his wife to Portugal to rest; but Southey could never be still, and at Lisbon and Cintra he wrote reams of verses. Next year Southey returned to England, published *Thalaba*, and presently visited the Coleridges at Keswick, but not at this time to stay there long. After fitful wanderings and many domestic changes, in 1802 he was back again in London and then in Bristol. Still he wandered; still, as he said, he had "no symptoms of root-striking." But in the autumn of 1803 he took Greta Hall, near Keswick, and this was his home for the next thirty-six years. As if the incessant journeys of his youth had awakened in him a passion for stability, Southey settled himself into Greta Hall like a tree. He filled it with his possessions and his interests, the fibres of his heart fitted into it and became part of it. It was not, however, until he had been its tenant for some four years that he realised that this was to be his final resting-place. It was also the home of the deserted wife and children of Coleridge, to whom Southey showed a most unselfish devotion. He sat down at his desk to punctual and almost mechanical literary labour, publishing many epics—*Madoc* in 1805, *The Curse of Kehama* in 1810, *Roderick* in 1814—and becoming, as he said, "a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed, regular as clockwork in my pace," but cheerful and happy at all times. In a luckier age he would have soon been rich, but for few, and those the least important, of his works was Southey even decently paid. His only extravagance was books, of which he made an enormous and miscellaneous collection, especially rich in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. He was of all the men of letters of that age the most sedulous and deliberate craftsman; he made literature the trade of his life, and his multitude of books were his tools. He made many acquaintances, few friends; one of the most important of the latter being Landor, whom he met at Bristol in 1808—"the only man living," Southey declared, "of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me." Their sympathy

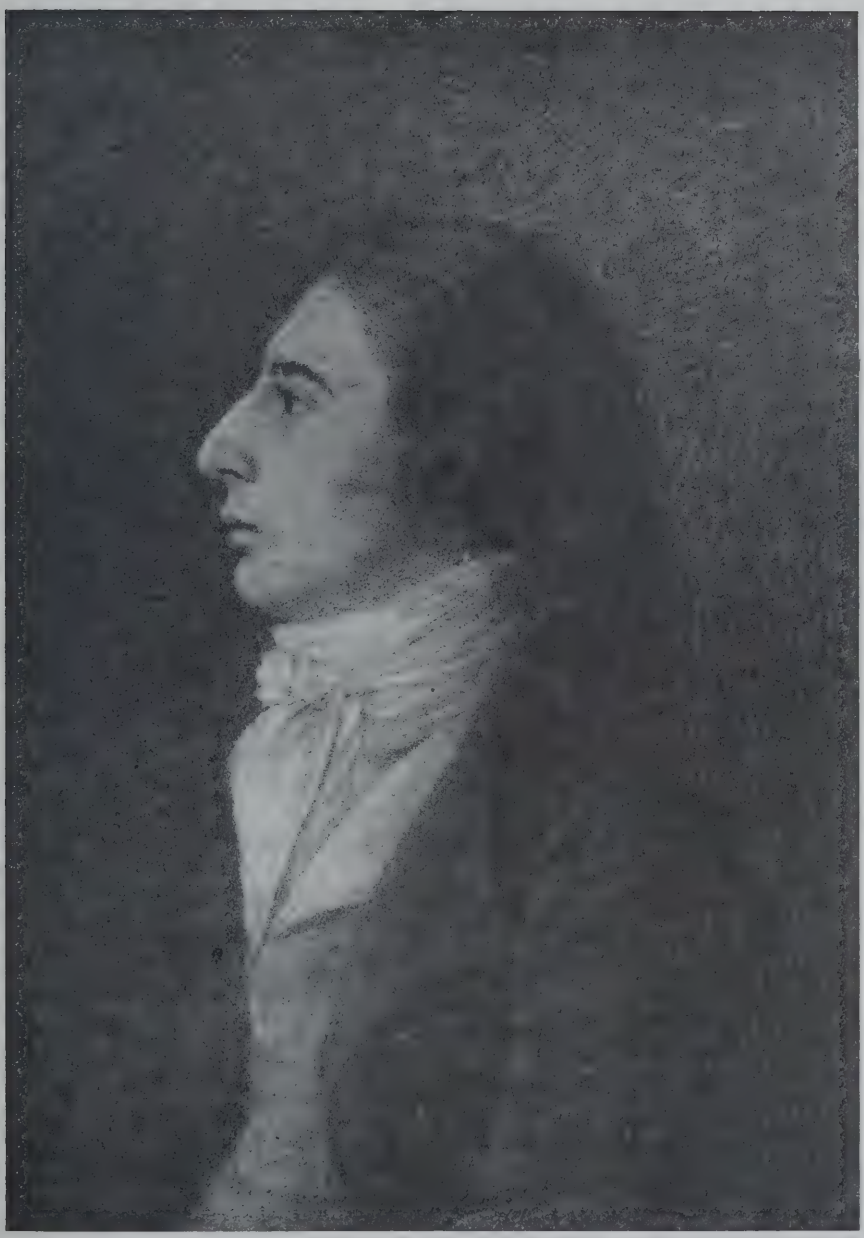
Greta Hall, occupied by Southey, 1803–1839

was mutually invaluable to both until the death of Southey. About this time Southey, who had refused to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, began his long course of contributions to the newly founded *Quarterly;* he had become quite a politician now, and a droll description is preserved of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge laying down the law in conversation about the Convention of Cintra, like three Wise Men of the East. Southey became an effective political writer, and for some time the *Quarterly Review* and he were supposed to represent exactly the same views. In 1813 Southey succeeded a poetaster called Pye as Poet Laureate, thus raising the office from the ridiculous obscurity in which it had lain since the days of Dryden. In 1816 he suffered the terrible anguish of losing his son Herbert, the only being on whom he had dared to dote without restraint. He was never quite the same man again; he said he was to make "no more great attempts, only a few autumnal flowers, like second primroses." He went on steadily, however, with his tale of bricks, and the vast heap of his writings mounted up in prose and verse. Already it began to be seen by the clairvoyant that his genius lay in the former, not in the latter. Byron, who met him in 1813, and who boldly mocked at Southey's poetry, confessed "his prose is perfect." With certain exceptions, and these not fortunate ones, the remainder of Southey's life was devoted to prose, and mainly to history and biography. He abandoned the vast scheme of a *History of Portugal*, at which he had been working for many years, but in 1819 he completed a *History of Brazil.* His *History of the Peninsular War* extended over from 1822 to 1832. Meanwhile his admirable lives of Nelson (1813) and of John Wesley (1820) were being read with universal pleasure. His *Book of the Church* (1824) and his *Naval History* (*Lives of the British Admirals*), (1833–40) were more ambitious. In 1834 another great sorrow attacked him—his wife became insane, and in 1837 she died. In 1835 Southey refused a baronetcy, an honour foolishly offered to so poor a man, but he accepted a further pension of £300 a year. His only other production of importance was *The Doctor*, the seven volumes of which appeared between 1834 and 1847. Southey did not see its completion. Reduced to absolute loneliness at Greta Hall, he



Robert Southey

After the Portrait by T. Phillips in the possession of John Murray, Esq.



Robert Southey.

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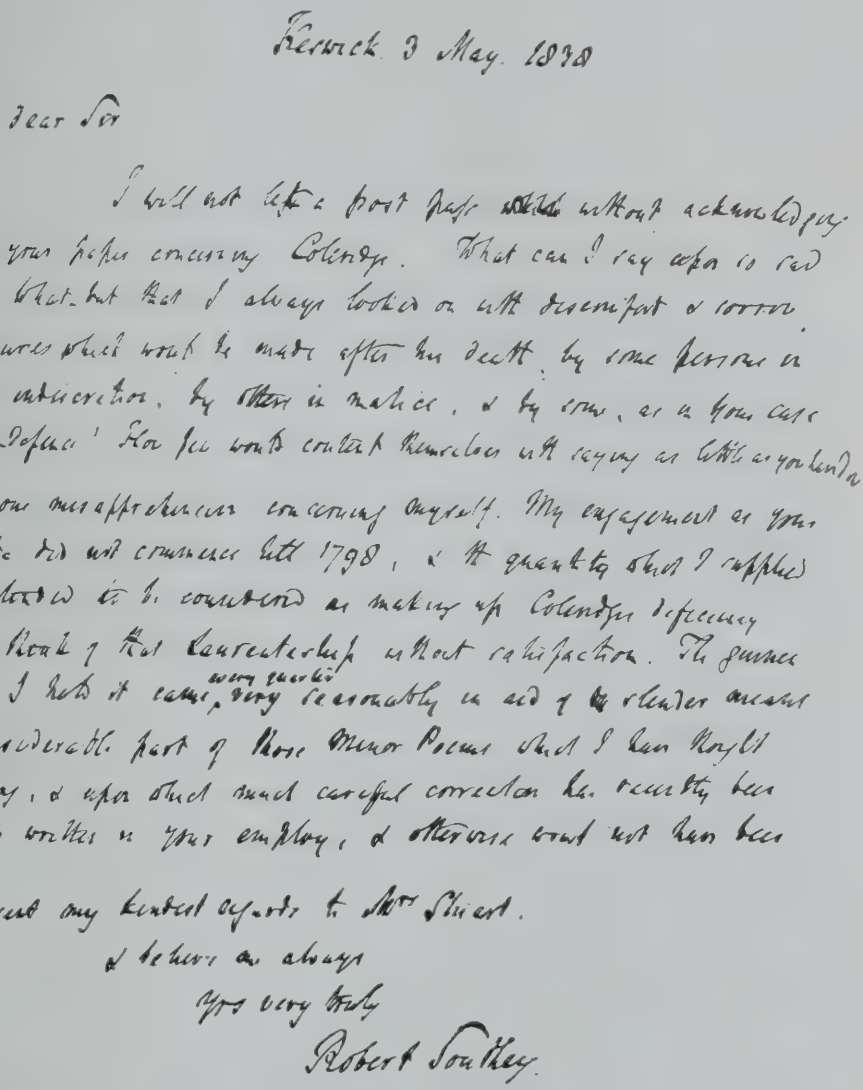
married an old cultivated friend, the gentle poetess, Caroline Bowles (1787–1854); but her care could not save a brain and a body which had been overstrained. In 1839 his health broke down, and on the 21st of March 1843 he died. He was buried, in the presence of the venerable Wordsworth, in the churchyard of Crosthwaite. The moral nature of Southey had a beauty which is not reflected in his poetry. He



Facsimile Letter from Southey to Daniel Stuart

was reserved—he "covered," he said, "his feelings with a bear-skin"—and his austerity and abruptness made him many enemies; but he was a man of the finest rectitude and the most practical generosity of heart, without jealousy, without littleness, bearing sorrow and pain with equanimity, nobly desirous to preserve intact the dignity of life and literature. His lifelong attitude to Wordsworth, to Coleridge and his family, to Scott, to Landor, to Davy, attests the constancy and the unselfishness of his character.

But he was hard in later life, and without any of the suppleness which makes social intercourse agreeable, while it is impossible to deny that he grew both arrogant and priggish. He had so handsome a presence in middle life that Byron declared that, to possess it, he would even have consented to write Southey's Sapphics.

FROM "THE CURSE OF KEHAMA."

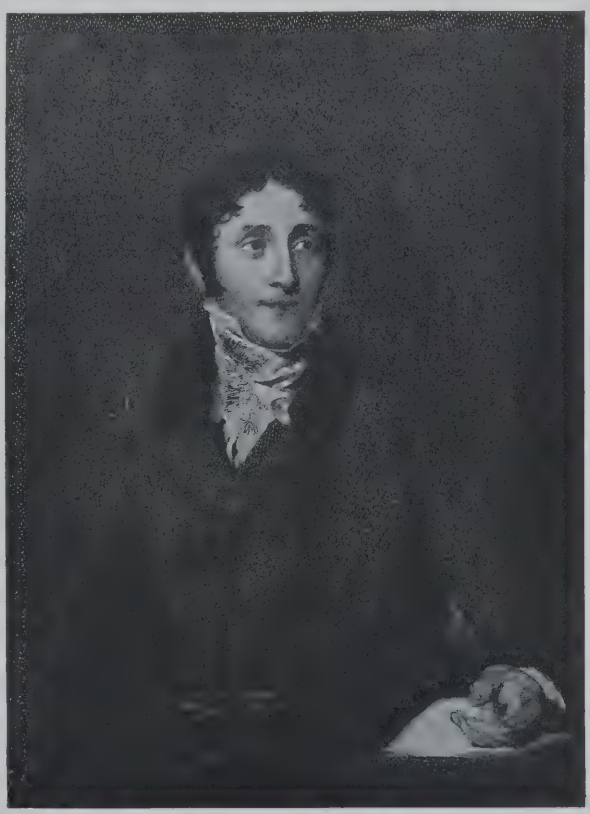
Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets a-blaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night
Your feeble beams ye shed.
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-stare
Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With one portentous glare.
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy.

What effect the new ideas could produce on a perfectly ductile fancy may be observed in a very interesting way in the case of THOMAS CAMPBELL. This young Scotchman, born in 1777, had evidently seen no poetry more modern than that of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Rogers, when he published his *Pleasures of Hope*. The very name of this work discovered its adhesion to eighteenth-century tradition. It was a tame, "correct" essay, in a mode already entirely outworn. As a student it had been Campbell's pride to be styled "the Pope of Glasgow." When he became aware of them, he rejected all the proposed reforms of Wordsworth, whose work he continued to detest throughout his life; but in 1800 he proceeded to Germany, where he fell completely under the spell of the romantic poets of that nation, and presently gave to the world *Lochiel*, *Hohenlinden*, and the *Exile of Erin*. These were succeeded by other spirited ballads, amatory and martial, and by a romantic epic in Spenserian stanza, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, in which Campbell's style is wholly Teutonised. After this Campbell wrote little that was readable, and his fame, once far greater than that of Coleridge and Wordsworth, has now

dwindled to an unjust degree. He had a remarkable gift for lucid, rapid, and yet truly poetical narrative; his naval odes or descants, the *Battle of the Baltic* and *Ye Mariners of England*, are without rivals in their own class, and Campbell deserves recognition as a true romanticist and revolutionary force in poetry, although fighting for his own hand, and never under the flag of Wordsworth and Coleridge. For the time being, however, Campbell did more than they—more, perhaps, than any other writer save one—to break down in popular esteem the didactic convention of the classic school.

Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) was the eighth son and eleventh child of Alexander Campbell, a Virginia merchant of Glasgow, who had recently been ruined by the American War when the future poet was born on the 27th of July 1777. He was a precocious scholar and an early rhymester, and at the age of fourteen he entered the University of Glasgow with credit. His student verses were unusually spirited, his student speeches were delivered "with remarkable fluency and in a strong Glasgow brogue." In 1794 the poverty of his parents obliged him, though not yet seventeen, to accept a clerkship in a merchant's office, but his notion was to escape from this drudgery to America. In the summer of 1795, however, he obtained a tutorship at Sunipol, in the island of Mull, and started for the Western Highlands in company with a friend. "The wide world contained not two merrier boys; we sang and recited poetry through the long, wild Highland glens." This visit to Mull left an indelible impression on Campbell's imagination. It was followed in 1796 by a similar appointment on the Sound of Jura. In the year 1797 Campbell published, perhaps in a broadsheet, the earliest of his characteristic battle-poems, *The Wounded Hussar*, and was encouraged to look to literature as a profession. He moved his headquarters from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and in 1798 he began to compose *The Pleasures of Hope*. This poem appeared the following year, and "the demand for copies was unprecedented." The coteries of Edinburgh opened their arms to welcome the young poet, and among the



Thomas Campbell

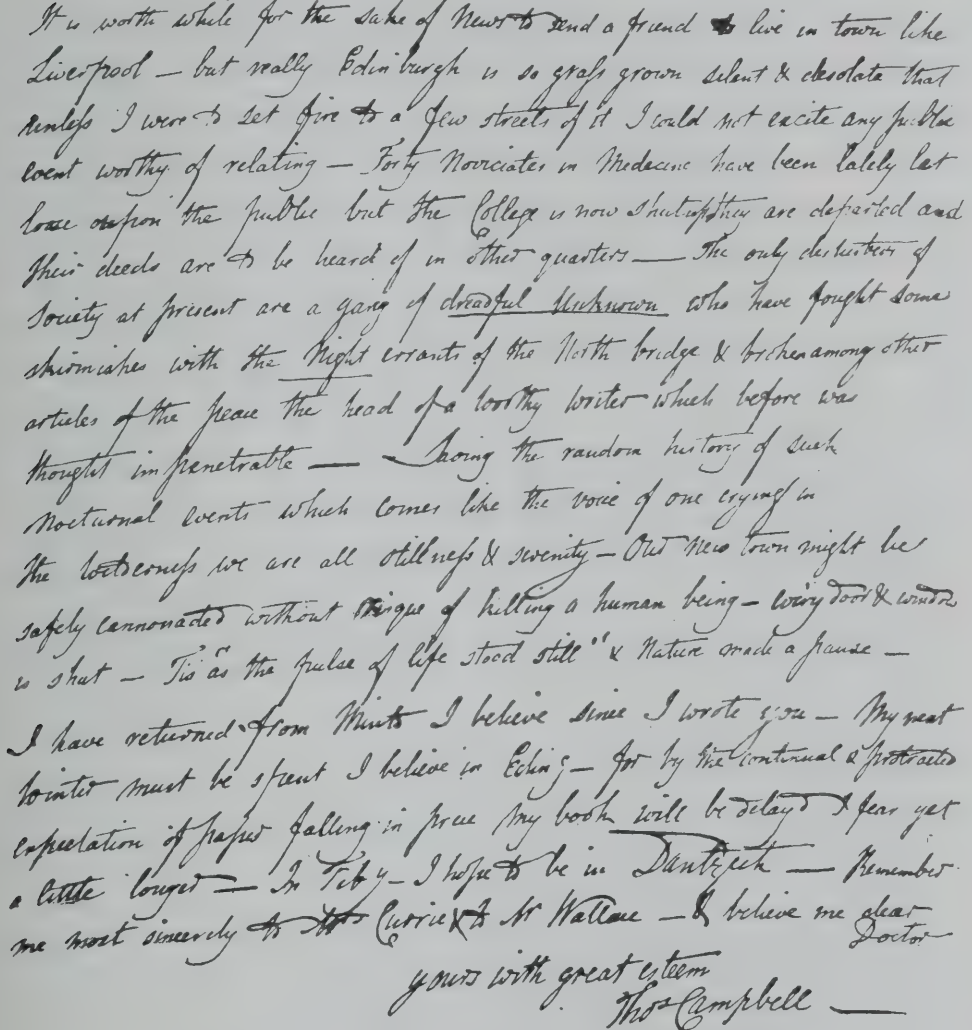
After the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

friends his book brought him was the still youthful Walter Scott. *The Pleasures of Hope* exactly suited the taste of the day, and Campbell was "very much noticed and invited out." He spent the money which his poem brought him in foreign travel, and on 1st June 1800 left Leith for Hamburg. He had some stirring adventures, acquainted himself with much German literature, and returned to London in something less than a year. It was in Germany that several of his famous patriotic poems were composed. He settled again in Edinburgh, until in 1802 he accepted an invitation from Lord Minto to be his guest, and perhaps secretary, in his London house. A description of Campbell taken at this time, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, brings him before us as "scrupulously neat in his dress, ... a blue coat, with bright gilt buttons, a white waistcoat and cravat, buff nankins and white stockings, with shoes and silver buckles. His hair was already falling off; and he adopted the peruke, which he never afterwards laid aside." In 1803 appeared a subscription edition of Campbell's collected poems, which brought him in some money, and he was emboldened to marry his lively and elegant cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair. The young couple took a house at Sydenham, which remained their home until 1820. Unfortunately, Campbell was, as he said, "always ready to shoot himself when he came to the subject of cash accounts," and his life became as a nightmare of financial embarrassment. In 1804 he wrote *The Battle of the Baltic* and *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and this may be considered the highwater mark of his career as a poet. In 1805 his distresses were relieved by a pension of £200 a year. The remainder of Campbell's life was not very interesting. In 1809 he published, with universal approbation, his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a poem, as was then considered, instinct with "the soft and skyish tints of purity and truth," arranged in the Spenserian stanza as employed in *The Castle of Indolence*. In 1815 the Campbells, always wretched managers, were again in pecuniary distress, when a remote and eccentric Highland connection, who had heard of his piety to his mother and sister, remarked that "little Tommy the Poet ought to have a legacy," and then died, leaving him nearly £5000. Campbell became prominent as a lecturer on poetry, and he showed a broad sympathy in dealing with the treasures of our early literature. In 1820 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, an easy post with a handsome salary, which he held for ten years. His narrative poem, *Theodric*, appeared in 1824, and was a failure. Troubles now gathered upon Campbell; his only surviving child became insane, his excellent wife died, and he himself became the victim of irritable melancholia. He wrote much, in prose, but he did his work badly; his old fastidiousness and care seemed to have left him. His *Life of Mrs. Siddons* (1834), from which great things were expected, proved to be a deplorable piece of shirked hack-work. Campbell had lost the healthy gusto of life. He was still, however, a

Thomas Campbell

From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise

popular figure in society, and prominent at club meetings and public dinners. In 1834 he went to Algeria, with excellent results to his health. In this renewal of activity he composed his poem of *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, and published it in 1842.



Extract from a Letter of Campbell to Dr. James Currie

No success attended this belated work. Campbell grew tired of London and settled at Boulogne, with a niece who now kept house for him. Here he died, on the 15th of June 1844, and was buried on the 3rd of July with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

FROM "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

O love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.

Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannahs they consume!
While she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade e'en now her love, and witnessed first her vows.

Song.—To the Evening Star.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart,

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Sir Walter Scott as a Poet.

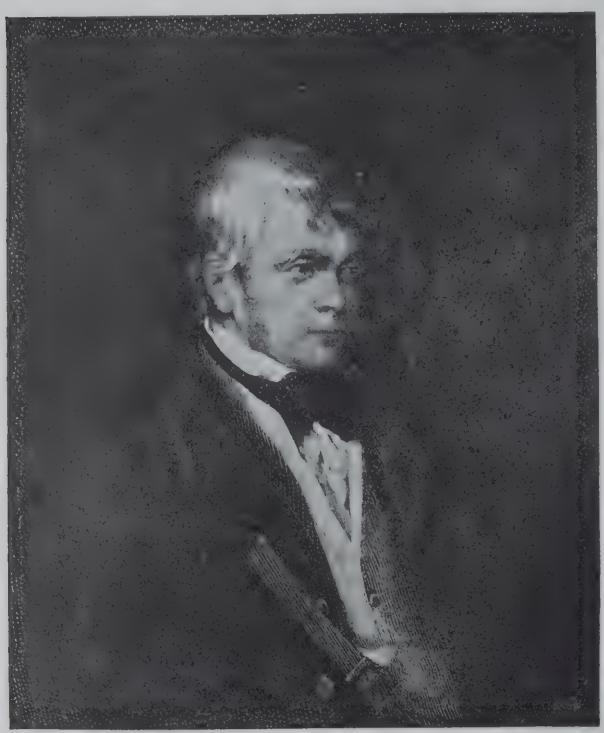
A still greater force in popularising and fixing the romantic tradition was Sir WALTER SCOTT in the poetry of his early middle life — that is to say, from 1799 to 1814. From the dawn of childhood he had shown an extraordinary passion for listening to chivalrous and adventurous tales, and for composing the like. He was fortunate enough to see and to be greatly moved by Burns ; and as he advanced, the intense Scotticism of his nature was emphasised by the longing to enshrine Scotch prowess and nature in picturesque verse. The mode in which this was to be done had not even dimly occurred to him, when he met with that lodestar of romanticism, the *Lenore* of Bürger ; he translated it, and was led to make fresh eager inroads into German poetry, with which he was much more in sympathy than Wordsworth was, or even Coleridge. Even Goethe,

Sir Walter Scott

After the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn

however, did not at this time persuade Scott to make a deep study of literature; he was still far more eager to learn in the open school of experience. He imitated a few German ballads, and he presently began to collect the native songs of his own country; the far-reaching result was the publication of the *Scottish Minstrelsy*.

Still, nothing showed that Walter Scott was likely to become an original writer, and he was thirty-four when Europe was electrified with the appearance of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Then followed *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and the *Lord of the Isles*, not to speak of other epical narratives which were not so successful. Meanwhile, the publication of *Waverley* opened another and a still more splendid door to the genius of Scott, and he bade farewell to the Muses. But from 1805 to 1815 he was by far the most prominent British poet; as Wordsworth put it, Scott was "the whole world's darling," and no one, perhaps, before or since, has approached the width and intensity of his popularity. While Wordsworth distributed a few hundreds of his books, and Coleridge could not induce his to move at all, Scott's poetry sold in tens of thousands, and gave the tone to society. At the present day something of the charm of Scott's verse-narratives has certainly evaporated; they are read for the story, a fatal thing to confess about poetry. The texture of Scott's prosody is thinner and looser than that of his great contemporaries, nor are his reflections so penetrating or so exquisite as the best of theirs. Nevertheless, the divine freshness and exuberance of Scott are perennial in several of his episodes, and many of his songs are of the highest positive excellence. Perhaps if he had possessed a more delicate ear, a subtler sense of the phases of landscape, something of that mysticism and passion which we unwillingly have to admit that we miss in his poetry, he might not have interpreted so lucidly to millions of readers the principles of the romantic revival. With his noble disregard of self, he bade



Sir Walter Scott

After the Portrait by Stewart Newton

Dear Sir

I have been very unmannerly your letter for my fingers got frost bitt cutting trees in the lake called weather like an old fool as I was. I have been looking out for proofs of Abbotsford but I cannot find any but one which is not very accurate. Have another I have which overlaps some block and plans which I will bring to get. I have found Coleridge says

A thing to dream of not to tell
But comfortable and warm within doors. If you would come down and look at it I think it would give me more pleasure I have two or three most picturesque dogs particularly a superb bloodhound new very rare I must be have clever heroes too but have assigned the sandalls for yours to my great regret.

I have some where another ballad about ~~Harden~~ Percy Reads opposite me by the Cowpers which I have alluded to in the ballad to which you apply more must Pennel observe.

I have a plan to spend the winter of and Should Sam Terry of the Adelphi theatre with me: from the interior of Abbots to Newcastle by

Letter from Scott to Cooper, the Artist

of the few curiosities & curiosities of Nature I should have offered the perfect Mud hovel which I have

The engraving of Gethsemane entered at the Burlington is certainly by far the best we have yet had from the Arts No wonder he has such pains & for the painting he copied was admirable. I only regret the engraving does little justice to the artist and engraver

I will send you the Transparency as soon as I have collected a Penny Post worth and pretty and adorable drawn by a Clan called Cooper so I am hesitating to the undergoing death of Socrates

Edinr. 1st. February 1830

I remain dear
Your obliged Servant
Wallington

Penny Post of coming to Scotland or London where you may shall find some fine studies

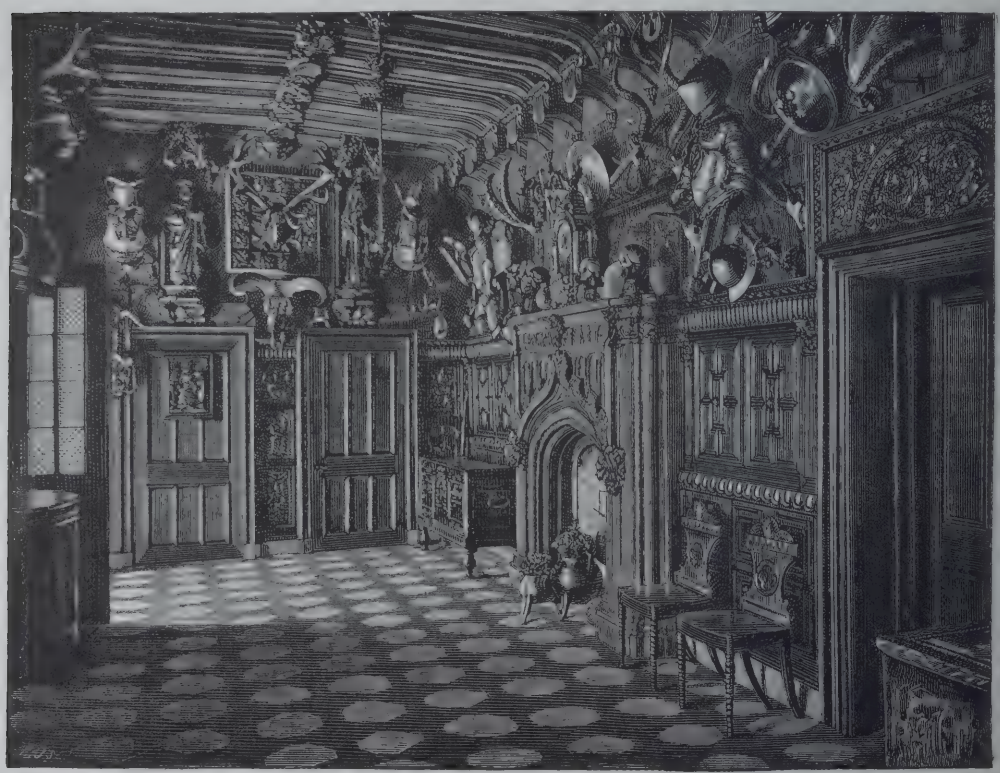
those who sought the higher qualities find them in Wordsworth; but Scott also, with his vigour of invention and his masculine sense of flowing style, took a prominent and honourable part in the reformation of English poetry.

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832) was one of the twelve children of Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, and of Anne Rutherford his wife. Six died in infancy, and he was the fourth of the survivors. He was born on the 15th of August 1771,

Abbotsford, Scott's residence from 1811 to his death in 1832

in a house at the head of the College Wynd in Edinburgh. He showed, he tells us, every sign of health and strength until he was about eighteen months old, when, as the result of a fever, he lost for life all power in his right leg. He was taken into the country, where he was placed under the care of a nurse, who afterwards proved to be a lunatic, and who, just in time to be prevented, confessed an intention to cut the child's throat with her scissors and bury him in the moss on the Craigs. He was early instructed in literature by his aunt, Mrs. Janet Scott, who encouraged the romantic bent of his temper. In 1778 Scott was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, without brilliant results: "I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to something else than what was enjoined him." As he grew fast, his health became delicate, and after leaving school, before proceeding to college, it was thought well

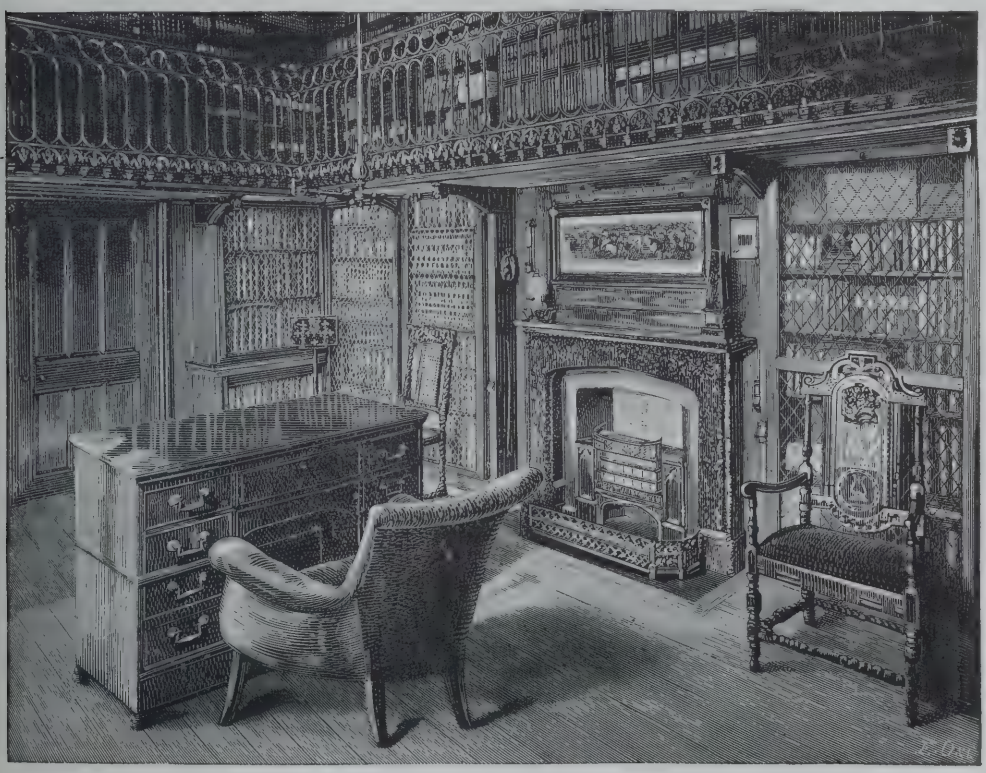
that he should spend half a year in his aunt's house at Kelso. To this episode Scott attributed the awakening in his soul of an appreciation of natural beauty, "especially when combined with ancient ruins." For some months of 1782–83 he was taught at the grammar-school of Kelso. On the lad's return to Edinburgh he began to throw himself with great ardour into the study of the romantic literature of Europe, especially Italian. It was in the midst of these emotions, in 1786, that Scott, a boy of fifteen, saw Burns at the height of his renown. At this time Scott had left college, and had entered into indentures with his father with a view



The Entrance Hall at Abbotsford

to becoming a Writer to the Signet. He disliked the drudgery, although he worked hard at the business out of pride in and love for his father, but in the spring of 1788 he broke a blood-vessel, and a lengthy illness was the result. From this, strange to say, he rose to health far more robust than he had ever before enjoyed, tall, muscular, and active both on foot and on horseback. About this time Scott began to "take his ground" in society; he displayed an ardour, a flow of agreeable spirits, and an acute perception which rendered him noticeably welcome in any company. From 1789 to 1792 he studied assiduously for the Bar, and these were "the only years of his life which he applied to learning with stern, steady, and undeviating industry." He passed his examinations in Civil Law in June 1791, and in Scots Law in July 1792, and a week later assumed the gown of a barrister. Walter Scott was now, as the Duchess of Sutherland said, "a comely creature,"

remarkably vigorous, but never clumsy, in form and movement, brilliant in colour and complexion. He fell in love with Miss Williamina Belches of Invermay, whom he courted for several years, but without success, for she became Lady Forbes of Pitsligo. In the autumn of 1792 Scott made his earliest study of the wild country of the Border, and in the following year he explored, in the spirit of a romantic antiquarian, great part of the central portion of Scotland. In 1796 he translated Bürger's *Lenore*, and published this anonymously with one or two other fragments of the new German poetry in a thin quarto; this was Scott's first appearance in



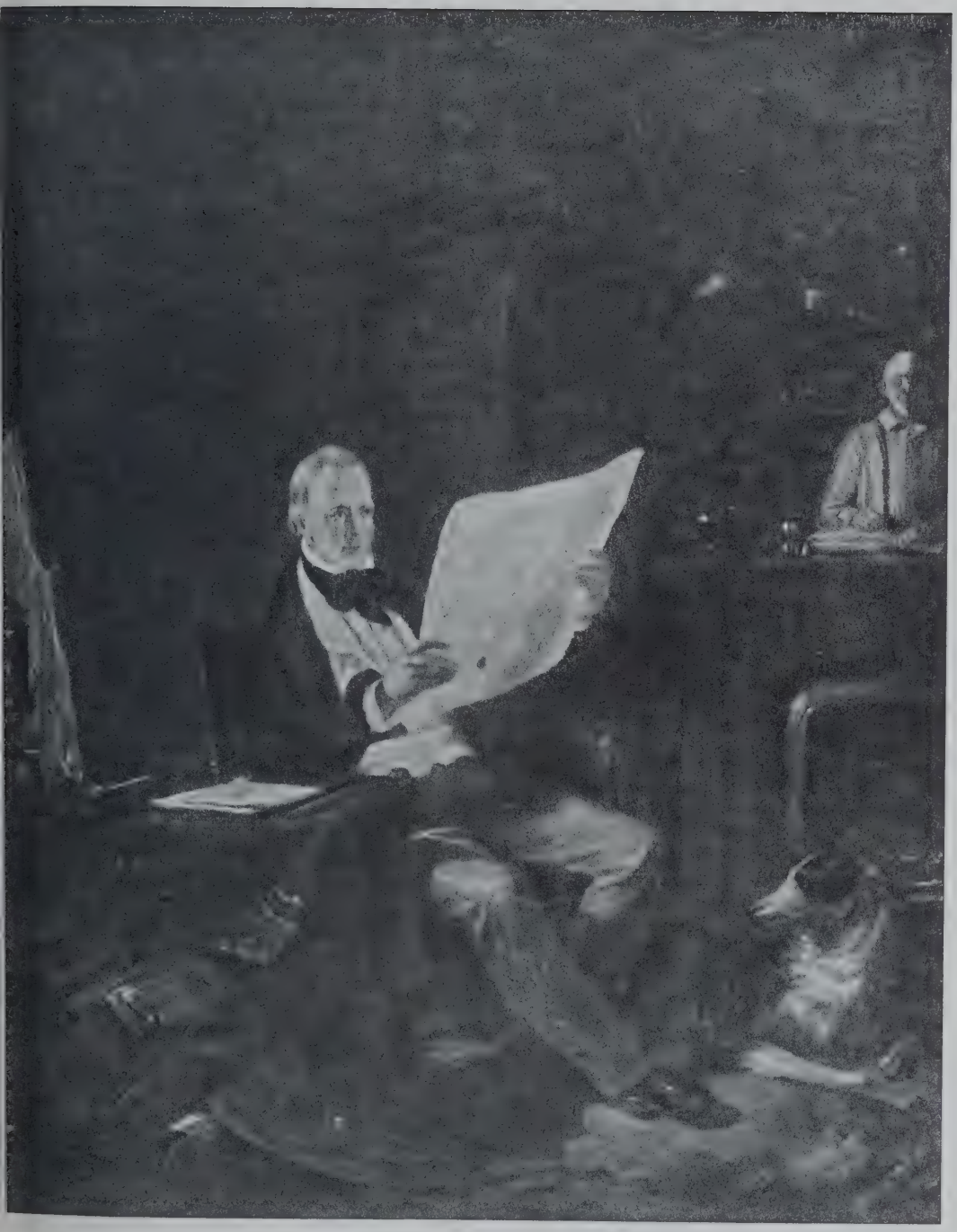
Scott's Study at Abbotsford

print. He was now attracted to a young French lady of great beauty, Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter (or rather Charpentier), whom he married in December 1797, after a very brief courtship. The young couple settled in Edinburgh, at lodgings in George Street, until the house he had taken in South Castle Street was ready for them; a few months later he supplemented this by a cottage six miles out of the city, at Lasswade. Under the influence of "Monk" Lewis, Scott began imitating and translating more busily from the German, and in 1799 he published a version of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*. He now began the serious composition of English verse, and he formed, or reopened, a friendship with James Ballantyne, the printer of Kelso, which was destined to lead to great results. At the end of this year, 1799, Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office which brought him into close relations with a romantic part of Scotland to which his poetic atten-

tion had already been called. He began to contribute in 1803 to the *Edinburgh Review*, but his chief occupation now became the collection of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, of which three volumes appeared in 1802 and 1803. Scott was now fairly launched on the flood of his romantic work, and in the first days of 1805 the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was brought out in London with a success so encouraging that Scott determined henceforth to make literature his principal profession. This determination became the more fixed as he saw his chances of success at the Scotch Bar to be very scanty, "for more than ten years he

Ruins of Dryburgh Abbey

had persisted in surveying the floor of the Parliament House, without meeting with any employment but what would have suited the dullest drudge." He therefore quitted the law, and secretly entered into partnership with James Ballantyne as a printer-publisher. In this same eventful year, 1805, he began to write *Waverley*, although he soon dropped it. Ashestiel, a small house most romantically situated close to the Tweed, was now his home, and he had settled down with ardour into the life of an active country squire and sportsman. At Edinburgh he added to his emoluments by being Clerk of Session, a post which he held from 1806 to 1830. He was now engaged in editing Dryden, in writing *Marmion*, which appeared in 1808, in starting Ballantyne on vast schemes as a publisher, and in encouraging the foundation of the *Quarterly Review*. He then turned to the task of editing Swift, and completed an unfinished historical romance by Joseph Strutt (1749-1802), called *Queenhoo Hall*, which



Sir Walter Scott.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN.

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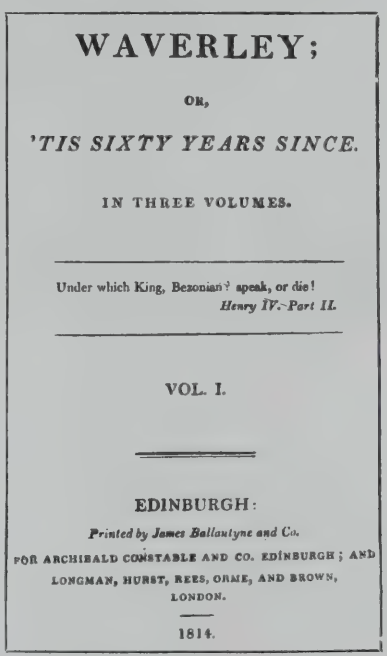
has been described as the forerunner of the Waverley novels. The accounts which have come down to us of the breezy, wholesome domestic life at Ashestiel, lead us to regard these as the very happiest years in the career of Walter Scott. He pushed on with the publication of his successive poems; *The Lady of the Lake* followed in 1810, and *The Vision of Don Roderick* in 1811. The first of these was successful beyond all precedent, but there was already a financial cloud on Scott's horizon; Ballantyne was doing very badly with other of his speculations, and if Scott was making money, he was losing it too. Nevertheless, so excellent seemed his prospects in other quarters, that in 1811 he was emboldened—the lease of Ashestiel having run out—to buy the estate of Abbotsford on the Tweed. It must be recollected, before charging him with rashness, that from 1812 his professional income was £1600 a year, besides what he might earn by literature. At this moment, however, Byron sprang upon the world, and it became evident that he would form a most serious rival to Scott as a popular poet. Moreover, Scott's ventures in 1813, *Rokeby* and *The Bridal of Triermain*, were coldly received by the public. The publishing business with Ballantyne was wound up, with help from the Duke of Buccleuch, and Constable was much mixed up with starting again what is still a puzzling business. Scott was now offered the appointment of Poet Laureate; he declined it, but suggested Southey, to whom it was then given. Scott, however, had now completed his first novel, *Waverley*, and in July 1814, with every circumstance of secrecy, this book was published. Scott was "not sure that it would be considered quite decorous for a Clerk of Session to write novels;" he was also, no doubt, anxious to see whether he could whistle the public to him by his mere charm and fashion of delivery. The result was extremely gratifying; the success of *Waverley* was instant and enormous. Scott's life now became one of unceasing activity, book following book with rapid regularity. In 1815 he published the last of his important narrative poems, *The Lord of the Isles*, and the novel of *Guy Mannering*. The series of *Tales of my Landlord* began in 1816. It is impossible, and quite needless, to register here the names of all the deathless succession of Scott's novels, a series unbroken up to 1829. In 1817 Scott had the first warning that his health could not support for ever the violent strain which he was always putting upon it. He was created a baronet early in 1820, the first creation of George IV.'s reign. Sir Walter came up to London for this purpose, and stayed to sit for his picture to Lawrence, and for his bust to Chantrey. Two years later the king came to Scotland, and was welcomed by Scott, who innocently loved a pageant, "in the Garb of old Gaul," and with a loyalty which knew no bounds. He founded the Ballantyne Club in 1823, but in the winter of this year the illness of which he died began to make itself felt; this was almost coincident with the completion of Abbotsford. By this time, however, Scott's unfortunate and secret connection with Constable and with the Ballantyne firm



WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

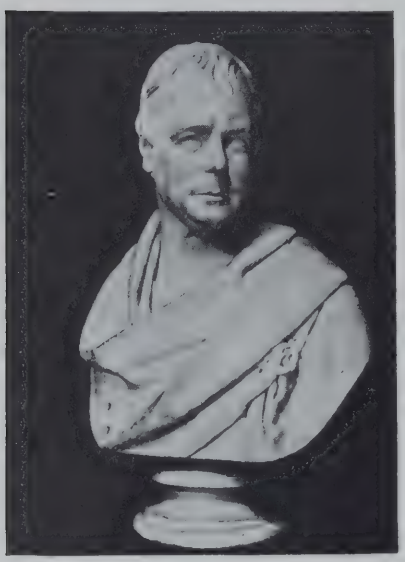
Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!
Henry IV.-Part II.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, LONDON.
1814.

Title-page of First Edition of "Waverley"

had become a distinct cloud upon his horizon, and this grew and darkened. The ruin of these enterprises became certain at the close of 1825, and the bankruptcy of Sir Walter Scott was the result. It was presently settled that he should be left in undisturbed possession of Abbotsford, but should part with all his other property, live within his official salary, and pay his debt by continuing his literary labours with his best diligence. With noble courage he began to write at once, and pursued his work in spite of the further shock of his wife's death in May 1826. By June 1827 he had diminished his debt by £28,000, and would soon have cleared himself from all his encumbrances had moderate health been spared him. But he worked far too hard, and he was checked in 1828 by a threatening of apoplexy. His work was not received with so much public favour as he had been accustomed to, and he was a good deal discouraged. But more of his debts were paid; he was passionately eager to be free; through the last year of his labour he was "a writing automaton." His latest romance was *Anne of Geierstein*, 1829, but he went on writing history. In 1830 a paralytic seizure warned him to desist, but in vain; not until October 1831 would he consent to rest. He was taken to Malta and to Naples, but his health steadily declined. His family were barely able, in July, to bring him back alive to Abbotsford, where, on the 21st of September 1832, he died, within "the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles." He was buried five days later in the Abbey of Dryburgh.



Sir Walter Scott

From the Bust by Chantrey

BOAT SONG FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lies dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
O ! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow !
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Lady Heron's Song in " Marmion."

Oh ! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
" Oh ! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone,
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No:—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden edged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There, sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day! but still
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

These, then, were the influences at work during the fifteen years with which the century opened, and so completely was the old tradition overcome that poetry of the class of Johnson and Pope abruptly ceased, not, indeed, to be admired, but to be composed. A little group of pious writers, of whom Robert Bloomfield (1766–1823), and James Grahame (1765–1811) may be named, endeavoured to keep blank verse and the heroic couplet as they had received it from their Thomsonian forefathers. But although the *Farmer's Boy* (1798) and the *Sabbath* (1802) had many imitators and enjoyed a preposterous popularity, their influence was quite outside the main channels of literary activity. The critics stormed against the reforms introduced by Wordsworth, and ridiculed his splendid experiments. But after the preface of 1800 nobody who had any genuine poetic gift could go on writing in the eighteenth-century way, and, as a curious matter of fact, no one except the satirists did attempt to do so.

Edmund Burke

But it is time to turn to the condition of prose, which, however, offers us at this juncture in our history fewer phenomena of importance. The one great prose-writer of the close of the eighteenth century was EDMUND BURKE, and his peculiarities are to be studied to best effect in what he wrote between 1790 and his death in 1797. Burke is, therefore, strictly transitional, and it is not less rational to consider him as the forerunner of De Quincey than as the successor of Robertson and Gibbon. He is really alone in the almost extravagant splendour of his oratory, too highly coloured for the eighteenth century, too hard and resonant for the nineteenth. When Burke is at his best, as for instance in the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, it is difficult to admit that any one has ever excelled him in the melody of his sentences, the magnificence of his invective, the trumpet-blast of his sonorous declamation. It is said that Burke endeavoured to mould his style on that of Dryden. No resemblance between the richly-brocaded robes of the one and the plain russet of the other can be detected. It is not quite certain that the influence of Burke on succeeding prose has been altogether beneficial; he has seemed to encourage a kind of hollow vehemence, an affectation of the "grand style" which in less gifted rhetoricians has covered poverty of thought. We must take Burke as he is, without comparing him with others; he is the great exception, the man essentially an orator whose orations were yet literature. There is an absence of emotional imagination, however, in Burke which is truly typical of the rhetor. In this, as in so much else, Burke is seen still to belong to the eighteenth century. He died just when the young folks in Western Somerset were working out their revolutionary formulas in verse; he missed even the chance of having these presented to his attention. We may be absolutely certain, however, that he would have rejected them with as much scorn and anger as he evinced for the political principles of the French Revolution. Whoever might have smiled on Goody Blake and Betty Foy, it would not have been the fierce and inflexible author of the letters *On a Regicide Peace*.

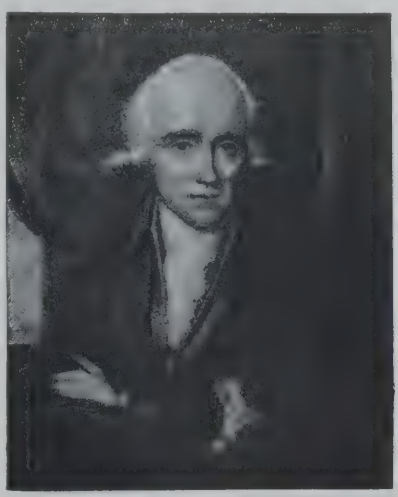
It was, perhaps, a fortunate thing for literature that Burke should die at that juncture and at the meridian of his powers. His last Tracts sum up the prose of the century with a magnificent burst of sincere and transcendent ardour. He retains the qualities which had adorned the dying age, its capacity in the manipulation of abstract ideas, its desire for the attainment of intellectual truth, its elegant and persuasive sobriety, its limited but exquisitely balanced sense of literary form. But Burke was a statesman too, and here he turns away from his eighteenth-century predecessors; he will be bound by no chains of abstract reasoning. Theories of politics were to him "the great Serbonian bog"; he refused to listen to metaphysical discussions; when he was dealing with American taxation, "I hate the very sound of them," he said. As he grew older, his mind, always moving in the train of law and order, grew steadily more and more conservative. He rejected the principles of Rousseau with scorn, and when there arose before him a "vast, tremendous, unformed spectre" in the far more terrific guise of the French Revolution, Burke lost not a little of his self-command. He died with the prophetic shrieks of the *Regicide Peace* still echoing in men's ears; he died without a gleam of hope for England or for Europe, his intellect blazing at its highest incandescence in what he believed to be the deepening twilight of the nations.

Edmund Burke

After the Portrait by George Romney

Edmund Burke (1729–1797) was the son of a respectable solicitor of Dublin, where he is believed to have been born on the 12th of January 1729. His mother was a Nagle, and an earnest Catholic, but he himself and his two brothers were brought up as Protestants. Burke went to school at Ballitore from 1741 to 1743, when he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin. He stayed there five years, engaged in desultory and violent studies, without a system. He preferred, however, to become a lawyer, and in 1750 he went across to London, and entered the Middle Temple. He was

never called to the Bar, and his neglect of his profession was so scandalous that in 1755 his father withdrew the small allowance on which he lived. Of the events which followed, Burke was never in after years willing to give a detailed account. He "broke all rules, neglected all decorums;" he was "sometimes in London, sometimes in remote parts of the country; sometimes in France, and shortly, please God, to be in America." In 1756, at all events, he married a wife and became an author; this being the date of publication of *A Vindication of Natural Society*, and 1757 of the *Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*. The sources of his livelihood now appear very dim to us, but from 1759 onwards Burke was certainly paid £100 a year to edit *The Annual Register*. At this juncture, too, he found at last a patron in "Single-speech" Hamilton, who employed him as his private secretary in London and Dublin for six years. During this period Burke was lost to literature; "Hamilton took me," he says, "from every pursuit of my literary reputation or of improvement of my fortune." The secretary called his master an infamous scoundrel, and found himself in the street. But a better patron was at hand, and in July 1765 Burke became private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and was returned to the House of Commons in December as M.P. for Wendover. A month later he made his maiden speech, and was complimented by Pitt. He gained, Johnson records, more reputation than any man at his first appearance had ever gained before. After his long obscuration, Burke, at thirty-seven, was successful at last. In 1769, returning to literature, he published his *Observations on the Present State of the Nation*. About the same time he bought the estate of Gregories, near Beaconsfield, in Bucks, and how the man, so lately penniless and still without fortune or office, continued to pay for or to live in such a place is the bewilderment of all biographers. Burke must have secured some source of wealth the nature of which we are unable even to conjecture. The Beaconsfield property had been the seat of the poet Waller; Burke—wherever he got the money—paid £22,000 for it. Mr. John Morley, who has inquired closely into the mystery of Burke's income, has put together a number of possibilities. He is obliged to add "when all these resources have been counted up, we cannot but see the gulf of a great yearly deficit." Unhappily the result is patent; Burke was never henceforth free from heavy debts and anxiety about money. It is said that when Rockingham died in 1782 he ordered that Burke's bonds should be destroyed, and that these alone amounted to £30,000. In the constitutional crisis which culminated in the loss of our American Colonies, Burke took a prominent part both with his voice and with his pen. A whole series of brilliant pamphlets opened in 1770 with the anonymous *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents;* this was suspected of being written by Junius, who had glared across the night of time in 1769. During Lord North's administration (1770–1782) it has been well said that "Burke's was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness." He kept the Rockingham connection together, he was appointed agent to the Province of New York (1771), he was urged,



Warren Hastings

After a Portrait by Ozias Humphrey

but in vain, to go out to India to examine into the affairs of the East India Company. In 1773 he took his only son over to Auxerre, in Burgundy, to be educated; he lingered for some time in Paris on his way back, welcomed in society, but with eyes critically open to the momentous signs of the times. After the dissolution of Parliament in 1774, Burke reappeared as M.P. for Malton, a Yorkshire borough, which he returned to represent for the last years of his life, but which he now immediately abandoned in favour of Bristol, where he sat from 1774 to 1780. It is interesting that the only years which Burke spent in Parliament as the member for a genuinely independent borough were those of the gigantic struggle with the American Colonies. On this subject he published three admirable pamphlets, *On American Taxation* (1774), *On Conciliation with America* (1775), and *A Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* (1777). He now turned his thoughts to the amendment of the popular system of economics, and in particular to bringing to an end the shocking corruption of the House of Commons by Ministers and by the Court. In this project and especially in his daring onslaught upon the monstrous waste of the royal household, Burke rose to his height. But he was reminded of the dangers of reform by losing his seat at Bristol, and it was now that he exclaimed "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!" In 1782, even when Rockingham came in again, though Burke made part of the ministry, as Pay-master to the Forces, he had no place in the Cabinet, although the party owed their very existence to his loyalty and zeal. After many vicissitudes, which it would be out of place to chronicle here, Burke lost office with the ministers of the Coalition in December 1783 at the final collapse of the Whigs. Once out of place, Burke had time to concentrate his thoughts on a subject which had long attracted them, namely, the notorious abuses of government in India. The recall of Warren Hastings gave him at length his opportunity, and in June 1785 Burke asked a question in the House "respecting the conduct of a gentleman lately returned from India." This was the beginning of his ten years' campaign against that spirit of lawless Indian adventure of which Warren Hastings was the flower and symbol. In May 1787, in consequence of Burke's untiring efforts, Hastings was impeached; in February 1788 he was tried at Westminster; in 1795, in spite of all Burke's eloquence and ardour, he was acquitted. But though the man escaped, the shameful system was doomed; the conscience of the English people was at length awakened. Burke's health suffered from the strain, and after the first trial he went down to Beaconsfield for a needed rest. In 1789 his attention began to be closely drawn to the events of the French Revolution, and in the midst of the general gratulations which first attended that struggle for liberty, Burke gravely doubted and then strenously disapproved. He sat down to the composition of the most carefully executed of all his works, the *Reflections*

Beaconsfield Church, where Burke is Buried

Edmund Burke.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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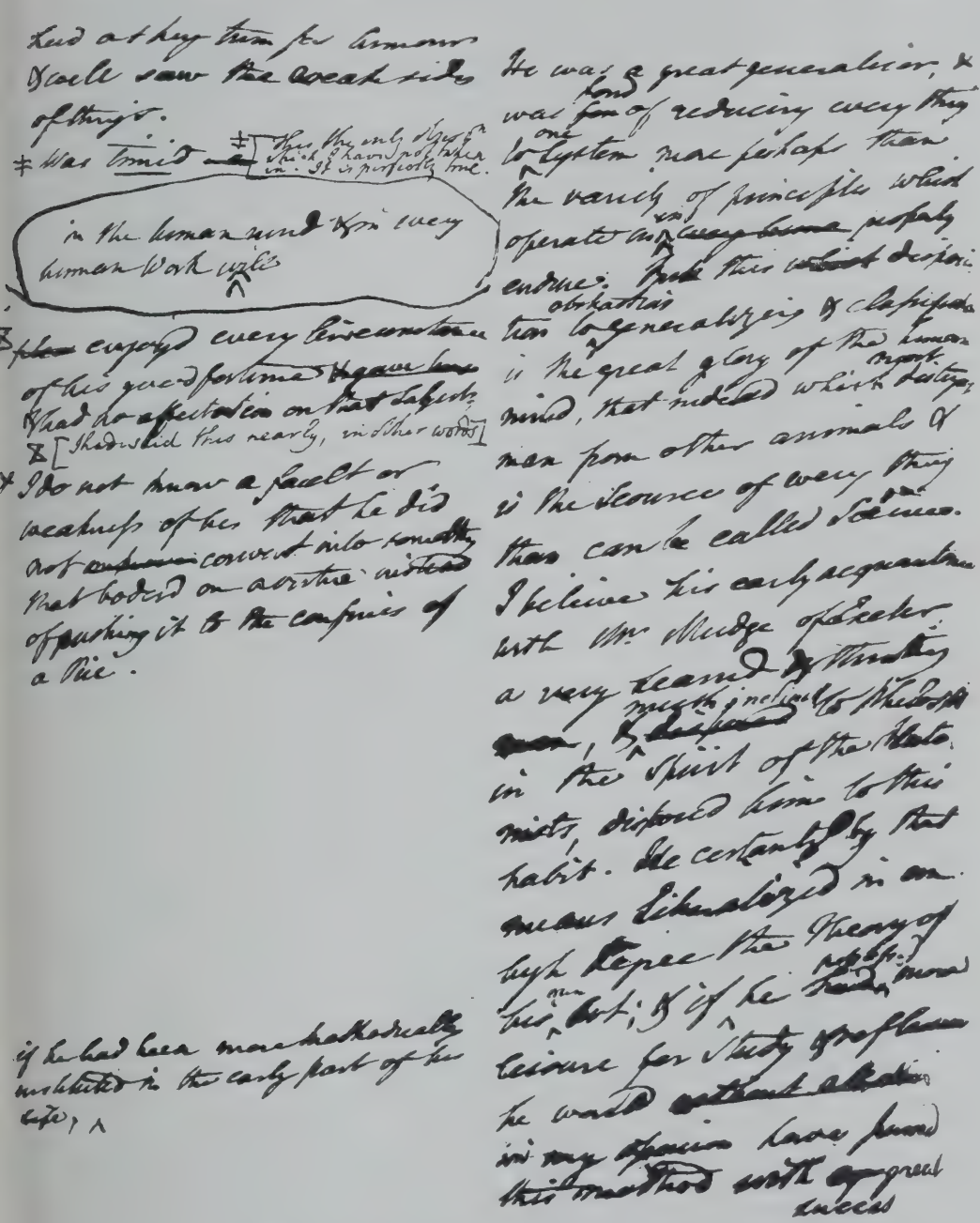
on the Revolution in France, which appeared very late in 1790, and produced an unparalleled sensation. At the moment of its conception Burke had been extremely



MS. Note by Burke on Sir Joshua Reynolds

unpopular; this book made him the darling of the nation. King George III., now quite recovered from his madness, pronounced the *Reflections* to be "a good book, a very good book, a book every gentleman ought to read." Another king, Louis XVI.,

translated it into French with his own hand. Some Whigs in England, however, disapproved and regretted Burke's attitude, and Fox in particular was hostile. It was not, however, until May 1791, that the actual and public rupture took place between these friends so long allied by mutual admiration. Burke published his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* in August, and early in 1792 his *Thoughts on French Affairs*, tracts in which his violence was seen steadily rising in volume. He was now so habitually excited by apprehension that Frances Burney, who met him at this time, saw on his face "the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers." How little command of his feelings Burke now possessed is proved by the scene in which he threw a dagger on the floor of the House in December 1792. He announced his intention of leaving Parliament, and in the summer of 1794 he did so, in favour of his only son, Richard. But this darling of his age suddenly died, and Burke lay like an old oak torn up by a hurricane. He was to have been raised to the peerage, as Lord Beaconsfield, but this was now abandoned. The first thing which roused the stricken statesman was the action of the Duke of Bedford in the matter of royal pensions. Burke poured forth the splendid invective of his *Letters to a Noble Lord* (1795), and he passed on to the still more gorgeous rhetoric of his *Thoughts on the Prospect of a Regicide Peace* (1796–7), in four public Letters. To the end he was excited beyond all sobriety of judgment by the mere thought of "that putrid carcass, that mother of all evil—the French Revolution." But he was now dying, and he presently passed away at Beaconsfield on the 9th July 1797, being buried in the parish church. Burke's magnificent gifts of private conversation and of public oratory greatly impressed all the best judges during his own generation, and have remained a tradition ever since.

From "A Vindication of Natural Society."

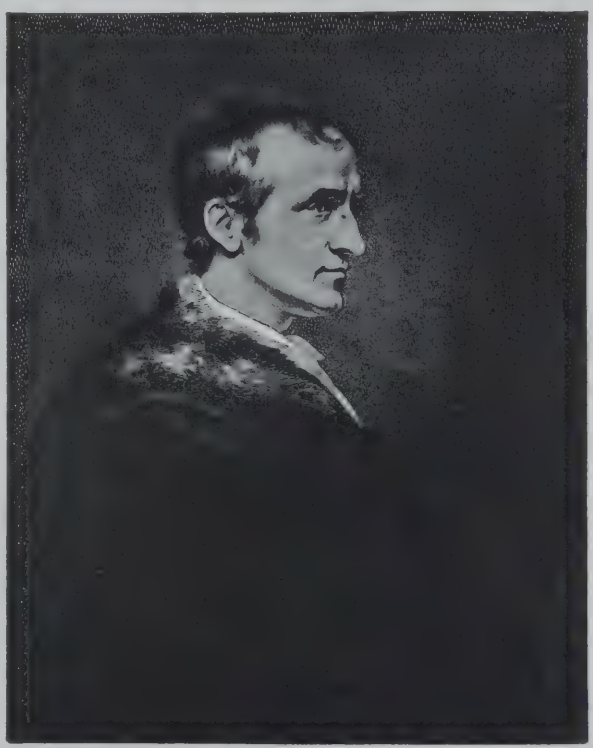
There are in Great Britain upwards of a hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and coal mines; these unhappy wretches never see the light of the sun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; and here they work at a severe and dismal task without the least prospect of being delivered from it; they subsist upon the coarsest and worst sort of fare; they have their health miserably impaired and their lives cut short by being perpetually confined in the close vapour of these malignant minerals. A hundred thousand more at least are tortured without remission by the suffocating smoke, intense fires, and constant drudgery necessary in refining and managing the products of those mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent persons were condemned to so intolerable slavery, how should we pity the unhappy sufferers, and how great would be our indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment!

From "Thoughts on a Regicide Peace."

In wishing this nominal peace not to be precipitated, I am sure no man living is less disposed to blame the present Ministry than I am. Some of my oldest friends (and I wish I could say it of more of them) make a part in that Ministry. There are some indeed "whom my dim eyes in vain explore." In my mind a greater calamity could not have fallen on the public than their exclusion. But I drive away that with other melancholy thoughts. As to the distinguished persons to whom my friends who remain are joined, if benefits, nobly and generously conferred, ought to procure good wishes, they are entitled to my best vows: and they have them all. They have administered to me the only consolation I am capable of receiving, which is to know that no individual will suffer by my thirty years' service to the public. If things should give us the comparative happiness of a struggle, I shall be found, I was going to say, fighting (that would be foolish), but dying by the side of Mr. Pitt. I must add that if anything defensive in our domestic system can possibly save us from the disasters of a regicide peace, he is the man to save us. If the

finances in such a case can be repaired, he is the man to repair them. If I should lament any of his acts, it is only when they appear to me to have no resemblance to acts of his. But let him have a confidence in himself which no human abilities can warrant. His abilities are fully equal (and that is to say much for any man) to those that are opposed to him. But if we look to him as our security against the consequences of a regicide peace, let us be assured that a regicide peace and a constitutional Ministry are terms that will not agree. With a regicide peace the King cannot long have a Minister to serve him, nor the Minister a King to serve. If the Great Disposer, in reward of the royal and the private virtues of our Sovereign, should call him from the calamitous spectacles which will attend a state of amity with regicide, his successor will surely see them, unless the same Providence greatly anticipates the course of nature.

Against Burke there wrote the revolutionary rhetoricians, those who saw the colours of dawn, not of sunset, in the blood-red excesses of the French. Richard Price (1723–1791) and Joseph Priestley (1733–1804) were the leaders of this movement in idea; but in style they remained heavy and verbose, handing down the heritage of Locke to Bentham and Godwin. Priestley, after, in 1791, having his house wrecked and his scientific instruments destroyed, as a popular punishment for his sympathy with the Revolution, lived on until 1804 to see something like a justification of his prophecies. These men were the pathetic victims of Burke's splendid indignation, but in 1791 a direct attack on the *Reflections* took up the cudgels in defence. This was the once-famous *Rights of Man*, by Tom Paine (1737–1809), an audacious work, the circulation of which was so enormous that it had a distinct effect in colouring public opinion. A sturdier and more modern writer of the same class was WILLIAM GODWIN, whose *Political Justice* shows a great advance in lucidity and command of logical language. He has been compared, but surely to his own moral advantage, with Condorcet; yet there is no question that he was curiously related to the French precursors of the Revolution, and particularly to Rousseau and Helvetius, from whom he caught, with their republican ardour, not a little of the clear merit of their style.



William Godwin

After the Portrait by John Opie

William Godwin (1756–1836), who professed to descend from the great Earl Godwin, of the West Saxons, was really the son of a Nonconformist minister at Wisbeach, where he was born on the 3rd of March 1756. In early life he joined the sect of the Sandemanians, and became a preacher amongst them until the year 1783, when his mind became imbued with sceptical ideas, and resigning his ministry he came up to London to live by literature. Ten years later he published his first important work, the *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, which introduced into English society the ideas of the Revolution, and produced a vast sensation. In 1794 this was followed by the powerful novel of *Caleb Williams*. He now formed the acquaintance of **Mary Wollstonecraft** (1759–1797), a woman of high intellect and talent, greatly in advance of her time, who suffered a specious sort of social martyrdom for her Radical ideas, and who has scarcely received her due from posterity. She was the author of *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*, 1787, and of *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, 1794, the latter dedicated to Talleyrand. Godwin met her when, deserted by a man called Gilbert Imlay, whom she had loved, she was in deep distress, and when she had recently attempted to drown herself by leaping from Putney Bridge. He consoled her, and early in 1797 he persuaded her to marry him. She died five months later after giving birth to a daughter, Mary, afterwards the second wife of Shelley. In 1799 Godwin published a second novel, *St. Leon*, and in 1801 he married again, Mrs. Clairmont, a "very disgusting" widow, who wore green spectacles, and had daughters, one of whom was the Jane Clairmont, afterwards so prominent in the lives of Byron and Shelley. Under the influence of his second wife the moral character of Godwin degenerated. It was in 1811 that he began to know Shelley in conditions only too familiar to us. His financial difficulties culminated in his bankruptcy in 1822. Much in Godwin's later life was sordid and unpleasing, although in 1833 his poverty was relieved by his appointment to be Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer on a small salary. He died in his official residence in New Palace Yard on the 7th of April 1836. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the squalid anecdotes which have been preserved in regard to Godwin with the enthusiastic respect which was paid him by young men of brilliant gifts from Canning down to Lytton Bulwer. We are less indulgent to him, and we are more inclined to dwell upon "Godwin's house of sordid horror, and Godwin preaching and holding the hat—what a set!" as Matthew Arnold ejaculates.

Mary Wollstonecraft
After the Portrait by J. Opie

THE CLOSE OF "CALEB WILLIAMS."

I record the praises bestowed on me by Falkland, not because I deserve them, but because they serve to aggravate the baseness of my cruelty. He survived but three days this dreadful scene. I have been his murderer. It was fit that he should praise

my patience, who had fallen a victim, life and fame, to my precipitation! It would have been merciful, in comparison, if I had planted a dagger in his heart. He would have thanked me for my kindness. But atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been, I wantonly inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. Meanwhile I endure the penalty of my crime. His figure is ever in imagination before me. Waking or sleeping, I still behold him. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behaviour. I live the devoted victim of conscious reproach. Alas! I am the

Miss Melvile complied with the suggestion of her mamma. One morning immediately after breakfast she went to her harpsichord, & played one after another several of those airs that were most the favourites of Mr. Tyrrel. Mrs Jakeman was retired; the servants were gone to their respective employments. Mr. Tyrrel would have gone also; his mind was unhinged, & he did not take the pleasure he had been accustomed to take in the musical performances of Emily. But her singing was now more tasteful than common. Her mind was probably wrought up to a firmer & bolder tone by the recollection of the cause she was going to plead, at the same time that it was exempt from those incapacitating ~~tremors~~ tremor which would have been felt by one that dared not look poverty in the face. Mr Tyrrel was unable to leave the apartment. Sometimes he traversed it with impatient step; then he hung over the poor innocent whose powers were exerted to please him; at length he threw himself in a chair opposite, with his eyes turned towards Emily. It was easy to trace the progress of his emotions. The furrows into which his countenance was contracted were gradually relaxed; his features were brightened into a smile; the kindness with which he had upon former occasions contemplated Emily seemed to revive in his heart.

Extract from the MS. of "Caleb Williams"

same Caleb Williams that so short a time ago boasted that, however great were the calamities I endured, I was still innocent.

Such has been the result of a project I formed for delivering myself from the evils that had so long attended me. I thought that if Falkland were dead, I should return once again to all that makes life worth possessing. I thought that if the guilt of Falkland were established, fortune and the world would smile upon my efforts. Both these events are accomplished, and it is now only that I am truly miserable.

Why should my reflections perpetually centre upon myself, an overweening regard to which has been the source of my errors! Falkland, I will think only of thee, and from that thought will draw ever fresh nourishment for my sorrows! One generous, one disinterested tear I will consecrate to thy ashes! A nobler spirit lived not among

the sons of men. Thy intellectual powers were truly sublime, and thy bosom burned with a godlike ambition. But of what use are talents and sentiments in the corrupt wilderness of human society! It is a rank and rotten soil, from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows. All that, in a happier field and a purer air, would expand into virtue and germinate into usefulness, is thus converted into henbane and deadly nightshade.

Supernatural Fiction

The spirit of change was everywhere in the air, and it showed itself in the field of diverting literature no less than in that of political controversy. The growth of mediævalism in fiction has been traced back to Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764), where the supernatural was boldly introduced into pseudo-Gothic romance. This innovation was greatly admired, and presently, having been reinforced by the influence of German neo-mediæval narrative, was copiously imitated. In the last decade of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Radcliffe, M. G. Lewis, and Beckford, presently followed by Maturin, founded what has been called the School of Terror, in the form of romantic novels in which fear was treated as the dominant passion. These "bogey" stories were very widely appreciated, and they served both to free the public mind from the fetters of conventional classic imagery, and to prepare it to receive impressions of enthusiasm and wonder. After having been shut up for more than a hundred years in the cage of a sort of sceptical indifferentism, the nature of man was blinded by the light of liberty, and staggered about bewildered by very strange phenomena. These crude romance-writers had a definite and immediate influence on the poets with whom the beginning of the next chapter will deal, but they also affected the whole future of English prose romance.

Matthew Gregory Lewis

After the Portrait by H. W. Pickersgill

The Revolutionists created, mainly in order to impress their ideas more easily upon the public, a school of fiction which is interesting as leading in the opposite direction from Mrs. Radcliffe and Maturin, namely, towards the realistic and philosophical novel as we know it to-day. Bage, Hannah More, Holcroft, and even Godwin are not read any longer, and may be considered as having ceased to occupy any prominent position in our literature. But they form a valuable link between Fielding and Smollett on the one hand, and Jane Austen and the modern naturalistic school on the other. When the age was suddenly given over to sliding

panels and echoing vaults, and the touch in the dark of "the mealy and carious bones of a skeleton," these humdrum novelists restored the balance of common-sense and waited for a return to sanity. The most difficult figure to fit in to any progressive scheme of English fiction is FRANCES BURNEY, who was actually alive with Samuel Richardson and with Mr. George Meredith. She wrote seldom, and published at long intervals; her best novels, founded on a judicious study of Marivaux and Rousseau, implanted on a strictly British soil, were produced a little earlier than the moment we have now reached. Yet the *Wanderer* was published simultaneously with *Waverley*. She is a social satirist of a very sprightly order, whose early *Evelina* and *Cecilia* were written with an ease which she afterwards unluckily abandoned for an aping of the pomposity of her favourite lexicographer. Miss Burney was a delightful novelist in her youth, but, unless she influenced Miss Austen, she took no part in the progressive development of English literature.

Ann Ward (1764–1823), who became **Mrs. Radcliffe** in 1787, was the author of six or seven hyper-romantic novels, of which *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, 1794, a book of real power and value in spite of its extravagance, is the most famous. After a brief and rather brilliant career as a romance-writer, Mrs. Radcliffe withdrew from literature after publishing *The Italian* in 1797. **Matthew Gregory Lewis** (1775–1818), a prominent figure in the theatrical and social life of his time, was the author of numerous plays, and of the too scandalously famous romance of *The Monk*, published anonymously in 1796. The close of "Monk" Lewis' life was mainly spent in the West Indies; he died at sea on the 14th of May 1818. More than twenty years later the picturesque circumstances of his career were revived by the publication of his *Life and Letters*. A still more singular figure was that of **William Beckford** (1760–1844), whose *Vathek* was published, under circumstances of curious mystery, in English in London, and in French at Paris and Lausanne in 1786–7. Beckford was a man of great wealth and of fantastic eccentricity. He spent an immense fortune upon his estate of Fonthill in Wiltshire, where he had been born on the 1st of October 1760, and where he continued to live, half hermit, half rajah, until in 1822 ruin fell on him and he was obliged to sell the property and the dream-fabric he had piled upon it. Beckford retired to Bath, where he lived until his death on the 2nd of May 1844. **Robert Bage** (1728–1801) and **Thomas Holcroft** (1744–1809) were Quakers by birth who

William Beckford

From a Medallion by P. Sauvage

became Jacobins by persuasion, and who supported the principles of the French Revolution. Bage's best novel is *Barham Downs* (1784); Holcroft's romances are forgotten, but his tragi-comedy of *The Road to Ruin* (1792) is remarkable as the earliest English melodrama, and his excellent *Memoirs* are still read. Holcroft's life was singularly eventful; he was the son of a London cobbler whose mother "dealt in greens and oysters," and he was brought up to be a pedlar, then a stable-boy, then a jockey, then a strolling actor. It was not until the age of five-and-thirty that he turned his attention, with marked success, to literature. Violent, crabbed, distressingly energetic, a furious democrat, a sour and satirical moral pedant, there was yet something in the independence and simplicity of Holcroft which was very taking. In 1794 he voluntarily surrendered, in company with Horne Tooke, and others, to the charge of high treason, but was discharged. He was the author of four novels and of more than thirty plays. Holcroft died on the 23rd of March 1809. Finally, **Hannah More** (1745–1833), the friend of Johnson, Garrick, Burke, and Reynolds, was a religious and moral writer of extreme popularity, who in 1808 published a very diverting, although didactic novel, *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*. Hannah More, who was one of the best-paid authors of her age, distributed more than one fortune in profuse benefactions, and is among the quaintest and most charming figures of her class in the eighteenth century.

William Beckford walking in his Estate at Fonthill
From a Caricature

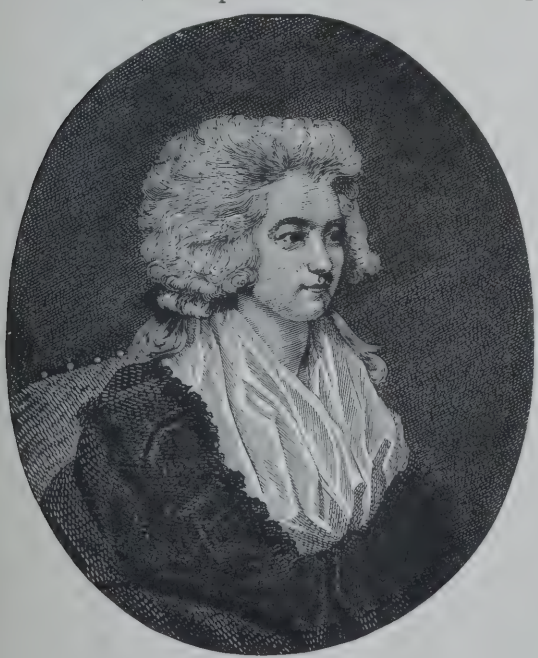
Fanny Burney

Frances Burney, afterwards **Madame D'Arblay** (1752–1840), was the third child and second daughter of the historian of music, Dr. Charles Burney (1726–1814), and his first wife, Esther Sleepe, a Frenchwoman. She was born at King's Lynn on June 13, 1752. When she was eight years old the family removed to London; her mother died in 1761, and five years later her father married again. She was an odd child, and, when her sisters were carefully educated, she for some reason escaped all schooling; "I was never placed under any governess or instructor whatsoever." On the other hand, from a very early age she was incessantly teaching herself by reading and scribbling, and she enjoyed to the full the advantages of the brilliant social circle in which her father moved, with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and the rest. She began her famous diary in 1768. It was long, however, before she could persuade

herself to venture on publicity, and her first novel, *Evelina*, did not appear until 1778, and then anonymously, and with every circumstance of secrecy. When the book was traced to her pen, she received an ovation from her father's friends and from the public; in 1782 she was persuaded to make a second essay, with *Cecilia*, although still anonymously. She was now a celebrity, and was introduced by Mrs. Delany to the King and Queen, both of whom were strongly attracted to her. She was in 1786 offered the appointment of Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, lodgings in the palace, and half the use of a coach. She was averse to accepting the post, which involved tedium and an appalling stiffness of prolonged etiquette, but her friends were dazzled, and they prevailed. Her duties centred around the Queen's snuff-box and her lap-dog, and her relaxation was to preside over the tea-equipage of the gentlemen-in-waiting. After five years of this paralysing bondage, her health broke down under the strain of ennui, and she retired on a small pension. In July 1793 she married General D'Arblay, an emigré artillery officer, then living with Mme. de Staël at Juniper Hall, Dorking. A son was born to her in 1794, and in 1796 she published her third novel, *Camilla*. From 1802 until the death of General D'Arblay in 1818, they lived principally in France and afterwards at Bath. In 1814 she brought out her fourth and last novel, *The Wanderer*. Madame D'Arblay lived into her eighty-eighth year, and having removed from Bath to London, died there on the 6th of January 1840. Her *Diary*, full of gossip of the most amusing kind, and covering a space of more than seventy years, was published in seven volumes between 1842 and 1846. Fanny Burney was not remarkable for

Thomas Holcroft

After the Portrait by John Opie



Hannah More

After the Portrait by John Opie

beauty, being rather small, shrewd, and prim, but "with a pleasing expression of countenance and apparently quick feelings," as Sir Walter Scott observed.

FROM MADAME D'ARBLAY'S "DIARY."

The King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:—

"Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?"

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

"I believe not, sir," answered Mrs. Delany; "at least she does not tell."

"Oh," cried he, laughing, "that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live." Then coming up close to me he said: "But what! what! how was it?"

"Sir," cried I, not well understanding him.

"How came you—how happened it—what—what?"

"I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some idle hours."

Frances Burney

After the Portrait by F. Burney

"But your publishing—your printing—how was that?"

"That was only, sir—only because——"

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own "what! what!" so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated with so earnest a look that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: "I thought, sir, it would look very well in print."

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it: but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious till I had spoken of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: "Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest."

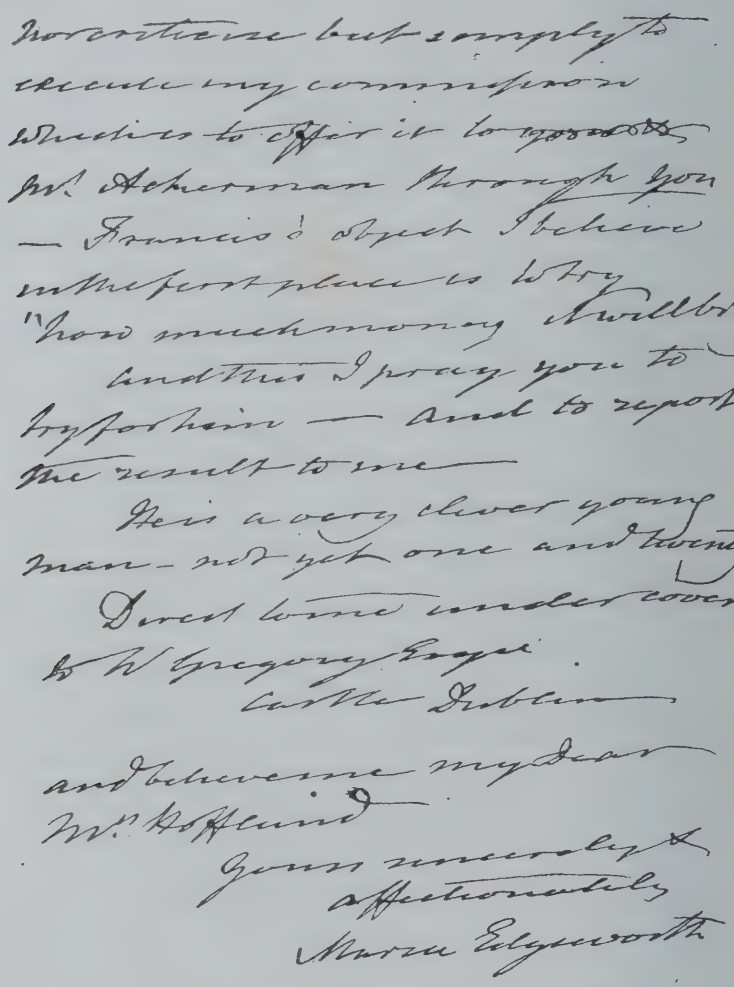
In 1800 MARIA EDGEWORTH opened, with *Castle Rackrent*, the long series of her popular, moral, and fashionable tales. Their local colouring and dis-

tinctively Irish character made them noticeable; but even the warm praise of Scott and the more durable value of her stories for children have not prevented Miss Edgeworth from becoming obsolete. She prepares the way for the one prose-writer of this period whose genius has proved absolutely perdurable, who holds no lower a place in her own class than is held in theirs by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott—for that impeccable JANE AUSTEN, whose fame becomes every day more inaccessible to the devastating forces of time and shifting fashion. It has long been seen, it was noted even by Macaulay, that the only writer with whom Jane Austen can fairly be compared is Shakespeare. It is obvious that she has nothing of his width of range or sublimity of imagination; she keeps herself to that two-inch square of ivory of which she spoke in her proud and simple way. But there is no other English writer who possesses so much of Shakespeare's inevitability, or who produces such evidence of a like omniscience. Like Balzac, like Tourgenieff at his best, Jane Austen gives the reader an impression of knowing everything there was to know about her creations, of being incapable of error as to their acts, thoughts, or emotions. She presents an absolute illusion of reality; she exhibits an art so consummate that we mistake it for nature. She never mixes her own temperament with those of her characters, she is never swayed by them, she never loses for a moment her perfect, serene control of them. Among the creators of the world, Jane Austen takes a place that is with the highest and that is purely her own.

Jane Austen as a Girl

The dates of publication of Miss Austen's novels are misleading if we wish to discover her exact place in the evolution of English literature. Astounding as it appears to-day, these incomparable books were refused by publishers

from whose shops deciduous trash was pouring week by week. The vulgar novelists of the Minerva Press, the unspeakable Musgraves and Roches and Rosa Matildas, sold their incredible romances in thousands, while *Pride and Prejudice* went a-begging in MS. for nearly twenty years. In point of fact the six immortal books were written between 1796 and 1810, although their



Extract from a Letter from Maria Edgeworth to Mrs. Hoffland

dates of issue range from 1811 to 1818. In her time of composition, then, she is found to be exactly the contemporary of Wordsworth and Coleridge in their reform of poetry, instead of impinging on the career of Sir Walter Scott as a romance-writer. Her methods, however, in no degree resemble those of the poets, and she has no conscious lesson of renaissance to teach. She does not share their interest in landscape; with her the scenery is a mere accessory. If she is with them at all, it is in her minute adherence to truth, in her instinctive abhorrence of anything approaching rhetoric, in her

minute observation and literary employment of the detail of daily life. It is difficult to say that she was influenced by any predecessor, and, most unfortunately, of the history of her mind we know almost nothing. Her reserve was great, and she died before she had become an object of curiosity even to her friends. But we see that she is of the race of Richardson and Marivaux although she leaves their clumsy construction far behind. She was a satirist, however, not a sentimentalist. One of the few anecdotes preserved about her relates that she refused to meet Madame de Staël, and the Germanic spirit was evidently as foreign to her taste as the lyricism born of Rousseau. She was the exact opposite of all which the cosmopolitan critics of Europe were deciding that English prose fiction was and always would be. Lucid, gay, penetrating, exquisite, Jane Austen possessed precisely the qualities that English fiction needed to drag it out of the Slough of Despond and start it wholesomely on a new and vigorous career.

Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849) was the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, an eccentric Irish gentleman of good family, and of the second of his five wives (if we recognise the freak of his boyish matrimony). She was born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, in the house of her mother's father, a German, on the 1st of January 1767. She was put to school at Derby in 1775. It was noticed quite early that she had an extraordinary gift for story-telling, and at the age of thirteen she was urged by her father to begin the composition of tales. During an illness, she came much under the influence of the humanitarian, Thomas Day (1748–1789), the author of the didactic novel, *Sandford and Merton* (1783–9); but in 1782 Mr. Edgeworth, now already, at thirty-eight, the husband of a fourth wife, took his complex family over to Ireland, and settled on his estates at Edgeworthstown in County Longford. This was Maria's home during the remainder of her long life. After publishing *Letters to Literary Ladies* in 1795, her real work began with her

Maria Edgeworth

From a Drawing by Joseph Slater

first novel, *Castle Rackrent*, published in 1800. This is perhaps the best of her writings, because the least interfered with; most of her books had to undergo the revision and general tinkering of her conceited and pedantic father. *Belinda* followed in 1801, and *Irish Bulls* in 1802. Their success made her famous not in this country alone, but on the Continent, and when the Edgeworths went to Paris in 1802–3 they found the best society eagerly opened to them. Occasional visits to London, Paris, Switzerland, and Scotland were the diversions of the remainder of her life, mainly spent in her Irish home. In so quiet an existence, the arrival of Sir Walter Scott, as a guest at Edgeworthstown in 1825, formed an epoch. She published two series of *Fashionable Tales*, 1809–12, of a didactic and hortatory nature, which were eagerly read by her large public. Towards the end of her life she gave herself to practical philanthropy, and in spite of her great age was untiring throughout the famine of 1846. She died at Edgeworthstown, after a few hours' illness, on the 22nd of May 1849. Byron's description of Maria Edgeworth could not be improved: "She was (in 1813) a nice little unassuming 'Jeanie Deans'-looking body,' and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking; her conversation was as quiet as herself—one would never have guessed she could write her name."

Steventon Parsonage, the Birthplace of Jane Austen

Jane Austen (1775–1817) was the seventh child and second daughter of the Rev. George Austen, rector of Deane and Steventon. She was born in the parsonage of the latter village, half-way between the towns of Whitchurch and Basington in Hampshire, on the 16th of December 1775. Her mother's name was Cassandra Leigh, a witty member of a family of wits. Jane and her elder sister, another Cassandra, were educated at home. Nothing could exceed the quietness of her existence, which was, however, cheerful, easy, and surrounded by mirth and affection. At a very early age she began to write "stories of a slight and flimsy texture, intended to be nonsensical." This was followed by a period of burlesque imitation of the extravagant romances of the day. The earliest of her writings which we possess is the short tale, in letters, called *Lady Susan*, written when she was about seventeen. A novel called *Elinor and Marianne* has not survived, but is understood to have been a first sketch for *Sense and Sensibility*. Finally, when in her twenty-first year she began *Pride and Prejudice*, which she finished in August 1797, *Sense and Sensibility*, as we now know, immediately followed, and *Northanger Abbey* belongs to 1798. But none of these admirable books was at that time published. *Pride and Prejudice* was offered to a publisher of novels, who refused even to look at it, while *Northanger Abbey* was bought for £10 by a bookseller at Bath, who locked it up in a drawer and forgot it. Jane Austen seems to have taken her disappointment—which is one of the most extraordinary in the history

of literature—with perfect composure, but she ceased to write. In May 1801 her father resigned his livings to his son, and moved into Bath, where for nearly four years the Austens lived at 4 Sydney Place. There is very little evidence of the novelist's state of mind or of her occupations during these years; we only know that she wrote nothing at Bath, except the fragment called *The Watsons*. After the death of her father, in 1805, she went to Southampton, where she, her mother, and her sister occupied "a commodious, old-fashioned house in a corner of Castle Square." Four more years passed in silence, and it was not until they went to live at Chawton Cottage, a little house about a mile from Alton, and close to the parish of her birth, that Jane Austen's faculty revived. In 1811, at the age of thirty-six, she made her first appearance as an author, with her old *Sense and Sensibility*, for which she was now paid £150. While this book was going through the press, she was writing a new one, *Mansfield Park*, which she does not seem to have finished until 1814. Meanwhile *Pride and Prejudice* had at last been published. *Mansfield Park* followed, and Jane Austen was now actively employed in the composition of *Emma*, which appeared in the winter of 1815. This was made the occasion for an article on Miss Austen's novels, now four in number, in the *Quarterly Review*, an article which did more than anything else to lift her name into celebrity, and which it has only lately (1898) been discovered was written by no less celebrated a reviewer than Sir Walter Scott. Amusingly enough, Jane Austen records, just about this time, that she too is writing "a critique on Walter Scott;" but these two illustrious persons never came into any personal relation. In 1815 Miss

The Parlour in Chawton Cottage, with Jane Austen's Desk

Austen's health began to fail, but she continued to write, and *Persuasion* is the work of the last year of her life. In the summer of 1817 she was so ill, that she was persuaded to go to Winchester for medical advice; the sisters took lodgings then in College Street. There Jane died on the 18th of July 1817, and six days later was buried in Winchester Cathedral. Jane Austen had a vivacious face, with brilliant eyes and hair; her "whole appearance expressed health and animation." She had no literary affectations; her novels were written and revised at a small mahogany desk in the general sitting-room at Chawton, a covering being merely thrown over the MS. if a visitor called. No critical phrase expresses the character of her apparatus so fully as her own famous one of "the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory." She liked the best authors of her day, and in particular Crabbe, with whose genius her own had an obvious affinity. She is recorded to have said in joke, "that if she ever married, she could fancy being Mrs. Crabbe." No love-affair less Platonic than this is believed to have disturbed her heart.

House in College Street, Winchester, where Jane Austen died

FROM "EMMA."

A very little quiet reflection was enough to satisfy Emma as to the nature of her agitation on hearing this news of Frank Churchill. She was soon convinced that it was not for herself she was feeling at all apprehensive or embarrassed—it was for him. Her own attachment had really subsided into a mere nothing—it was not worth thinking of; but if he, who had undoubtedly been always so much the most in love of the two, were to

I can return the compliment by thanking you for the unexpected pleasure of your Letter yesterday, & as I like unexpected pleasure it made me very happy; And indeed, you need not apologize for your Letter in any respect, for it is all very fine, but not too fine. Hope to be written again, or something like it. — I think Edward will not suffer much longer from heat; by the look of things this morng. I suspect the weather is rising into the balsamic Northeast. — It has been hot here, as you may suppose, since it was so hot with you, but I have not suffered from it at all, nor felt it in such a degree as to make me imagine it would be anything in the Country. Everybody has talked of the heat, but I set it all down to London. — I give you joy of our new Nephew, & hope if he ever comes to be hanged, it will not be till we are too old to care about it. — It is a great comfort to have it so safely & speedily over. The Miss Curlings must be hard worked in writing so many Letters, but the novelty of it may recommend it to them; — Mine was from Miss Eliza, & she says that my Brother may arrive today. — No indeed, I am never too busy to think of E & S I can no more forget it, than a mother can forget her sucking child; & I am much obliged to you for your enquiries. I have had two Sheets to correct, but the last only brings us to W.'s first appearance. Mrs K. regrets in the most flattering manner that she must wait till May, but I have scarcely a hope of it's being out in June. — Henry does not neglect it; he has hurried the Printer, & says he will see him again today. — It will not stand still during his absence

Letter from Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra

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be returning with the same warmth of sentiment which he had taken away, it would be very distressing. If a separation of two months should not have cooled him, there were dangers and evils before her; caution for him and for herself would be necessary. She did not mean to have her own affections entangled again, and it would be incumbent on her to avoid any encouragement of his.

She wished she might be able to keep him from an absolute declaration. That would be so very painful a conclusion of their present acquaintance; and yet, she could not help rather anticipating something decisive. She felt as if the spring would not pass without bringing a crisis, an event, a something to alter her present composed and tranquil state. It was not very long, though rather longer than Mr. Weston had foreseen, before she had the power of forming some opinion of Frank Churchill's feelings. The Enscombe family were not in town quite so soon as had been imagined, but he was at Highbury very soon afterwards. He rode down for a couple of hours; he could not yet do more; but as he came from Randalls immediately to Hartfield, she could then exercise all her quick observation, and speedily determine how he was influenced, and how she must act. They met with the utmost friendliness. There could be no doubt of his great pleasure in seeing her. But she had an almost instant doubt of his caring for her as he had done, of his feeling the same tenderness in the same degree. She watched him well. It was a clear thing he was less in love than he had been. Absence, with the conviction probably of her indifference, had produced this very natural and very desirable effect.

The Reviews

One curious result of the revolution in literary taste was the creation of an official criticism mainly intended to resist the new ideas, and, if possible, to rout them. The foundation of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 is a remarkable landmark in the history of English literature. The proposition that a literary journal should be started which should take the place of the colourless *Monthly Review* was made by Sydney Smith, but FRANCIS JEFFREY, a young Scotch advocate, was editor from the first, and held the post for six-and-twenty years. He was a half-hearted supporter of the Scoto-Teutonic reformers, but a vehement opponent, first of Coleridge and afterwards of Shelley. It is, however, to be put to his credit that he recognised the genius of both Wordsworth and Keats, in a manner not wholly unsympathetic; his strictures on *The Excursion* were severe, but there was good sense in them. The finer raptures of poetry, however, were not revealed to Jeffrey, and in the criticism of their contemporaries he and his staff were often

Francis, Lord Jeffrey

After the Bust by Patrick Park

guilty of extraordinary levity. Yet, on the whole, and where the prejudices of the young reviewers were not involved, the *Edinburgh* did good work, and it created quite a new standard of merit in periodical writing. To counteract its Whiggishness the Ministerial party founded in 1809 the Tory *Quarterly Review*, and put that bitter pedant and obscurantist, William Gifford, in the editorial chair. This periodical also enjoyed a great success without injuring its rival, which latter, at the close of the period with which we are dealing, had reached the summit of its popularity and a circulation in those days quite unparalleled. Readers of the early numbers of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* will to-day be surprised at the emotion they caused and the power they wielded. They are often smart, sometimes witty, rarely sound, and the style is, as a rule, pompous and diffuse. The modern reader is irritated by the haughty assumption of these boyish reviewers, who treat genius as a prisoner at the bar, and as in all probability a guilty prisoner. The *Quarterly* was in this respect a worse sinner even than the *Edinburgh;* if Jeffrey worried the authors, Gifford positively bit them. This unjust judging of literature, and particularly of poetry—what is called the "slashing" style of criticism—when it is now revived, is usually still prosecuted on the lines laid down by Jeffrey and Gifford. It gives satisfaction to the reviewer, pain to the author, and a faint amusement to the public. It has no effect whatever on the ultimate position of the book reviewed, but, exercised on occasion, it is doubtless a useful counter-irritant to thoughtless or venal eulogy. If so, let the credit be given to the venerable Blue-and-yellow and Brown *Reviews*.

Sydney Smith

After the Portrait by Sir G. Hayter

Francis Jeffrey, Lord Jeffrey (1773–1850), was son of a depute-clerk in the Supreme Court of Scotland, and was born in Edinburgh on the 23rd of October 1773. He was educated at the High School in Edinburgh and at the Universities of Glasgow

and Oxford. When the *Edinburgh Review* was founded in 1802, Jeffrey was settled in practice in his native city. He was invited to conduct the *Review*, and he continued to be the editor until 1829, when he was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and resigned the *Review* into the hands of **Macvey Napier** (1777–1847). Jeffrey was made Lord Advocate of Scotland in 1830, but the labour of politics—for the post involved attendance in Parliament—was irksome to him. He was still M.P. for Edinburgh, however, when in 1834 he was made a judge of the Court of Session, with the title of Lord Jeffrey. His health began to fail in 1841, but he continued to perform his duties on the bench until a few days before his death, which occurred at Edinburgh on the 26th of January 1850. Jeffrey exercised a sort of dictatorship in English criticism during a period of great importance for our literature, but posterity has reversed the majority of his *obiter dicta*. He had fine social gifts, and filled a very important position in Edinburgh, when that city was still a centre of hospitality and cultivation. He collected his scattered writings in four volumes in 1844, but already those who had been astonished at his essays when they appeared anonymously discovered that much of the splendour had departed. Those who turn to his volumes to-day will probably say of them, as Jeffrey himself had the temerity to exclaim of *The Excursion*, "This will never do!" But he was a man of light and even of leading in his day, and did his honest best to put an extinguisher on the later lights of letters.

William Cobbett

Engraved by William Ward after a Portrait by J. R. Smith

The **Rev. Sydney Smith** (1771–1845) was the second of the four sons of a gentleman at Woodford, Essex, where he was born on the 3rd of June 1771. His father had been a spendthrift, but he contrived to give his children a sound education, and Sydney went to Winchester and to New College, Oxford. From 1794 to 1797 he was a curate in Wiltshire, and afterwards a tutor in Edinburgh, but he suffered much from poverty, until the production of the *Edinburgh Review* supplied him with regular literary employment. He moved to London in 1803, and in 1806 he got at last a

living, the rectory of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire. At this time he was discharging his clerical duties (at Foston-le-Clay) by deputy, and writing his brilliant Peter Plymley letters (1807–8). Later on he exchanged Foston for the beautiful rectory of Combe Florey, in Somerset, where he loved to entertain his friends. In 1831 he was made a canon residentiary of St. Paul's. In his grand climacteric, 1839, as he said, he became by the death of a relative "unexpectedly a rich man." He died in London on the 22nd of February 1845. Sydney Smith was pre-eminently witty both in writing and in speech, a droll and delightful companion, a perfectly honest man, and a genuine lover of liberty and truth.

Jeremy Bentham

After the Portrait by W. Derby

Minor Prose Writers

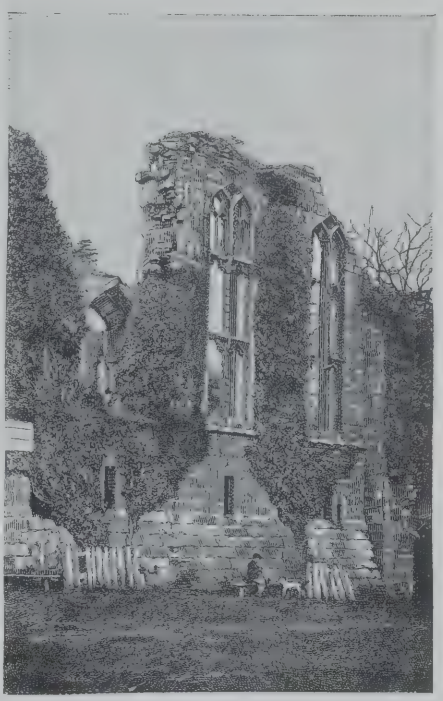
A book which is little regarded to-day exercised so wide and so beneficial an influence on critical thought at the beginning of the century that it seems imperative to mention it here. The *Curiosities of Literature*, by Isaac D'Israeli, was not a masterpiece, but its storehouses of anecdote and cultivated reflection must have familiarised with the outlines of literary history thousands who would have been repelled by a more formal work. We dare not speak here at any length of Cobbett and Combe, of Bentham and Dugald Stewart, of Horner and Mackintosh and Mary Wollstonecraft. Of all these writers, in their various ways, it may safely be said that their ideas were of more importance than their style, and that, interesting as they may severally be, they do not illustrate the evolution of English literature.

Isaac Disraeli

After the Portrait by Denning

William Cobbett (1762–1835) was born at Farnham. He was originally a farm labourer, then (1783) an attorney's clerk in London. From 1784 to 1791 he served as a private soldier in Nova Scotia. Under the pseudonym of Peter Porcupine, he became a mordant satiric pamphleteer. He is best remembered now by his *Rural Rides* (1830). He was an excessively prolific occasional writer. **William Combe** (1741–1823) is famous as the

author of *The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque* (1812–21), and of a daring forgery, *Lord Lyttelton's Letters* (1782). The great champion of pure utilitarianism, **Jeremy Bentham** (1748–1832), was the son of a solicitor in Houndsditch. He was excessively precocious, and known as "the philosopher" at the age of thirteen. He invented, or first made general, the formula of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The uncouthness of Bentham's style did injustice to his learning and to the freshness of his mind. He bequeathed his body to be dissected and preserved in University College, where it may still be seen, dressed in the last suit of clothes which Bentham had made for him. Another octogenarian was **Isaac Disraeli** (1766–1848), best known as the father of Lord Beaconsfield. He came of a family of Venetian Jews who settled in England about twenty years before the birth of Isaac; and he was educated in Amsterdam. He made the by-paths of literary history the subject of his life's study, and he wrote two anecdotal miscellanies which are still among our minor classics, *Curiosities of Literature*, 1791–1834, and *The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors*, 1812–14. His life was serene and his temper placid, "and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident." **Sir James Mackintosh** (1765–1832) was an ambitious but upright public man, whose legal and political responsibilities—he lived to be Commissioner of the Board of Control—left him leisure for considerable literary activity, the results of which were mainly not given to the public until several years after his death. **Dugald Stewart** (1753–1828) was the principal metaphysician of his time, a disciple of Reid and commentator on his philosophy. He was a brilliant lecturer and a graceful writer: he was considered the finest didactic orator of his age.



Ruins of Kenilworth Castle

Scott's Novels

During the later years of this period romantic fiction fell into great decay. Out of its ashes sprang the historical novel, the invention of which was boldly claimed by Miss Jane Porter (1776–1850), whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803, long cherished by our great-grandfathers, and not entirely unknown to our fathers, had some faint merit. Other ladies, with the courage of their sex, but with remarkably little knowledge of the subject, attacked the muse of history. But nothing was really done of importance until Sir WALTER SCOTT turned his attention from poetry to prose romance. *Waverley* was not published till 1814, and the long series of novels really belong to the subsequent chapter. They had, however, long been prepared for, and it will be convenient to consider them here. Scott had written a fragment

of an historical novel (afterwards *Waverley*) in 1805, and in 1808 he had taken up the useful task of preparing for the press an antiquarian story by Strutt, called *Quenhoo Hall*. His long poems of the same decade had necessitated the approach to historical study in a romantic and yet human spirit. From his earliest years Scott had been laying up, from Scottish and from German sources, impressions which were to be definitely useful to him in the creation of his great novels. At last, in the maturity of forty-three years, he began the gigantic work which he was not to abandon until his death in 1832.

Sir Walter Scott

From a Sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer

It is difficult to speak of the novels of Sir Walter Scott in a perfectly critical spirit. They are a cherished part of the heritage of the English-speaking race, and in discussing them we cannot bring ourselves to use regarding them anything but what to foreign critics seems the language of hyperbole. The noble geniality of attitude which they discover in the author, their perennial freshness, their variety, their "magnificent train of events," make us impatient of the briefest reference to their shortcomings in execution. But it is, perhaps, not the highest loyalty to Scott to attempt to deny that his great books have patent faults: that the conduct of the story in *Rob Roy* is primitive, that the heroines of *Ivanhoe* are drawn with no psychological subtlety, that there is a great deal that is terribly heavy and unexhilarating in the pages of *Peveril of the Peak*. It is best, surely, to admit all this, to allow that Scott sometimes wrote too rapidly and too loosely, that his antiquarianism sometimes ran away with him, that his

8 me neither as of the pure metal of silver and I of doubtful pewter – So if I keep your secret you may look surely for me at least until such time I to wend a little backward or circumstance bring me as you in the best of you may be in a set of peccadillo – Why you owe it me – and so mistress yours chamber scout you and some birds shun bonds – I call me to Make Lambourne" "Mistress Mary sir" said Tripletram unable to recall his misapprehension "you have had your fee". "Mary" said Lambourne ~~smiling~~ gravely Tripletram however while he tickedly muttered between his little speaking Tripletram words "Mistress Mary – and you have had your fee – but it matters not I will spare no spur as I send before I am no dog in the manger – mind that" he spoke louder & Lambourne as Tripletram by degrees he felt himself surround got further and further and of hearing "I am no dog in the manger – but I will not carry coals neither – mind that Master Tripletram – And I will have a pipe at this wench while you have quartered in needy gentry old hundred room – of dusty ghostly bedchamber and I will be with you sleep down – of I find one thus more unchaste than I would, the wood had been Mr Parkers College for the lower and have been flogged – Tripletram has chosen it since like a turnip – age but your reverence gentlemen with strange privileges ever wrinkle and drive respect towards reverse – Well I have my Master Tripletram head under my belt by this Lucky discovery there is one thing certain – and I will beg to get a sight of this Lindalvides of his – Mad is one: thus –"

Chapter III. Leave him matter Blanche & your

Now but the simple work – the comes the comes – Our following
Speeds for us Bells speeds for us shrill tinning'd trickets
Hound to May Lockwork quarries Le May cantons
Play such a peal early as peyronne Joe
Came streched on turbaned heathen to storm the ramparts
Ere will have pageants too – but these crowns last
And I me a knight heaven soldier –

Her Verger Lenvoi a huge [illegible]

Tripletram walked into the outer yard of the Castle scarce knowing what to think of his late sovereign and most unexpected interview with Amy Robsart and dubious if he had done well to have entrusted with the delayed and hurried letter further to pass his word so solemnly to Leicester to her crazy gentleman for so many hours. Yet how could he have denied her request. Depress doubtless she had probably hindered herself upon Varney, such was her maternal reasoning the happiness of her future life might depend upon her not drawing him to extremities and since no power of Tripletram's could extricate her from the power of that great supposing he was to act knowledge Amy's or his wife what else had he to do? Destroy the hope of domestic peace which might yet remain to her by telling cruelly to her at once. He hardened himself scrupulously to drown his words both to reason & heart have proved and because as he still thought while he consoled and reconciled them extraordinary interview it could not with justice or propriety long remain repeated. Nor in case request he had granted would towards securing effectual protection for him unhappy and still beloved object of his early affection. Amy was no longer moved up on a distance and soldiery retreat on the charge of pursuit of doubtful reputation She was in the Castle of Kenilworth within the verge of the royal Court for the time pre-eminent regent of wisdom and valour to be protected by even Elizabeth the first sumptuously. Here were circumstances which could not but affect greatly her affairs which he might have occasion to use on her behalf N. Wanted by was Mrs Tripletram ~~to appear~~ still advantages and perils which attended her unexpected presence in Kenilworth Castle hastily and unseemly accosted by Wayland who often hastily questioning "Thank God your worship is found at last" "Found with what could be found in the castle" said Tripletram "I know it and I have sent her – Was it by your advice she found refuge in my apartment?" "No" answered Wayland "but I could think of no other way of safely bestowing her and must?" "No" answered Wayland "but I could think of no other way of safely bestowing her and was but too happy to find a safety asylum where you were guarded – merrily merrily sang the fellow in Wayland hand and the children on the Moor" – "Peace Sir, is not time for jesting" answered Tripletram sternly "I will think and see the artist for I have felt that Wayland as if I had an ill will to my sweet – This lady knows not her own mind – she will have recourse your and commands you not to be named to her and is about to put herself under the protection of the Lord Leicester I shall never get her safe under your chamber hand she known the counter of it" – "Is it possible?" said Tripletram "Well one thing more hopes the Lord will exert his influence in her favour even then

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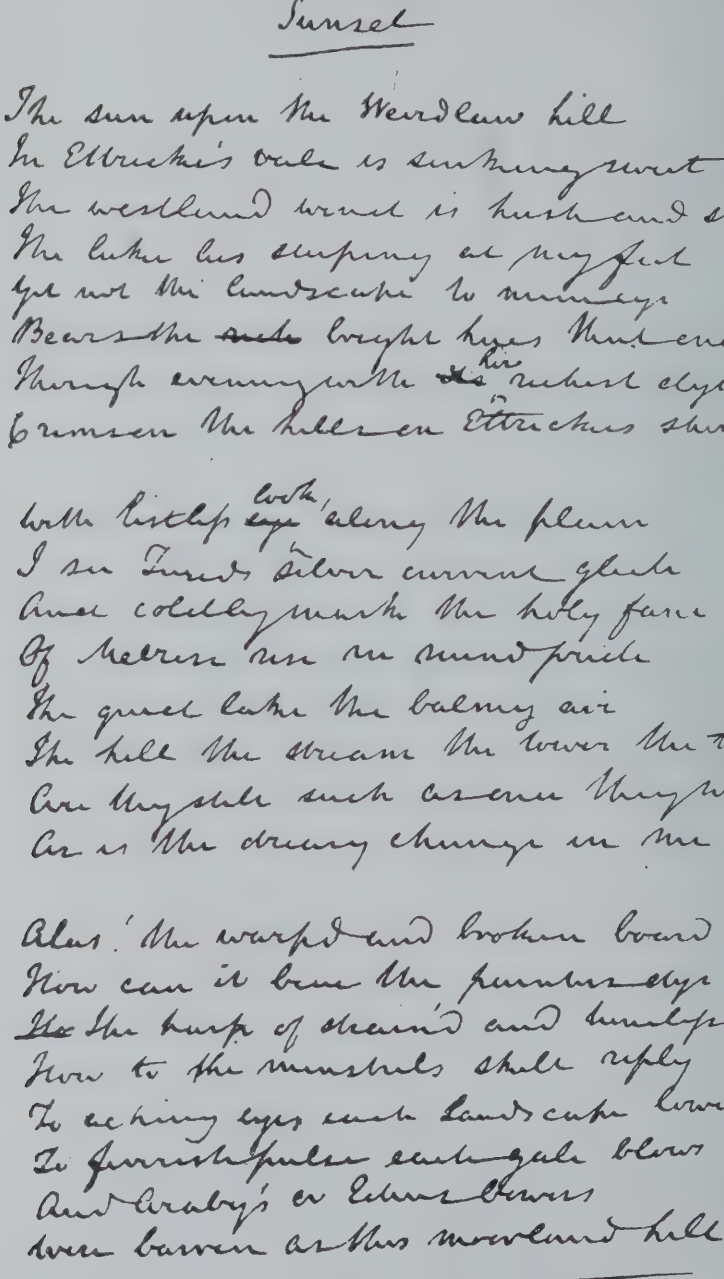
pictures of mediæval manners are not always quite convincing. He has not the inevitable perfection of Jane Austen; he makes no effort to present himself to us as so fine an artist.

When this is admitted, let the enemy make the best they can of it. We may challenge the literatures of the world to produce a purer talent, or a writer who has with a more brilliant and sustained vivacity combined the novel with the romance, the tale of manners with the tale of wonder. Scott's early ideal was Fielding, and he began the *Waverley* series in rivalry with *Tom Jones*, but he soon left his master. If Scott has not quite the intense sympathy with humanity, nor quite the warm blood of Fielding, he

Original Sketch by Cruikshank for "Meg Merrilies"

has resources which the earlier novelist never dreamed of. His design was to please the modern world by presenting a tale of the Middle Ages, and to do this he had to combat a wide ignorance of and lack of sympathy with history; to create, without a model, homely as well as histrionic scenes of ancient life; to enliven and push on the narrative by incessant contrasts, high with low, tragic with facetious, philosophical with adventurous. His first idea was, to dwell as exclusively as possible with Scottish chivalry. But *Guy Mannering*, once severely judged by the very admirers of Scott, now esteemed as one of his best books, showed what genius for humorous portraiture was possessed by the creator of Dandie Dinmont and Dominie Sampson; while the *Antiquary*, in its pictures of seaside life in a fishing-town of Scotland, showed how close and how vivid was to be his observation of rustic society.

In all the glorious series there are but two which a lover of Scott would wish away. It is needless to mention them; their very names recall to us


Sunset

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet
The westland wind is hush and still
The lake lies sleeping at my feet
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears the bright hues that erst it bore
Though evening with her richest dye
Empurple the hills on Ettrick's shore

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride
The quiet lake the balmy air
The hill the stream the tower the tree
Are they still such as once they were
Or is the dreary change in me

Alas! the warped and broken board
How can it bear the poet's glow
Her hapless hand in hand unskilled
Wake to the muses shall reply
To eye that sees such landscape lowers
To heart that pulses such gale blows chill
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Seem barren as this moorland hill.

Facsimile of MS. Verses of Scott

that honourable tragedy of over-strain, of excessive imaginative labour, which bowed his head at length to the ground. The life of Scott, with its

splendeurs et misères—the former so hospitably shared, the latter so heroically borne—forms a romance as thrilling as any of his fictions, and one necessary to our perfect comprehension of his labours. Great as had been the vogue of his poems, it was far exceeded by that of his novels, and when Scott died his was doubtless the strongest naturalistic influence then being exercised in Europe. All the romances of Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo sprang

My dear Mrs. Slade

I have just seen the card with which Mrs. Grant has honoured me As I am not the Author of Waverley nor in any way connected with those very successful novels I am sure Mrs. Grant will be aware that with every desire to oblige a friend of yours it is quite impossible that I can have the honour of accepting the flattering invitation which she proposes & also that I have it not in my power to grant or refuse the request which she prefers I regret it very much as nothing would give me more pleasure than to do whatever might be agreeable to a friend of so old & valued a friend as yourself I am with great regard

Yours most faithfully

Walter Scott

Facsimile Letter from Scott to Mrs. Slade denying the authorship of "Waverley"

directly from him; he had inspired Fouqué in Germany, Manzoni in Italy, and Fernan Caballero in Spain. Wherever historical fiction of a picturesque and chivalrous order was produced, it bore the stamp of Walter Scott upon its margin. Nor with the decline of the imitations is it found that the original ceases to retain its hold on the interest of the English race.

BLOODHOUNDS.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with bloodhounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege

which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the bloodhound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the eighteenth century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a bloodhound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettricke Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At the time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank near sunrising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock ; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and, coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist ; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the bloodhound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.

HUMANITY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810–11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c., of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery : rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the relics to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having outmarched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants, who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

Walter Scott, so long a European force, has now, foiled by the victory of the school of Balzac, retired once more to the home he came from, but on British soil there is as yet no sign of any diminution of his honour or popularity. Continental criticism is bewildered at our unshaken loyalty to a writer whose art can be easily demonstrated to be obsolete in many of its characteristics. But English readers confess the perennial attractiveness of a writer whose "tone" is the most perfect in our national literature, who has left not a phrase which is morbid or petulant or base, who is the very type of that generous freedom of spirit which we are pleased to identify with the character of an English gentleman. Into the persistent admiration of Sir Walter Scott there enters something of the militant imperialism of our race.

CHAPTER II

THE AGE OF BYRON

1815–1840

It is noticeable that the early manifestations of the reforming spirit in English literature had been accompanied by nothing revolutionary in morals or conduct. It is true that, at the very outset, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge had been inclined to a "pantisocratic" sympathy with the principles of the French Revolution, and had leaned to the radical side in politics. But the spirit of revolt was very mildly awakened in them, and when the Reign of Terror came, their aspirations after democratic freedom were nipped in the bud. Early in the century Wordsworth had become, what he remained, a Church and State Tory of the extreme type; Southey, who in 1794 had, "shocking to say, wavered between deism and atheism," promptly developed a horror for every species of liberal speculation, and contributed with gusto to the *Quarterly Review*. Temperament and circumstance combined to make Scott a conservative in politics and manners. Meanwhile, it was in the hands of these peaceful men that the literary revolution was proceeding, and we look back from 1815 with a sense of the extraordinary modesty and wholesome law-abiding morality of the generation which introduced romanticism in this country.

Lord Byron
(*Circa* 1804–1806)
After a Portrait in the possession of A. C. Benson, Esq.

No section of English literature is, we will not say more innocent merely, but more void of the appearance of offence than that which was produced by the romantic reformers of our poetry. The audacity of Wordsworth and Coleridge was purely artistic; it was bounded by the determination to destroy certain conventions of style, and to introduce new elements and new aspects into the treatment of poetry. But these novelties included nothing that could unsettle, or even excite, the conscience of the least mature of readers. Both these great writers spoke much of passion, and insisted on its resumption by an art which had permitted it to escape too long. But by passion Wordsworth understood no unruly turbulence of the senses, no revolt against conventional manners, no disturbance of social custom. He conceived the term, and illustrated his conception in his poetry, as intense emotion concentrated upon some object of physical or pathetic beauty —such as a mountain, a child, a flower—and led directly by it into the channel of imaginative expression. He saw that there were aspects of beauty which might lead to danger, but from these he and Scott, and even Coleridge, resolutely turned away their eyes.

Mrs. Byron

After a Portrait by Thomas Stewardson in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

To all the principal writers of this first generation, not merely vice, but coarseness and licence were abhorrent, as they had been to no earlier race of Englishmen. The rudeness of the eighteenth century gave way to a cold refinement, exquisitely crystal in its highest expressions, a little empty and inhuman in its lower ones. What the Continental nations unite to call our "hypocrisy," our determination not to face the ugly side of nature at all, to deny the very existence of the unseemly instincts, now came to the front. In contrast to the European riot, England held her garments high out of the mire, with a somewhat mincing air of excessive virtue. The image was created of Britannia, with her long teeth, prudishly averting her elderly eyes from the cancan of the nations. So far as this refinement was genuine it was a good thing—the spotless purity of Wordsworth and Scott is matter for national pride—but so far as it was indeed hypocritical, so far as it was an exhibition of empty spiritual arrogance, it was hateful. In any case, the cord was drawn so tight that it was bound to snap, and to the generation of intensely proper, conservative poets and novelists there succeeded a race

of bards who rejoiced to be thought profligates, socialists, and atheists. Our literature was to become "revolutionary" at last.

In the sixth Lord BYRON the pent-up animal spirits of the new era found the first channel for their violence, and England positively revelled in the poetry of crime and chaos. The representative of a race of lawless and turbulent men, proud as Lucifer, beautiful as Apollo, sinister as Loki, Byron appeared on the scenes arrayed in every quality which could dazzle the youthful and alarm the mature. His lovely curly head moved all the women to adore him; his melancholy attitudes were mysteriously connected with stories of his appalling wickedness; his rank and ostentation of life, his wild exotic tastes, his defiance of restraint, the pathos of his physical infirmity, his histrionic gifts as of one, half mountebank, half archangel, all these combined to give his figure, his whole legend, a matchless fascination. Nor, though now so much of the gold is turned to tinsel, though now the lights are out upon the stage where Byron strutted, can we cease to be fascinated. Even those who most strenuously deny him imagination, style, the durable parts of literature, cannot pretend to be unmoved by the unparalleled romance of his career. Goethe declared that a man so pre-eminent for character had never existed in literature before, and would probably never appear again. This should give us the note for a comparative estimate of Byron: in quality of style he is most unequal, and is never, perhaps, absolutely first-rate; but as an example of the literary temperament at its boiling-point, history records no more brilliant name.

Lady Caroline Lamb in her Page's Costume

From a Miniature in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

Byron was in haste to be famous, and wrote before he had learned his art. His intention was to resist the incursion of the romantic movement, and at the age of twenty-one he produced a satire, the aim of which, so far as it was not merely splenetic, was the dethronement of Wordsworth and Coleridge in favour of Dryden and Pope. In taste and conviction he was reactionary to the very last; but when he came to write, the verse poured forth like lava, and took romantic forms in spite of him. His character was formed during the two wild years of exile (June 1809 till July 1811), when, a prey to a frenzied restlessness, he scoured the Mediterranean, rescued Turkish

women, visited Lady Hester Stanhope, swam across the Hellespont, rattled at the windows of seraglios, and even—so Goethe and the world believed —murdered a man with a yataghan and captured an island of the Cyclades. Before he began to sing of Lara and the Giaour he was himself a Giaour, himself Lara and Conrad; he had travelled with a disguised Gulnare, he had been beloved by Medora, he had stabbed Hassan to the heart, and fought by the side of Alp the renegade; or, if he had not done quite all this, people insisted that he had, and he was too melancholy to deny the impeachment.

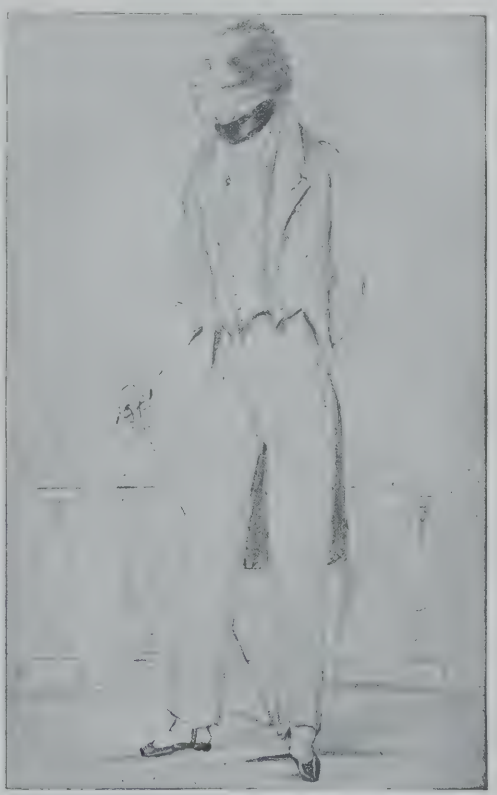
Lord Byron

After a Portrait by W. Westall in the possession of Coningsby D'Israeli, Esq.

Languid as Byron affected to be, and haughtily indolent, he wrote with extraordinary persistence and rapidity. Few poets have composed so much in so short a time. The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* in 1812 lead off the giddy masque of his productions, which for the next few years were far too numerous to be mentioned here in detail. Byron's verse romances, somewhat closely modelled in form on those of Scott, began with the *Giaour*, and each had a beautiful, fatal hero "of one virtue and a thousand crimes," in whom tens of thousands of awe-struck readers believed they recognised the poet himself in masquerade. All other poetry instantly paled before the astounding success of Byron, and Scott, who had reigned unquestioned as the popular minstrel of the age, "gave over writing verse-romances" and took to prose. Scott's courtesy to his young rival was hardly more exquisite than the personal respect which Byron showed to one whom he insisted in addressing as "the Monarch of Parnassus"; but Scott's gentle chieftains were completely driven out of the field by the Turkish bandits and pirates. All this time Byron was writing exceedingly little that has stood the test of time; nor, indeed, up to the date of his marriage in 1815, can it be said that he had produced much of any real poetical importance. He was now, however, to be genuinely unhappy and candidly inspired.

Adversity drove him in upon himself, and gave him something of creative

sincerity. Perhaps, if he had lived, and had found peace with advancing years, he might have become a great artist. But that he never contrived to be. In 1816 he left England, shaking its dust from his feet, no longer a pinchbeck pirate, but a genuine outlaw, in open enmity with society. This enfranchisement acted upon his genius like a tonic, and in the last eight years of his tempestuous and lawless life he wrote many things of extraordinary power and even splendour. Two sections of his work approach, nearer than any others, perfection in their kind. In a species of magnificent invective, of which the *Vision of Judgment* is the finest example, Byron rose to the level of Dryden and Swift; in the picturesque satire of social life—where he boldly imitated the popular poets of Italy, and in particular Casti and Pulci—his extreme ease and versatility, his masterly blending of humour and pathos, ecstasy and misanthropy, his variegated knowledge of men and manners, gave him, as Scott observed, something of the universality of Shakespeare. Here he is to be studied in *Beppo* and in the unmatched *Don Juan* of his last six years. It is in these and the related works that we detect the only perdurable Byron, the only poetry that remains entirely worthy of the stupendous fame of the author.



Lord Byron

From a Drawing by Count D'Orsay, taken in 1823.

It is the fatal defect of Byron that his verse is rarely exquisite. That indescribable combination of harmony in form with inevitable propriety in language which thrills the reader of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Shelley, of Tennyson — this is scarcely to be discerned in Byron. We are, in exchange, presented with a rapid volume of rough melody, burning words which are torches rather than stars, a fine impetuosity, a display of personal temperament which it has nowadays become more interesting to study in the poet than in the poetry, a great noise of trumpets and kettledrums in which the more delicate melodies of verse are drowned. These refinements, however, are imperceptible to all but native ears, and the lack of them has not prevented Byron from seeming to foreign critics to be by far the greatest and the most powerful of our poets. There was no difficulty in comprehending his splendid,

rolling rhetoric; and wherever a European nation stood prepared to inveigh against tyranny and conventionality, the spirit of Byron was ready to set its young poets ablaze.

Mary Ann Chaworth

From an Engraving by Stone after an Original Drawing

Hence, while in England the influence of Byron on poetry was not in the least degree commensurate with his fame, and while we have here to look to prose-writers, such as Bulwer and Disraeli, as his most direct disciples, his verse inspired a whole galaxy of poets on the Continent. The revival of Russian and Polish literature dates from Byron; his spirit is felt in the entire attitude and in not a few of the accents of Heine and of Leopardi; while to the romantic writers of France he seemed the final expression of all that was magnificent and intoxicating. Neither Lamartine nor Vigny, Victor Hugo nor Musset, was independent of Byron's influence, and in the last-mentioned we have the most exact reproduction of the peculiar Byronic gestures and passionate self-abandonment which the world has seen.

In *Don Juan* Byron had said that "poetry is but passion." This was a heresy, which it would be easy to refute, since by passion he intended little more than a relinquishing of the will to the instincts. But it was also a prophecy, for it was the reassertion of the right of the individual imagination to be a law to itself, and all subsequent emancipation of the spirit may be traced back to the ethical upheaval of which Byron was the storm-thrush. He finally broke up the oppressive silence which the pure accents of Wordsworth and Coleridge had not quite been able to conquer. With Byron the last rags of the artificiality which had bound European expression for a century and a half were torn off and flung to the winds. He taught roughly, melodramatically, inconsistently, but he taught a lesson of force and vitality. He was full of technical faults, drynesses, flatnesses; he lacked the power to finish; he offended by a hundred careless impertinences; but his whole being was an altar on which the flame of personal genius flared like a conflagration.

Lady Noel Byron

From an Engraving by Finden after an Original Drawing

George Gordon Byron, the sixth Lord Byron (1788–1824), was the only child of Captain John Byron by his second wife, Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight. He was born on the 22nd of January 1788, in London. The father, who had led a life of the wildest recklessness, died at Valenciennes in 1791. He had abandoned his wife, who, with her infant son, settled in lodgings in Aberdeen. From his father, and his father's line, the poet inherited his spirit of adventurous eccentricity, and from his mother his passionate temper and amenity to tenderness. In 1794 the sudden death of his cousin in Corsica made "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen" the heir to the title, and in 1798 the poet succeeded his grand-uncle, the "wicked Lord Byron" who had killed Mr. Chaworth in 1765, and who had survived at Newstead to extreme old age in a wretched defiance of society. After going to school at Nottingham, the boy was brought to London in 1799 to be treated, but in vain, for a club-foot. In 1800 Byron made his first "dash into poetry," inspired by the "transparent" beauty of his cousin, Margaret Parker. He was at this time at school at Dulwich, where his studies were so absurdly interfered with by his mother's indulgence, that in 1801 he was removed by his guardian, Lord Carlisle, to Harrow. Here Byron was greatly benefited, morally and intellectually, by the discipline of Dr. Drury. At Harrow he was turbulent and capricious, yet irregularly ardent in his studies and civilised by warm and valuable friendships. In his holidays, which were commonly spent with his mother, he became intimate with Mary Ann Chaworth of Annesley, to whom in 1803 he became passionately attached; but in the summer of 1805 she married a local squire. Byron, a few weeks later, was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in July 1808 he took his degree. At the university he developed more athletic tastes than at school, and shot, rode, and boxed with skill: he had the reputation of being "a young man of tumultuous passions." After a false start in November 1806, Byron collected his juvenile poems again and issued them privately in January 1807; two months later he published from the Newark press the *Hours of Idleness*. He was now nominally at Cambridge, and fitfully hard at work, but between whiles sowing wild oats

Augusta Ada Byron

From an Engraving by Stone after an Original Drawing

John Cam Hobhouse

From an Engraving after a Portrait by Wivell

with much parade and effrontery, and posing as "a perfect Timon, not nineteen." In 1808 Byron left Cambridge for good, and settled at Newstead, and in 1809 made his first appearance, not a favourable one, in the House of Lords. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was now published, and proved an instant success. A final revel at Newstead Abbey was suddenly broken up in June 1809, and Byron left England with Hobhouse, intending to travel in Persia and India. The friends saw something of Portugal and Spain, and in the autumn arrived in Turkey, to spend the winter in Greece. The poem of *Childe Harold* accompanied the wanderings of which it became the record; the second canto was finished at Smyrna in March 1810, and Byron passed on to Constantinople. The next twelve months were spent in travel and adventure, and in the composition of masses of verse: in July 1811, with "a collection of marbles and skulls and hemlock and tortoises and servants," Byron returned to England. Before he could reach Newstead his mother was dead. For the next eighteen months the life of Byron offers no points of signal interest, but in February 1812 his active literary career began with the first instalment of *Childe Harold;* it was followed, in 1813, by *The Waltz*, *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos;* in 1814 by *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and the *Ode to Napoleon;* and in 1815 by *Hebrew Melodies;* and in 1816 by *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*. These dates mark the first outbreak of Byron's immense popularity. He became at once the only possible competitor of Scott, with whom this rivalry did not prevent his forming a friendship highly to the credit of both, though they did not actually meet until the spring of 1815, when, "like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts; I [says Scott] gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, . . . and Byron sent me a large sepulchral vase of silver full of dead men's bones." Women were not so platonically moved by the "pale, proud" poet; they noted him as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." With all his fame and all his conquests

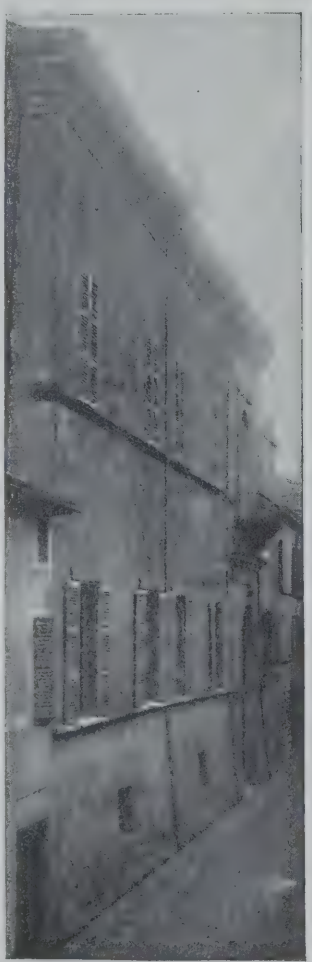
Newstead Abbey

From a Drawing by W. Westall

The Countess Guiccioli

From a Bust in the Palazzo Gamba, Ravenna

Byron was profoundly unhappy, and it was to find happiness that he plunged, without reflection, into his luckless marriage with Miss Millbanke, to whom he had proposed and been rejected in 1813. She now accepted him, and in January 1815 they were married. For a year the ill-assorted couple lived together in tolerable comfort; then, suddenly, Lady Byron took advantage of a visit she was paying to her family in Leicestershire, to announce to her husband in London that she should not return to him. She demanded a legal separation, but doggedly refused to state her reasons, and in spite of reams of commentary and conjecture we are as much in the dark to-day as regards the real causes of the separation, as the gossips were eighty years ago. It is certain that, at first, the poet was patient and conciliatory, but, under his wife's obduracy, his temper broke down, and with extraordinary want of tact he made the public his confidants. His violent popularity had for some time been waning, and this want of prudence destroyed it—the whole British nation went over in sympathy to the insulted wife. On what grounds the public formed their opinion it is still difficult to discover, but, as Byron said, "it was general and it was decisive." The poet was accused of every crime, and before the storm of obloquy his pride and his sensitiveness recoiled; he turned and fled from England, settling himself "by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters." In April 1816 he left London for Ostend, and he never set foot in his native land again. He brought with him a coach and a retinue; in Brussels the former was exchanged for a calèche, in which he travelled to Geneva. Here he formed an intimacy with Shelley, with whom he took many excursions on the lake, being nearly wrecked on one occasion. The Shelleys left Geneva for England in September, and Byron set out on a journey through Switzerland, of which *Manfred* was the result. This first year of exile was highly productive of poetry; to 1816 belong *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *The Dream*, *Childe Harold*, *Canto III.*, and many of Byron's finest lyrics. In October he started for Italy, and settled in Venice for several months. The year 1817 was spent either in that city or in restless wanderings over the length and breadth of Italy; in the autumn he rented a small villa at Este. His life now became absolutely reckless and wildly picturesque; a whole romantic legend gathered around it, which Byron himself was at no pains to reprove. He became, as one of his own servants said, "a good gondolier, spoiled by being a poet and a lord." Intellectually and imaginatively, it is plain that this romantic, lawless life suited Byron's temperament admirably. It was at this time that he wrote with the greatest vigour. Early in 1818 he finished *Beppo*, later he composed *Mazeppa*, and



Palazzo Guiccioli, Ravenna

in the winter of that year he began *Don Juan*. At this time he had the charge of his little daughter Allegra, whom in the summer of 1820 he put to school with the nuns at Cavalli Bagni; in April 1822 she died, to Byron's bitter sorrow, at the age of five years. Early in 1819 the poet began his liaison with Theresa, Countess Guiccioli, a beautiful young woman of the Romagna, who fell violently in love with him. Byron came over to Ravenna to visit her in June, and stayed with her there and at Bologna till nearly the end of the year. After a brief cessation of their loves he joined her again at Ravenna early in 1820; this was a period of comparative quietude, and Byron wrote *Marino Faliero*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, and the fourth and fifth cantos of *Don Juan*. "This connection with La Guiccioli," as Shelley clearly observed, was "an inestimable benefit" to Byron; the younger poet conceived the idea of bringing the lovers over to Pisa, a safer town for them than Ravenna.

Byron's House at Ravenna, with a Tablet over the door relating to him

Shelley secured the Palazzo Lanfranchi, and Byron took up his abode there in November 1821. He brought with him three dramas composed in Ravenna, *The Two Foscari*, *Sardanapalus*, and *Cain*. At Pisa Byron resumed his eager poetic activity, and in 1822 finished *Werner*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *Heaven and Earth*, more or less daring examples of his new passion for romantic drama. *Cain*, in particular, awakened a storm of hostility among the orthodox in England, and the name of Byron became anathema; there was even a suggestion that the publisher should be proceeded against. It was in the midst of this fanatic storm that Byron still more audaciously outraged British respectability with what is perhaps the finest of all his writings, *The Vision of Judgment* (1822), and this time the printer was prosecuted and fined. Byron's breach with all that was respectable in England was now

The Pine Forest at Ravenna, a favourite ride of Byron's

complete; he gave up any idea of returning. In July the drowning of Shelley was a great shock to Byron, and, the Tuscan police about this time becoming very troublesome, he left Pisa and settled with La Guiccioli near Genoa, at the Villa Saluzzo; this was his last Italian home. Here he took up *Don Juan* once more, and here he wrote *The Island* and *The Age of Bronze*. Byron now became greatly interested in the war of Greek independence; he was elected a member of the Greek committee of government, and began to think that he might be useful in the Morea. In July 1823 he started from Genoa with money, arms, and medicines for the revolutionaries. After landing at Leghorn, where he received an epistle in verse from Goethe, Byron reached Kephalonia in August and stayed there until December. There was a suggestion that the Greeks should make him their king, and he said, "If they make me the offer, I will perhaps not reject it." In the last days of 1823 he arrived with all his retinue at Missolonghi, received "as if he were the Messiah." But he was soon attacked by an illness, which took the form of rheumatic fever.

Palazzo Lanfranchi, Pisa

From a Photograph

Missolonghi

From a Drawing by Clarkson Stanfield

On the 19th of April 1824 he died at Missolonghi—"England had lost her brightest genius, Greece her noblest friend." His body was embalmed and sent to England, where burial in Westminster Abbey was applied for and refused to it; on the 16th of July Byron was buried at Hucknall Torkard. In 1830, when the scandal caused by his adventures had begun to die away, Moore published his *Life and Letters of Byron*, which revealed the poet as a brilliant and racy writer of easy prose. Without question, Byron is among the most admirable of English letter-writers, and his correspondence offers a valuable commentary on his works in verse. In the final edition of his works

brought out by Mr. R. E. Prothero between 1898 and 1903, the mass of Byron's letters is almost doubled. The beauty of Byron was proverbial; he had dark curled hair, a pale complexion, great elegance, and, notwithstanding his slight deformity, activity of figure, with eyes the most lustrous ever seen. His restlessness, his self-consciousness, his English pride, his Italian passion, the audacity and grandeur of his dreams, his "fatal" fascination, made him, and make him still, the most interesting personality in the history of English literature.

FROM "PROMETHEUS."

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift Eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory!

Newstead Abbey Notts.

Nov 3d 1808

My dear Hodgson,

I intended to have heard on the subject of your absence with the mysterious Mr Hayes, my new Lancaster commandant, however as I last we heard to trouble you with ~~odd~~ the adjustment of my concerns with that illustrious Stranger, I have no right to complain of your silence —

You have of course seen Drury in all the

pleasing palpitations of anticipated Wed
= lock, well! he has still something to
look forward to, and his present ex
= tasies are certainly enviable, "peace be
with him and with his spirit" and his
flesh also, at least just now. —— — —
Hothams and your humble are still here,
Hotham hunts &c and I do nothing,
we dined the other day with a neigh
= bouring Squire (not Collet of Staines)
and repelled your absence, as the Bon
= quet of Staines was scarcely to be com
= pared to our last "feast of Reason"
Your mom, laughing in the sign of a ration

annual [illegible] says Dr Smollett, I think so
too, but accordingly my friends dont always
meet face with my opinions, — I had not
so much - ope for visibility the other day as
I could have wished, for I was seated near
a woman, to whom when a boy I was as
much attached as boys generally are,
and more than a man should be. I
knew this before I went, and I determined
resolved to be valiant; and encounter with
any fiend," but instead I forgot my valour
and my nonchalance, and, more shocked
than ever to laugh, for the weather, &
the Lady was almost as afraid as myself.
I'll make both the object of more observation, than if we had conducted ourselves

with every indifference. — You will think it this queer nonsense, if you had seen it you would have have thought it still more ridiculous. — What fools we, / we are for a plaything, like children we are never satisfied till we break it then throw like them, we cannot get rid of it, by putting it in the fire. —

I have tried for Gilford's chittle to Sardanapalus the Berberlin says the others were out of favourite poker, if you can procure me one, I shall be much obliged. —

Adieu believe me my dear Sir

yours ever sincerely

B Byron

1881

Stanzas for Music.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me,
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Description of Haidee from "Don Juan."

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such: for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

From "Stanzas."

Could Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain—

No other pleasure
With this could measure,
And like a treasure
We'd hug the chain;
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, formed for flying,
Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season,—
But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
Expect to die,—
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh!
When link'd together,
In every weather,
They pluck Love's feather
From out his wing—
He'll stay for ever,
But sadly shiver
Without his plumage, when past the spring.

FROM "THE VISION OF JUDGMENT."

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late:
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight,"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull all together," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will no doubt
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,
By the increased demand for his remarks:
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust,
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

On this Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth Year.

Missolonghi, *January* 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here :—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Shelley The experiment which Byron made was repeated with a more exquisite sincerity by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, who resembled him in belonging to the aristocratic class, and in having a strong instinctive passion for liberty and toleration. The younger poet, however, showed still less caution than the elder, and while yet a boy gained a dangerous reputation for violent radical prejudices and anti-social convictions. Partly on this account, and partly because the transcendental imagination of Shelley was less easy than Byron's piratical romance for common minds to appreciate, the poetry of the former was almost completely unrecognised until many years after his death, and Byron's deference to Shelley was looked upon as a fantastic whim of friendship. The younger poet was erratic at Eton and Oxford, being expelled from the university for a puerile outburst of atheism. The productions of Shelley were already numerous when, in his *Alastor*, he first showed any definite disposition for the higher parts of poetry. This majestic study in blank verse was superior in melody and in imaginative beauty to anything that had been written in English, other than by Wordsworth and Coleridge in their youth, since the romantic age began. The scholarship of Milton and Wordsworth was obvious, but *Alastor* contains passages

Percy Bysshe Shelley
After the Portrait by Miss Curran

descriptive of the transport of the soul in the presence of natural loveliness in which a return to the Hellenic genius for style is revealed.

Shelley lived only six years longer, but these were years of feverish composition, sustained, in spite of almost complete want of public sympathy, at a fiery height of intensity. He left England, and in that exile was brought immediately into contact with Byron, with whom he formed an intimacy which no eccentricity on either side sufficed to dissolve. That he was serviceable to Byron no one will deny; that Byron depressed him he did not attempt to conceal from himself; yet the esteem of the more popular poet was valuable to the greater one. The terror caused by the vague rumour of Shelley's rebellious convictions was not allayed by the publication of *Laon and Cythna*, a wild narrative of an enthusiastic brother and sister, martyrs to liberty. In 1818 was composed, but not printed, the singularly perfect realistic poem of *Julian and Maddalo*. Shelley was now saturating himself with the finest Greek and Italian classic verse—weaving out of his thoughts and intellectual experiences a pure and noble system of æsthetics. This he illustrated by his majestic, if diffuse and sometimes overstrained lyrical drama of *Prometheus Unbound*, with which he published a few independent lyrics which scarcely have their peer in the literature of the world; among these the matchless *Ode to the West Wind* must be named. The same year saw the publication of the *Cenci*, the most dramatic poetic play written in English since the tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. Even here, where Shelley might expect to achieve popularity, something odious in the essence of the plot warned off the public.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

After the Portrait by Richard Rothwell

He continued to publish, but without an audience; nor did his *Epipsychidion*, a melodious rhapsody of Platonic love, nor his *Adonais*, an elegy of high dignity and splendour, in the manner of Moschus and in commemoration of Keats, nor the crystalline lyrics with which he eked out

his exiguous publications, attract the slightest interest. Shelley was, more than any other English poet has been, *le banni de liesse*. Then, without warning, he was drowned while yachting in the Gulf of Spezzia. He left behind him unrevised, amid a world of exquisite fragments, a noble but vague gnomic poem, *The Triumph of Life*, in which Petrarch's *Trionfi* are summed up and sometimes excelled.

A life of disappointment and a death in obscurity were gradually followed by the growth of an almost exaggerated reputation. Fifty years after his death Shelley had outshone all his contemporaries—nay, with the exception of Shakespeare, was probably the most passionately admired of all the English poets. If this extremity of fame has once more slightly receded, if Shelley holds his place among the sovereign minstrels of England, but rather abreast of than in front of them, it is because time has reduced certain of his violent paradoxes to commonplaces, and because the world, after giving several of his axioms of conduct full and respectful consideration, has determined to refrain from adopting them. Shelley, when he was not inspired and an artist, was a prophet vaguely didactic or neurotically prejudiced; his is the highest ideal of poetic art produced by the violence of the French Revolution, but we are too constantly reminded of that moral parentage, and his *sans-culottism* is no longer exhilarating, it is merely tiresome. There are elements, then, even in Shelley, which have to be pared away; but, when these are removed, the remainder is beautiful beyond the range of praise—perfect in aerial, choral melody, perfect in the splendour and purity of its imagery, perfect in the divine sweetness and magnetic tenderness of its sentiment. He is probably the English writer who has achieved the highest successes in pure lyric, whether of an elaborate and antiphonal order, or of that which springs in a stream of soaring music straight from the heart.

Closely allied as he was with Byron in several respects, both of temperament and circumstance, it is fortunate that Shelley was very little affected by the predominance of his vehement rival. His intellectual ardour threw out, not puffs of smoke, as Byron's did, but a white vapour. He is not always transparent, but always translucent, and his mind moves ethereally among incorporeal images and pantheistic attributes, dimly at times, yet always clothed about with radiant purity. Of the gross Georgian mire not a particle stuck to the robes of Shelley. His diction is curiously compounded of forcible, fresh mintages, mingled with the verbiage of the lyric poets of the eighteenth century, so that at his best he seems like Æschylus, and at his worst merely like Akenside. For all his excessive attachment to revolutionary ideas, Shelley retains much more of the age of Gray than either Keats, Coleridge, or Wordsworth; his style, carefully considered, is seen to rest on a basis built about 1760, from which it is every moment springing and sparkling like a fountain in columns of ebullient lyricism. But sweep away from Shelley whatever gives us exquisite pleasure,

and the residuum will be found to belong to the eighteenth century. Hence, paradoxical as it sounds, the attitude of Shelley to style was in the main retrograde; he was, for instance, no admirer of the arabesques of the Cockney school. He was, above all else, a singer, and in the direction of song he rises at his best above all other English, perhaps above all other modern European poets. There is an ecstasy in his best lyrics and odes that claps its wings and soars until it is lost in the empyrean of transcendental melody. This rhapsodical charm is entirely inimitable; and in point of fact Shelley, passionately admired, has been very little followed, and with success, perhaps, only by Mr. Swinburne. His genius lay outside the general trend of our poetical evolution; he is exotic and unique, and such influence as he has had, apart from the effect on the pulse of the individual of the rutilant beauty of his strophes, has not been very

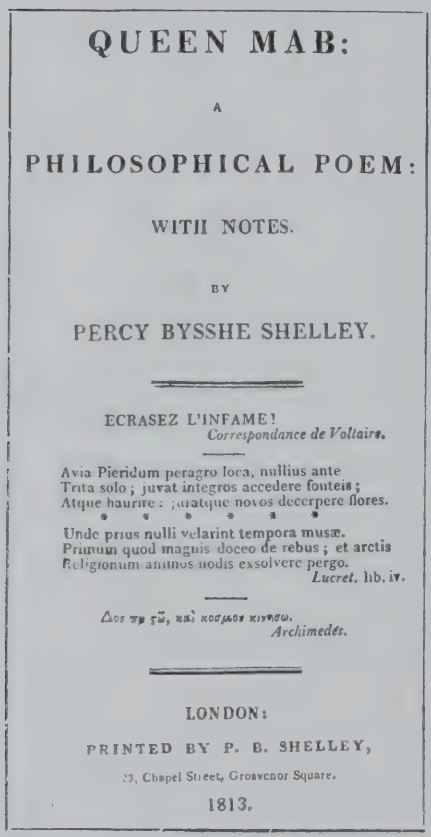
Field Place, Horsham, the Birthplace of Shelley

From a Photograph

advantageous. He is often hectic, and sometimes hysterical, and, to use his own singular image, those who seek for mutton-chops will discover that Shelley keeps a gin-palace.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) was the eldest son of Timothy Shelley and his wife, Elizabeth Pilfold; his grandfather, Bysshe Shelley, a man of brilliant gifts, was the head of one branch of a wealthy and ancient Sussex family, and was made a baronet in 1806. The poet was born at Field Place, Horsham, on the 4th of August 1792. In 1798 he was sent, with his sisters, to a private school at Warnham, and in 1802 to Sion House, Brentford; in 1805 he proceeded to Eton. Here the peculiarities of his nature began to be felt; "tamed by affection, but unconquered by blows, what chance was there that Shelley should be happy at a public school?" He gave himself to the study of chemistry under Dr. Lind, but towards the end of his Etonian life he seems to have turned to literature. During

the winter of 1809 he first began seriously to write, and to this date belong *The Wandering Jew* in verse, and the romance of *Zastrozzi* in prose. The latter absurdity was actually published early in 1810, and a little later in the same year appeared *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire* (which was long lost, and was rediscovered in 1898), and a Republican hoax, the *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson.* Shelley was therefore an experienced author when he matriculated at University College, Oxford, on the 10th of April 1810; he took up his residence in the following term. Here he immediately made acquaintance with T. J. Hogg, who has left us invaluable memories of this period in Shelley's life. During his brief stay at Oxford, Shelley was keen in the pursuit of miscellaneous knowledge; "no student ever read more assiduously. He was to be found, book in hand, at all hours, reading in season and out of season." But he hated the prescribed curriculum, and indulged already in speculations which were outside the range of Oxford daring. One of them was the paramount importance of liberty and of toleration. In February 1811, Shelley printed and circulated a pamphlet entitled *The Necessity of Atheism*, to which the attention of the Master of his college was presently drawn, and on the 25th of March he and Hogg were expelled from the University. His father forbade him to return to Field Place, and the friends settled in lodgings at No. 15 Poland Street, London. After a short period of pinching poverty, Shelley was reconciled to his father, and received an allowance of £200 a year. Late in the summer of 1811 a foolish schoolgirl, Harriet Westbrook, threw herself on Shelley's protection, and, without loving her, he married her in Edinburgh. The eccentric movements of the next few months have occupied the biographers of the poet somewhat in excess of their real importance. The absurd young couple went to York, to Keswick, to Dublin, in each place proposing to stay "for ever." In February 1812 they issued their revolutionary *Address to the Irish People*, and other pamphlets. They were warned to leave Dublin, and in April we find them settled at Nantgwilt in North Wales, and a little later at Lynmouth. Their movements now became incessant, but in April 1813 they were again in London, where in June their first child, Ianthe, was born. In this year was published *Queen Mab*, the last and best of the works of Shelley's crude first period. Meanwhile he had made the acquaintance of Godwin, with whose family he formed a violent friendship, culminating in love for Godwin's daughter Mary, a girl of sixteen, with whom he eloped to France in



QUEEN MAB:

A

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM:

WITH NOTES.

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ECRASEZ L'INFAME!
Correspondance de Voltaire.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: ;juatque novos decerpere flores.
* * * * * *
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.
Primum quod magnis doceo de rebus; et arctis
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.
Lucret. lib. iv.

Δος πᾶ ςῶ, καὶ κοσμον κινησω.
Archimedes.

LONDON:

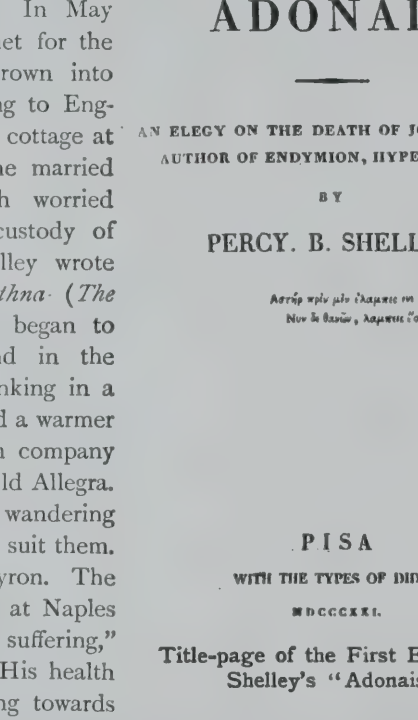
PRINTED BY P. B. SHELLEY,

23, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

1813.

Title-page of the First Edition of Shelley's "Queen Mab."

July 1814; he never saw Harriet again, and in December 1816 she committed suicide, not, however, it is only just to say, from any apparent disappointment at ceasing to live with Shelley. The poet, Mary Godwin, and her cousin Jane Clairemont, crossed France partly on foot, entered Switzerland over the Jura, and stayed at Brunnen till their money was exhausted, when they returned to England by the Rhine in September. In 1815 Sir Timothy succeeded to the title and estates, and an arrangement was made by which the poet received £1000 a year. The wanderings were now resumed on a bolder scale, and Shelley gained that knowledge of natural scenery which was in future to be so prominent a feature of his work. Up to this time he had written hardly anything which was of real merit; his genius now woke up, and the first-fruits of it was *Alastor*, published in 1816. In May of that year Shelley and Byron met for the first time at Geneva, and were thrown into mutual daily intercourse. Returning to England in the autumn, Shelley took a cottage at Great Marlowe, and in December he married Mary Godwin. In 1817, although worried with a Chancery suit about the custody of his children by his first wife, Shelley wrote his long poem of *Laon and Cythna* (*The Revolt of Islam*). His health now began to give him much apprehension, and in the winter of 1817 he seemed to be sinking in a consumption. In March 1818, to find a warmer climate, the Shelleys left England in company with Jane Clairemont and Byron's child Allegra. The rest of the year was spent wandering through Italy in search of a home to suit them. During this year they saw much of Byron. The winter of 1818 was spent by Shelley at Naples in "constant and poignant physical suffering," and in deep depression of spirits. His health was, notwithstanding, steadily tending towards recovery; there was no organic disease, and if Shelley had escaped drowning he might have become a tough old man. The Shelleys lived in Italy almost without other acquaintances than Byron, and an agreeable family at Leghorn, the Gisbornes. In 1819 he published *Rosalind and Helen* and *The Cenci;* in June he lost in Rome his dearly-loved son William, who now lies buried beside his father and Keats. In November another son, afterwards Sir Percy Florence Shelley, was born to them in Florence. The poet was now at the very height of his genius, composing continuously, and before 1819 was closed he had finished *Prometheus Unbound*, which, with some of the most splendid of all Shelley's lyrics, was published the following year. None of these publications, however, attracted either the critics or the public, and in the summer of 1819 Shelley was violently attacked by the *Quarterly Review*. He was branded as a dangerous atheist, and, as Trelawney records, was now universally shunned by English visitors



ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION ETC.

BY

PERCY. B. SHELLEY

Αστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐν ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος.
Νῦν δὲ θανὼν, λάμπεις ἕσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.
PLATO.

PISA

WITH THE TYPES OF DIDOT

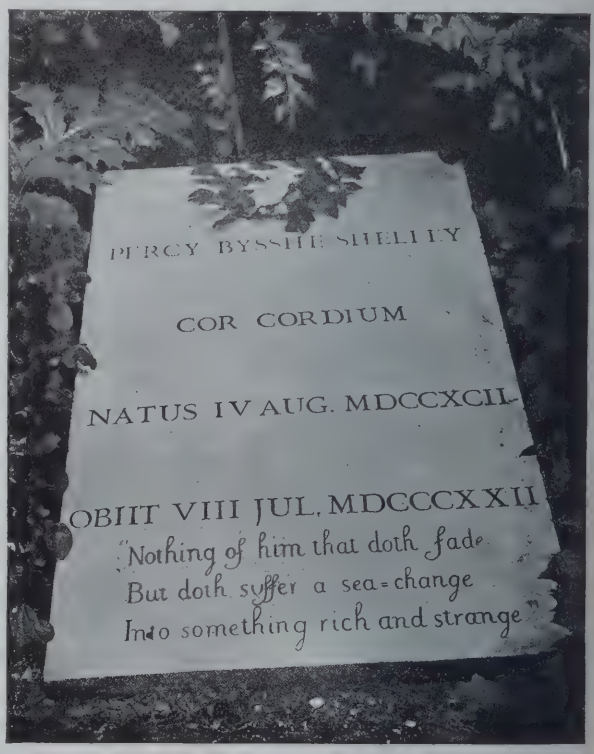
MDCCCXXI.

Title-page of the First Edition of Shelley's "Adonais"

to Italy, and treated as a monster. It is even said that a brute of an Englishman knocked him down with his fist on hearing his name in the post-office at Pisa, where the Shelleys settled early in January 1820. Byron came to the Villa Lanfranchi to be near them, and here they enjoyed the friendship of Trelawney, Medwin, and the Williamses. Shelley's publications during the year were *Prometheus Unbound* and the anonymous satirico-political drama of *Œdipus Tyrannus*. At Pisa, however, his faculties were blunted and depressed, and it is far from certain that constant intercourse with so mannered a character as that of Byron was beneficial to Shelley. In the beginning of 1821, however, he was greatly roused by his Platonic attachment to the imprisoned novice, Emilia Viviani, about whom he composed *Epipsychidion*, and published it anonymously as the work of a man who "died at Florence as he was preparing for a voyage to the Cyclades." The death of Keats also deeply moved Shelley, and he wrote the elegy of *Adonais*, which he printed at Pisa in 1821. A visit of Prince Mavrocordato to the Shelleys in April roused the poet to a ferment of enthusiasm for the cause of Greek liberty, and he sat down to the composition of his choral drama of *Hellas*. He wrote, "Our roots never struck so deeply as at Pisa;" and this continued his real home to the last, although in April 1822, in order to escape the heat, the whole circle of friends transported themselves to the Gulf of Spezzia. They rented near

The Gulf of Spezia

From a Drawing by Clarkson Stanfield


PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV AUG. MDCCXCII
OBIIT VIII JUL. MDCCCXXII
"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange"

Shelley's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome

Livorno, August 5. 1819.

My dear Miss Curran

I ought to have written to you some time ago but my ill spirits & ill health has forever furnished me with an excuse for delaying till tomorrow. I fear that you still continue the custom of giving tokens of my apology —

& thanks for your kind attention to my request I have considered the drawings & written of them, nor indeed perhaps any attempt at Sculpture seems to me fit for the purpose I strongly incline to prefer an unornamented pyramid of white marble as of the most durable form & the simplest appearance, but if you will permit I will send you my decision soon You have too much good sense not to excuse me on such a subject as the trifle which I gave you — I will send at the same time the Inscription —

Mary's spirits still continue wretchedly depressed — more so than a stranger (tho' perhaps I ought not to call you so) could imagine — We have seen no one but one lady, who is agreeable — We think, but as yet only think of Rome for the winter —

I have nearly finished my Cenci — which I fancy tells. I wish very much to get a good engraving made of the picture in the Colonna Palace, & to learn the details by the Inscription How much pain time & memory corrode

a fastidious Roman Artist demand for such a work—
Dare I ask you to add to the amount of so many favours which must be so long unrequited, that of charging yourself with such a Commission? ——

What be one to you in superseding the Picture, if more than I can express — may I hope that some day will arrive on which it will be in my power to find some opportunity for it's return? —

Let us hear of you both in spirits, & be duly better —

Most sincerely yours
P. B. Shelley.

Will you be kind enough — Mary says — as to send any drawings of simple ornamental forms, such as you consider beautiful as well as durable? — I mean to a Silver Epergne —

Lerici the Villa Magni, a dwelling which "looked more like a boat or bathing house than a place to live in." Here they all resided, in easy and cheerful contiguity, from April 26 to July 8. Shelley, who had always loved the sea, spent his days in a little skiff and his evenings on the verandah "facing the sea and almost over it," reading his poems, listening to Mrs. Williams's guitar, or discoursing with his friends. It was during this, the latest and perhaps the happiest station of his career, that Shelley composed, what he left unfinished, *The Triumph of Life*. On the 8th of July Shelley and Williams, with a young English sailor, started from Leghorn, where Shelley had been visiting Leigh Hunt, for Lerici, in his yacht, the *Don Juan*. She was probably run down by a felucca, for all hands were lost. On the 18th Shelley's body was washed ashore at Via Reggio, and was cremated, in the presence of Byron, Hunt, and Trelawney. The impression made by Shelley's prose has not been so vivid as that by his poetry, but he was an extremely lucid and pure master of pedestrian English. This side of his talent was first displayed, not in his bombastic novels, but in the *Letter to Lord Ellenborough*, 1812, a fine piece of invective. In 1840 his widow published his *Essays and Letters*, but Shelley's prose writings were not properly collected until 1880, when Mr. H. Buxton Forman brought them together in four volumes. The personal appearance of Shelley was highly romantic. His eyes were blue and extremely penetrating; his hair brown; his skin exceedingly clear and transparent, and he had a look of extraordinary rapture on his "flushed, feminine, and artless face" when interested. To the end his figure was boyish; in the last year of his life he seemed "a tall, thin stripling, blushing like a girl." But he was not wanting in manliness, though awkward and unhandy in manly exercises, and he left on all who knew him well the recollection of one who was "frank and outspoken, like a well-conditioned boy, well-bred and considerate for others, because he was totally devoid of selfishness and vanity."

THE LAST CHORUS IN "HELLAS."

The world's great age begins anew;
  The golden years return;
The earth doth like a snake renew
  Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
  From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
  Against the morning star;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
  Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
  And loves, and weeps, and dies;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh! write no more the Tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
ough a subtler Sphinx renew
s of death Thebes never knew.

er Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than one who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last!

A Lament.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be:
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

FROM "EPIPSYCHIDION."

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path before;
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;
The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles;
The merry mariners are bold and free:
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple East;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
It is an isle under Ionian skies.
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude,
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide:
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year),
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls,
Illumining, with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison;
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.

To a Lady Singing to her Accompaniment on the Guitar.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night:
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

To Night.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight
Come soon, soon!

FROM "ADONAIS."

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

The "Cockney" School

A third influence at work in this second romantic generation was that consciously formed on Elizabethan and Italian lines. The group of poets which culminated in Keats desired to forget all that had been written in English verse since about 1625, and to continue the work of such Italianated poets as Fletcher and the disciples of Spenser. There can be no question

that a very prominent part in heralding this revival was taken by Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* (1808), a book which seemed to be unnoticed at first, but which was devoured with ecstasy by several young men of good promise, and particularly by Hunt, Keats, Procter, and Beddoes. While LEIGH HUNT was being imprisoned for libelling the Prince Regent, in 1812, he made a very minute study of the *Parnaso Italiano*, and particularly of Ariosto. Between 1814 and 1818 he published several volumes, in which the Italians were closely and fervidly imitated; among these the *Story of Rimini* holds a really important place in the evolution of English poetry. Hunt was very promptly imitated by Keats, who was eleven years his junior, and in every element of genius immeasurably his superior. A certain school of critics has never been able to forgive Leigh Hunt, who, it must be admitted, lacked distinction in his writings, and taste in his personal relations; but Hunt was liberal and genial, and a genuine devotee of poetry.

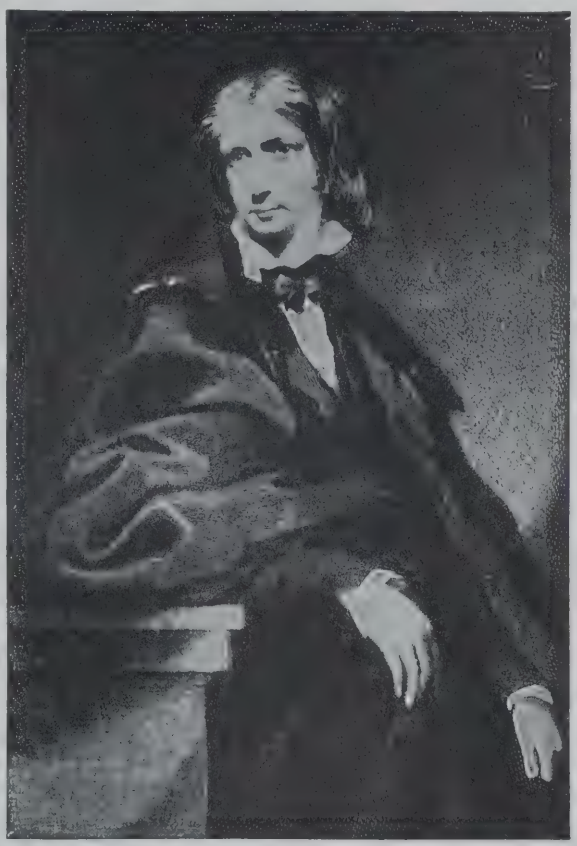
Leigh Hunt

After the Portrait by B. R. Haydon

Leigh Hunt

Leigh Hunt (1784–1859) was the son of a Barbadoes clergyman, the Rev. Isaac Hunt, and his wife, Mary Shewell of Philadelphia. He was born at Southgate, on the 19th of October 1784. His childhood was very delicate, but at the age of seven he was sent to Christ Hospital, and he stayed there till 1799. He was happy at this school, of which he has left an inimitable description, and here he began to write verses. In 1801 his father collected these into a volume called *Juvenilia*. He acted as a sort of lawyer's clerk to his elder brother Stephen until 1805, when another brother, John, having started a newspaper, Leigh became its dramatic critic. About 1806 he secured a clerkship in the War Office, which he held for two years, until the *Examiner* was founded in 1808; of this paper Leigh Hunt remained the editor until 1821. For being rude to the Prince Regent, Hunt was shut up in Surrey gaol for exactly two years from February 1813. It was during this enforced retirement, which he made as agreeable as he could, that his mind turned to the reform of English poetry on Italian models, and for the next few years he was very active in verse, publishing

The Feast of the Poets, 1814; *The Descent of Liberty*, 1815; *The Story of Rimini*, 1816; and *Foliage*, 1818. He was brought into close relations with Keats and Reynolds, and afterwards with Lamb, Shelley, and Byron, especially after his settling in Hampstead, and becoming the head of the "Cockney" School. In 1819–20 he published the weekly *Indicator*, from which he made a fine selection of essays in 1834. He was ill-advised to migrate to Italy in 1822, arriving at Leghorn but a few weeks before the death of Shelley. Hunt went with Byron to Genoa, and afterwards to Florence, where he edited the *Liberal*. He quarrelled with Byron, and was very miserable in Italy, where, however, he stayed in a villa at Maiano till the autumn of 1825, when he took a house at Highgate. In 1828 he did his reputation a lasting injury by publishing his interesting but most injudicious *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*. He continued to live in the neighbourhood of London, never staying very long in any one place, much troubled by poverty and overwork, but protected against their effects by a really extraordinary optimism. He issued, always with ebullient hopes, one newspaper after another, *The Companion*, 1828; *The Chat of the Week*, 1830; *The Tatler*, 1830–1832; *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, 1834–35; *The Monthly Repository*, 1837–38. All these ventures were failures, and Hunt's persistence in renewing the laborious and costly experiment was amazing. Most of these periodicals were written from end to end entirely by himself, and their files present almost unexplored storehouses of the prose of Leigh Hunt. Meanwhile he published a novel, *Sir Ralph Esher*, in 1832, and collected his *Poetical Works* in the same year. Fresh poems were *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, 1834, and *The Palfrey*, 1842; in 1840 he enjoyed a real success at Covent Garden with his poetical play, *A Legend of Florence*. In 1840 to 1853 Leigh Hunt resided in Kensington, and this was the time when he compiled and published the delightful volumes by which he is now best known, such as *Imagination and Fancy*, 1844; *Men, Women, and Books*, 1847; *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, 1848, and *A Book for*



Leigh Hunt

After the Portrait by Margaret Gillies

a Corner, 1849. In 1847 a crown pension of £200 removed from him the constant dread of poverty, and he sat down leisurely to write his *Autobiography*, 1850. He suffered much from bereavements during the last few years of his life; but he lived on in his Hammersmith house until August 28, 1859. The most interesting fact about Leigh Hunt is the evenness of his intellectual hedonism and his unfailing cheerfulness.

Leigh Hunt's House in Lower Cheyne Row, Chelsea

From a Drawing by W. N. Burgess

He has described the mode in which his long life was spent, "reading or writing, ailing, jesting, reflecting, rarely stirring from home but to walk, interested in public events, in the progress of society, in things great or small, in the flower on my table, in the fly on my paper as I write." In person Leigh Hunt revealed his tropical parentage; he was swarthy, full-faced, and with glossy jet-black hair.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

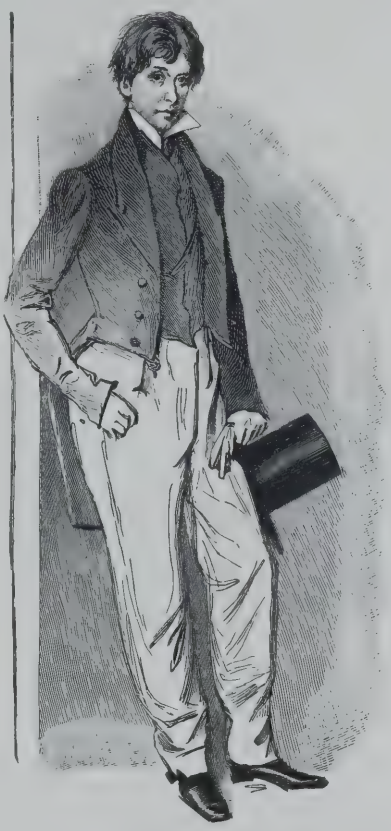
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

COLOUR IN ITALY.

FROM "THE LIBERAL" (1822).

You learn for the first time in this Italian climate what colours really are. No wonder it produces painters. An English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his own atmosphere, compared with this. One day we saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him: and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colours, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less anything vulgar or butcher-like, but like what it is, an intense specimen of the colour of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture, and so did the woman and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-coloured silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he pulled the oars, occasionally turning his heroic profile to give a glance behind him at other boats.



Leigh Hunt

From a Sketch by D. Maclise

SPRING.

FROM "WISHING-CAP PAPERS" (1824).

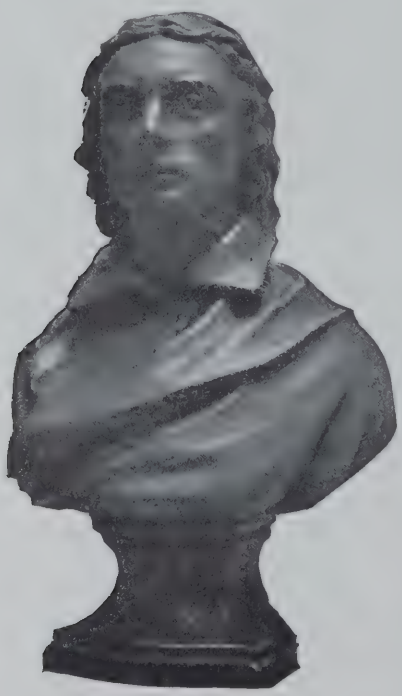
This morning as we sat at breakfast there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wallflowers." There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root; their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there—the new life—the Spring—and the raindrops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain and sprinkled them for us by way of message, as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring!* At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh, and object to the *sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud—and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Springtime, a Spring-green, a Spring of water,—to Spring—Springal, a word

for a young man in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out—to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.

Keats

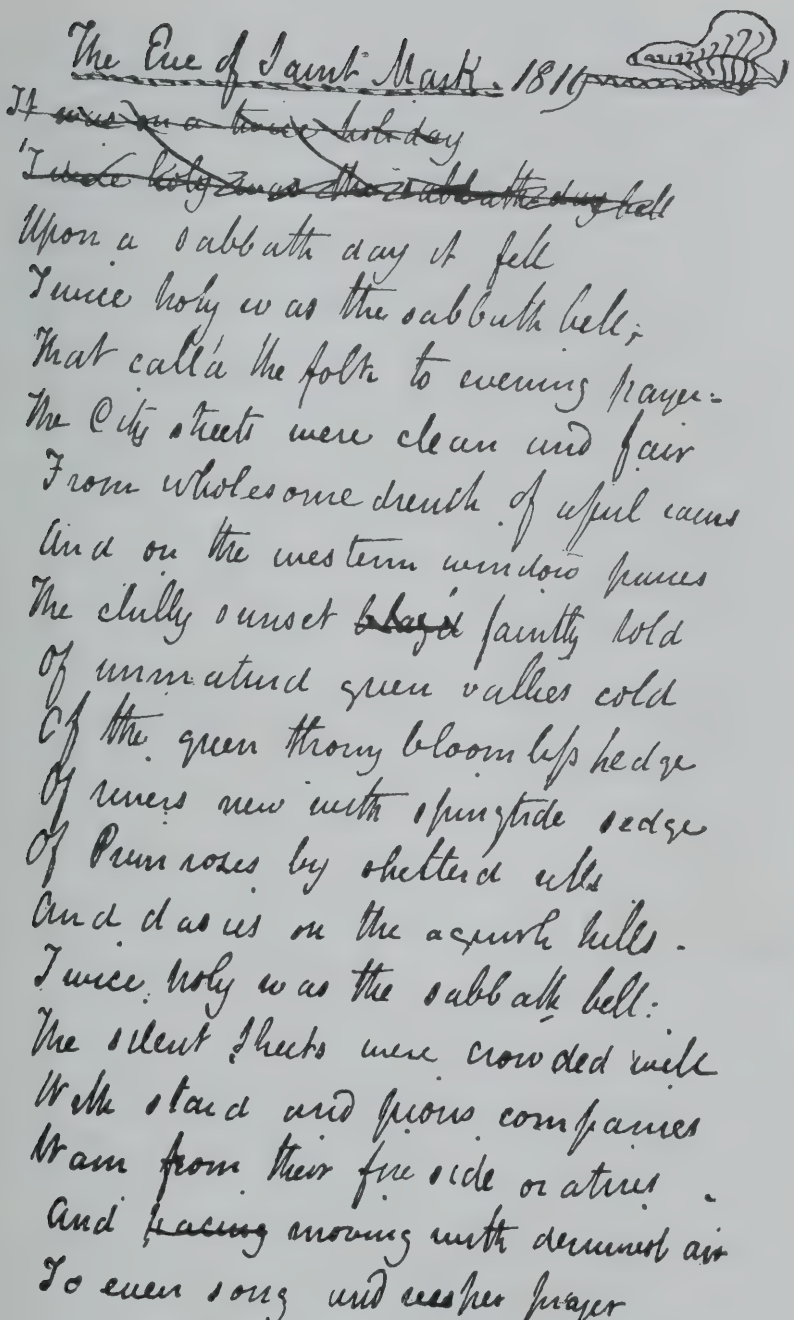
Of the other writers who formed under the presidency of Hunt what was rudely called the Cockney school, J. H. Reynolds and Charles Wells had talent, but JOHN KEATS was one of the greatest poets that any country has produced. The compositions which place the name of this stable-keeper's son with those of Shakespeare and Milton were written between 1817, when his style first ceased to be stiff and affected, and 1820, when the failure of his health silenced his wonderful voice. Within this brief space of time he contrived to enrich English literature with several of the most perennially attractive narrative-poems in the language, not mere snatches of lyrical song, but pieces requiring sustained effort and a careful constructive scheme, *Endymion*, *Lamia*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, the *Pot of Basil*, *Hyperion*. When he wrote his latest copy of verses, Keats had not completed twenty-five years of life, and it is the copious perfection of work accomplished so early, and under so many disadvantages, which is the wonder of biographers. He died unappreciated, not having persuaded Byron, Scott, or Wordsworth of his value, and being still further than Shelley was from attracting any public curiosity or admiration. His triumph was to be posthumous; it began with the magnanimous tribute of *Adonais*, and it has gone on developing and extending, until, at the present moment, it is Keats, the semi-educated surgeon's apprentice, cut down in his crude youth, who obtains the most suffrages among all the great poets of the opening quarter of the century. To a career which started with so steady a splendour, no successes should have been denied. It is poor work to speculate about might-have-beens, but the probable attainments of Keats, if he could have lived, amount, as nearly as such unfulfilled prophecies can ever do, to certainty. Byron might have become a sovereign, and Shelley would probably have descended into politics; Keats must have gone on to further and further culmination of poetic art.



John Keats

From a Bust in the Chelsea Library

Nothing in English poetry is more lovely than those passages in which Keats throws off his Cockney excesses and sings in the note of classic purity. At these moments, and they were growing more and more frequent till he ceased to write, he attains a depth of rich, voluptuous melody, by



The Eve of Saint Mark. 1819

~~It was a holy holy day~~
~~'Twas holy holy was the sabbath day bell~~
Upon a sabbath day it fell
Twice holy was the sabbath bell;
That call'd the folk to evening prayer.
The City streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of autumn rains
And on the western window panes
The chilly sunset ~~haggish~~ faintly told
Of unmatured green valleys cold
Of the green thorny bloom less hedge
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge
Of Primroses by shelter'd rills
And daisies on the aguish hills.
Twice holy was the sabbath bell:
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies
Warm from their fire-side oratories.
And ~~facing~~ morning with determined air
To every sorrow and every prayer

A Portion of the MS. of Keats's "Eve of Saint Mark"

the side of which Byron seems thin, and even Shelley shrill. If we define what poetry is in its fullest and deepest expression, we find ourselves describing the finest stanzas in the maturer works of Keats. His great odes, in which, perhaps, he is seen to the most advantage as an artist in verse, are Titanic and Titianic—their strength is equalled only by the glow and depth of their tone. From Spenser, from Shakespeare, from Milton, from Ariosto, he freely borrowed beauties of style, which he fused into an enamel or amalgam, no longer resembling the sources from which they were stolen, but wearing the impress of the god-like thief himself. It is probable that, marvellous as is such a fragment as *Hyperion*, it but faintly foreshadows the majesty of the style of which Keats would shortly have been master. Yet, enormous as are the disadvantages under which the existing work of Keats labours, we are scarcely conscious of them. We hold enough to prove to us how predominant the imagination was in him, how sympathetic his touch as an artist. He loved "the principle of beauty in all things," and he had already, in extreme youth, secured enough of the rich felicity of phrase and imperial illumination, which mark the maturity of great poets to hold his own with the best. No one has lived who has known better than he how to "load every rift of his subject with ore."

John Keats

From a Sketch by B. R. Haydon

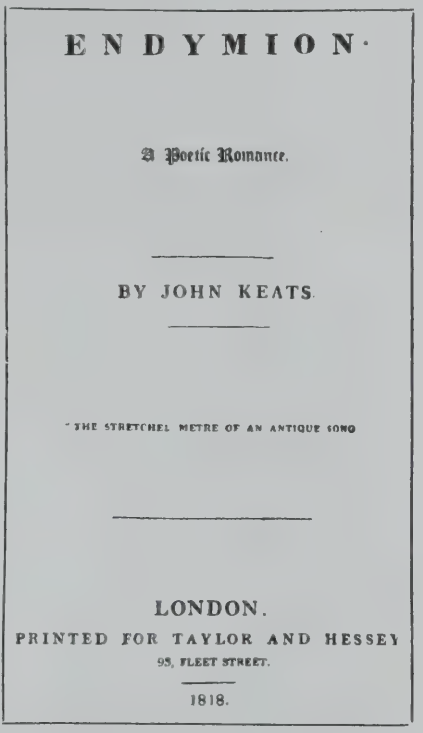
It is impossible, too, not to recognise that Keats has been the master-spirit in the evolution of Victorian poetry. Both Tennyson and Browning, having in childhood been enchained by Byron, and then in adolescence by Shelley, reached manhood only to transfer their allegiance to Keats, whose influence on English poetry since 1830 has been not less universal than that of Byron on the literature of the Continent. His felicities are exactly of a kind to stimulate a youthful poet to emulation, and in spite of what he owes to the Italians—to whom he went precisely as Chaucer did, to gain richness of poetical texture—the speech of Keats is full of a true British raciness. No poet, save Shakespeare himself, is more English than Keats; none presents to us in the harmony of his verse, his personal character, his letters and his general tradition, a figure more completely attractive, nor better calculated to fire the dreams of a generous successor.

John Keats.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY JOSEPH SEVERN.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

John Keats (1795–1821) was born on the 31st (or perhaps on the 29th) of October 1795, in the stable of the Swan and Hoop Inn, Finsbury Pavement. His father, Thomas Keats, was the ostler of this livery-stable, and had married Frances Jennings, his master's daughter, whom her son described as "a woman of uncommon talents." Keats's parents were fairly well to do, and he was sent to a good school in Enfield. In 1804 his father died of a fall from his horse, and in 1805 the widow married a stable-keeper named William Rawlings, from whom she was presently separated. She withdrew with her children to Edmonton, and John continued at school at Enfield until 1810; he showed no intellectual tastes, but he was "the favourite of all, like a pet prize-fighter, for his terrier courage." Towards the close of his school years his thoughts suddenly turned to study, and he read as violently as he had previously played. Mrs. Rawlings died in February 1810, and Keats "gave way to impassioned and prolonged grief." The children were now placed in the care of guardians, who took John away from school, and bound him apprentice for five years to a surgeon in Edmonton. Keats now formed the valuable friendship of Charles Cowden Clarke, and was introduced to the poetry of Virgil and Spenser. *The Faerie Queene* awakened his genius, and at the age of seventeen he rather suddenly began to write. He had a difference of opinion with Mr. Hammond, the surgeon, and left him in 1814 to study at St. Thomas' and Guy's Hospitals. He was in London until April 1817. This was the period, of Cockney life, when Keats became an accomplished poet. His profession, however, was not neglected, and in 1816 he was appointed a dresser at Guy's. But although he was skilful he did not love the work; and after 1817 he never took up the lancet again. In the spring of 1816 Keats formed the friendship of Leigh Hunt, who exercised a strong influence in the emancipation of his temperament; through Hunt he knew J. H. Reynolds, Charles Wells, Haydon, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Keats had now determined to adopt the literary life. In this year he wrote many of his finest early sonnets, and several of his epistles. These and other verses were collected in the *Poems* of March 1817. From this volume the friends expected much, but it was a failure, and Keats withdrew to the Isle of Wight in April, and to Margate in May; he was in dejection from several sources, and not least from news that he had nearly exhausted his little fortune. At Margate, however, Keats seriously set about the composition of his *Endymion*, and in the summer he and his brothers removed to Hampstead. In the autumn of this year *Blackwood's Magazine* began its cowardly and illiterate attacks on the new school of poetry. Meanwhile Keats went steadily on with *Endymion*, which appeared in the early summer of 1818. He had already begun to write *Isabella, or The Pot of Basil*, and he had now reached the precocious maturity


ENDYMION.

A Poetic Romance.

BY JOHN KEATS.

"THE STRETCHED METRE OF AN ANTIQUE SONG

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY
93, FLEET STREET.

1818.

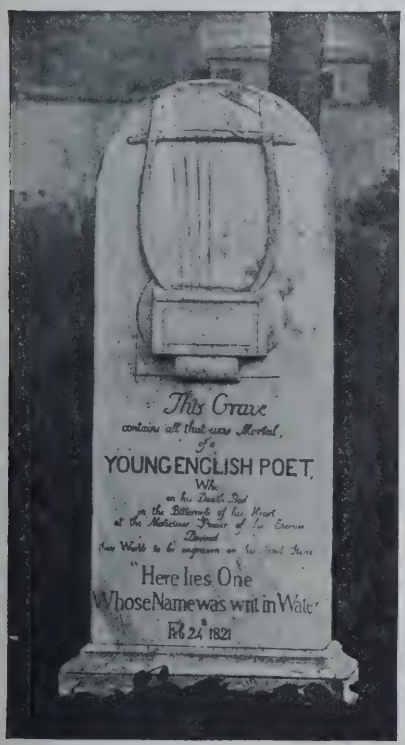
Title-page of the First Edition of Keats's "Endymion"

of his talent. He spent much of this year in Devonshire with his younger brother Tom, whose health gave him much alarm. In the summer of 1818 Keats went for a tour in the Lakes and Scotland; the weather was bad and he fatigued himself; he became so ill in ascending Ben Nevis that a doctor at Inverness forbade him to travel any more, and sent him back from Cromarty to London by sea. After this he was never quite well again. The publication of *Endymion* had by this time roused the critics; the poem was harshly treated in the *Quarterly Review*, and in *Blackwood's* with characteristic brutality, the poet being told to go back to the apothecary's shop, and "stick to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes." It is to be feared that the stain of this disgraceful article must rest on the brows of Lockhart. It was at one time believed that these attacks killed Keats; when the courage with which he received them became known, it became the fashion to deny that they had any influence on him at all. But his health was now declining rapidly, and he had many sources of depression. He was anxious for the life of his brother Tom; he was newly in love with a certain Fanny Brawne, and he was in a state of general feverishness in which such blows as those struck in the dark by Lockhart and Gifford produced a deep effect upon his physical health. But Keats was thinking most of other things: "there is an awful warmth about my heart," he said, "like a load of immortality." He was now writing with eager magnificence; to the winter of 1818 belong *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *Hyperion*. In February 1819 his engagement to Fanny Brawne was acknowledged to an inner circle of intimates, and at first it greatly stimulated his powers of composition. To the spring of that year belong most of his noblest odes, and in particular those to the "Nightingale," to "Psyche," and "On a Grecian Urn." Poverty was

House in which Keats lived in Hampstead

Joseph Severn, with Inscription by himself

beginning to press upon the poet in 1819, but he spent the summer and autumn with enjoyment at Winchester, and was steadily at work on *Lamia* and *Otho;* these, as Mr. Colvin says, "were the last good days of his life." In October Keats came up to lodgings in London, hoping to find employment. In a very few days he moved to Wentworth Place, Hampstead, in order to be near Fanny Brawne. He now set about remodelling *Hyperion*, but towards the end of January 1820, after being chilled on the top of a coach, the fatal malady revealed itself. After this his energy greatly declined, and he wrote little. In July the famous volume containing *Lamia* and the rest of his later poems was published, and won some moderate praise for him for the first time. His



Keats's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome

To the Memory of
JOSEPH SEVERN
Devoted friend and death-bed companion
of
JOHN KEATS
whom he lived to see numbered among
The Immortal Poets of England
An Artist eminent for his representations
of Italian Life and Nature
British Consul at Rome from 1861 to 1872
and Officer of the Crown of Italy
in recognition of his services to
Freedom and Humanity
Died 3 Aug. 1879 aged 85.

Memorial to Joseph Severn in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome

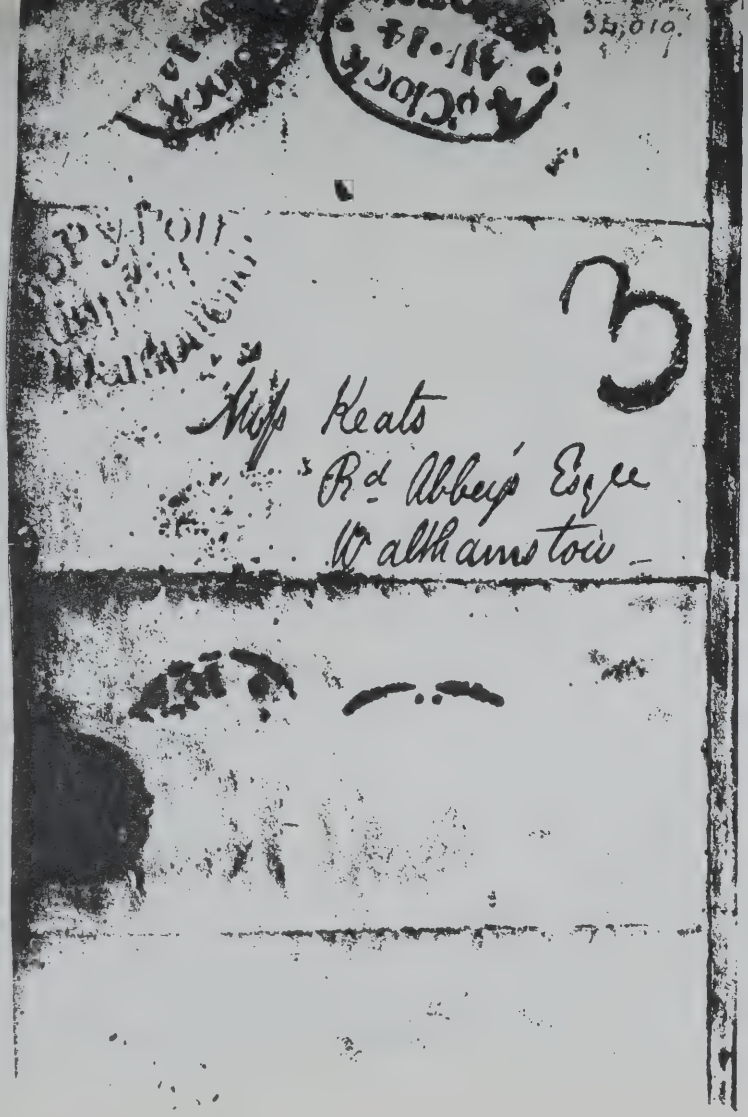
condition now gave his friends the deepest alarm, and just as they were wondering how to avoid for Keats a winter in England, an invitation came from the Shelleys begging him to come and live with them at Pisa. With Shelley and his poetry Keats had little sympathy, and he could not bring himself to accept, or even very graciously to respond to, Shelley's hospitable kindness. But the invitation deepened in his mind the attraction of Italy, and in September he started, with the painter Joseph Severn, for Naples. The weather was rough in the Channel, and Keats came ashore; on the 1st of October 1820, being near Lulworth, he wrote the sonnet, "Bright Star," his last verses. On the arrival of the friends, Shelley again warmly pressed Keats to come to Pisa, but he preferred Rome, and he settled with Severn in lodgings in the Piazza di Spagna. Through November Keats was much better, but December brought a relapse; he was

distressed no less in mind than body, although admirably nursed all the while by the devoted Severn; but on the 23rd of February 1821, he was released at last from his sufferings. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius. Of Keats in his mature youth we have many and most attractive descriptions. He was short and thick-set, with a powerful frame; his head was clustered round with thick waves of golden brown or auburn hair. His eyes impressed every one with their marvellous beauty; they "seemed to have looked upon some glorious vision," Mrs. Procter said. Leigh Hunt describes them, more precisely, as "mellow and glowing, large, dark and sensitive." Until the disease undermined it, he had unusual physical strength, and in early years much pugnacity in the display of it, although he was excessively amenable to tenderness and friendship. He had "a nature all tingling with pride and sensitiveness," and an "exquisite sense of the luxurious"; and he speaks of the violence of his temperament, continually smothered up. His ardour, his misfortunes, and his genius, have made him a figure incomparably attractive to all young enthusiasts since his day, and no figure in English literature is more romantically beloved.

Mask of Keats
Taken from the life by Haydon

Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Facsimile MS. of Keats's last Sonnet



Wentworth Place
My dear Fanny, 14 aug 20 81

'Tis a long time since I received your last. An accident of an unpleasant nature occured at Mr Hunt's and prevented me from answering you, that is to say made me nervous. That you may not suppose it worse I will mention that some one of Mr Hunt's household opened a Letter of mine - upon which I immediately left Mortimer Terrace, with the intention of taking to Mr Bentley's again, fortunately I am not in so base a situation, but am

staying a short time with Mrs
Brawne who lives in the House
which was Mrs Dilke's. I am ex-
cessively nervous. a person I am
not quite used to entering the
room half chokes me. I is not
yet Consumption I believe but
it would be more I to remain
in this climate all the Winter.
so I am thinking of either voyag-
ing or travelling to Italy Yester-
day I received an invitation
from Mr Shelley a Gentleman
residing at Pisa, to spend the
Winter with him if I go I must
be away in a Month or even
less. I am glad you like the Poems

you must hope with me &
time and health will pro
you some more. This is the first
morning I have been able to
sit to the paper and have ma
my Letters to write if I can
manage them. God bless you
my dear Sister.

82

Your affectionate Brother

John.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities, or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
  What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
    For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
    For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
  That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
    A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
  "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

To Homer.

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,
  Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
  To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So, thou wast blind!—but then the veil was rent;
  For Jove uncurtained Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
  And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;
Aye, on the shores of darkness there is light,
  And precipices show untrodden green;
There is a budding morrow in midnight;
  There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

From "Hyperion," Book II.

Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace
Amazèd were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute!
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush everything that hath a vermeil hue;
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air;
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipped shells
On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surprised.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
And hazels thick, dark-stemmed beneath the shade;
Apollo is once more the golden theme!

Sonnet.

Why did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell:
  No God, no Demon of severe response,
Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.
  Then to my human heart I turn at once.

Heart! Thou and I are here, sad and alone;
I say, why did I laugh? O mortal pain!
O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,
To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain.
Why did I laugh? I know this Being's lease,
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;
Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

Faery Song.

Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! oh weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu!—I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu! Adieu!

Song.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree!
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity;
The north cannot undo them
With a sleepy whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook!
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But, with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah, would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS' LAST SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

John Hamilton Reynolds (1796–1852), a lawyer, was the friend of Keats and later of Hood, and is typical of the Cockney school of poets in its less inspired moments. His best work was a romantic poem, *The Garden of Florence*, 1821; but he also published a skit on Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* in 1819, and a very brilliant apology for prize-fighting, in prose and verse, called *The Fancy*, 1820. **Charles Jeremiah Wells** (1800–1879) belonged to the same group, but left it early. His drama entitled *Joseph and his Brethren* appeared in 1824. Wells was daunted by want of recognition and withdrew to France, breaking off all commerce with his old friends, most of whom he long survived. A reply of Potiphar's wife, Phraxanor, has been universally admired for its "quiet, heavy malice, worthy of Shakespeare"[1]; Joseph cries:—

Let me pass out at door.

And Phraxanor answers:—

I have a mind
You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave.

Moore

The friend and biographer of Byron, THOMAS MOORE, was in sympathy with the poets of revolution, and was long associated with them in popular estimation. At the present moment Moore is extremely disdained by the critics, and has the greatest possible difficulty in obtaining a fair hearing. He is scarcely mentioned, save to be decried and ridiculed. This is a reaction against the reputation which Moore long continued to enjoy on

[1] Mr. Swinburne, in his "Prefatory Note" to the 1876 reprint of *Joseph and his Brethren*.

rather slight grounds, but it is excessive. As a lyrical satirist, his lightness of touch and buoyant wit give an Horatian flavour to those collections of epistles and fables of which *The Fudge Family in Paris* began a series. But the little giddy bard had a serious side; he was profoundly incensed at the unsympathetic treatment of his native island by England, and he seized the "dear harp of his country" in an amiable frenzy of Hibernian sentiment. The result was a huge body of songs and ballads, the bulk of which are now, indeed, worthless, but out of wl ich a careful hand can select eight or ten that defy the action of time, and preserve their wild, undulating melancholy, their sound as of bells dying away in the distance. The artificial prettiness and smoothness of Moore are seen to perfection in his chain of Oriental romances, *Lalla Rookh*, and these, it is to be feared, are tarnished beyond all recovery.

Thomas Moore

After the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Moore's Birthplace in Dublin

Thomas Moore (1779–1852) was the son of a grocer and spirit-dealer, a Kerry man and a Catholic, who kept a shop in Little Aungier Street, Dublin, where Moore was born on the 28th of May 1779. He was educated at Samuel Whyte's grammar school in Dublin. In 1794 he proceeded to Trinity College, and here Robert Emmett was his close friend. He early gained a great reputation for his brilliant skill in musical improvisation. He was very nearly involved in the United Ireland Conspiracy, and it was perhaps to escape suspicion that he came to London in 1799, becoming a student at the Middle Temple. In 1800 appeared his *Odes of Anacreon*, and in 1801 his *Poems of the late Thomas Little*, in which pseudonym he made an allusion to his own diminutive stature. Moore was taken at once to the bosom of English fashionable society, and through the influence of his friend,

Lord Moira, was made in 1803 Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. He went out, but soon left a deputy behind him to do the work, and passed on to travel in the United States. In 1806 Moore published his *Odes and Epistles*, which were savagely reviewed in the "Edinburgh"; Moore, in consequence, challenged Jeffrey to a duel at Chalk Farm. This ridiculous incident increased Moore's fashionable notoriety, and with Jeffrey he struck up a warm friendship. In 1807 he began the publication of his *Irish Melodies*, the tenth and last instalment of which did not appear until 1834; for this work Moore was paid nearly £13,000. In 1811 Moore formed the friendship of Byron, and married a young actress, Bessie Dyke; the young couple settled at Kegworth, in Leicestershire. *The Twopenny Post-Bag* belongs to 1813, the *Elegy on Sheridan* to 1816. In 1817 appeared *Lalla Rookh*, for which Longman gave a sum larger than had ever previously been given for a single poem, £3000. The success of this narrative was not unwelcome, for in 1818 a dreadful calamity fell upon Moore; his deputy in Bermuda absconded, leaving the poet responsible for £6000. Moore was obliged to quit England until he could arrange his affairs, and until 1822 he resided in France and Italy. During this period of exile he wrote abundantly, and to it belong the publication of *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), and *Rhymes on the Road* (1823). Lord Lansdowne persuaded the Admiralty to reduce the debt to £1000; this Moore was able to pay, and returned to London. His marriage was in the highest degree a happy and united one, but his wife and he had the deep sorrow of seeing their five children die before them. Moore brought with him from Paris *The Loves of the Angels*, which was published in 1823. He settled, to be near Lord Lansdowne, at Bowood, in the cottage at Sloperton in Wiltshire, where he had been residing at the time of his misfortunes. His next works of importance were the *Life of Sheridan* in 1825, the romance of *The Epicurean* in 1827, and the *Life and Letters of Byron* in 1830. He now wasted several years in an attempt to write an encyclopedic history of Ireland: he was overwhelmed with the task, and before it was completed his health and mind gave way. In 1846, after the death of his only surviving child, he sank into a state of mental infirmity. In this pitiable condition he lingered until the 25th of February 1852, when he died at Sloperton Cottage, and was buried at Bromham. Moore was a small, brisk man of great sociable accomplishment, an amiable spendthrift, a butterfly of the salons, yet an honest, good, and loyal friend. His foible was a too frivolous penchant for the pleasures of life; and even in his patriotism, which was sincere, and in his religion, which was deep, he affected a somewhat over-playful roguishness.

A View of Bermuda

Moore's Cottage at Sloperton

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sang the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear !
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

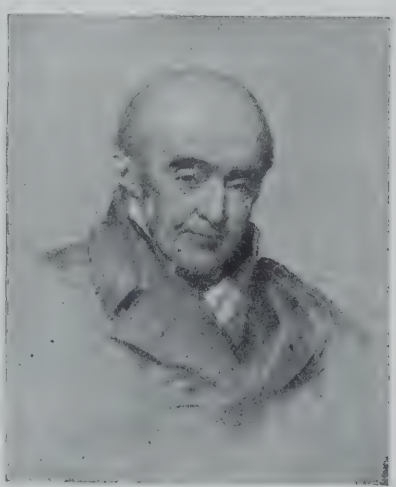
TO IRELAND.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned ?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Rogers

The five years from 1816 to 1821 were the culminating years of the romantic movement. The spirit of poetry invaded every department of English ; there were birds in every bush, and wild music burdened every bough. In particular, several writers of an older school, whom the early movement of Wordsworth and Coleridge had silenced, felt themselves irresistibly moved to sing once more, and swell the new choir with their old voices ; it was *cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.* Among those who had loved more than twenty years before was SAMUEL ROGERS, who came forward with a *Jacqueline* bound up with Byron's *Lara*—strange incongruity, a Methody spinster on the arm of a dashing dragoon. Save on this solitary occasion, however, the amiable Muse of Rogers never forgot what was due to her



Samuel Rogers

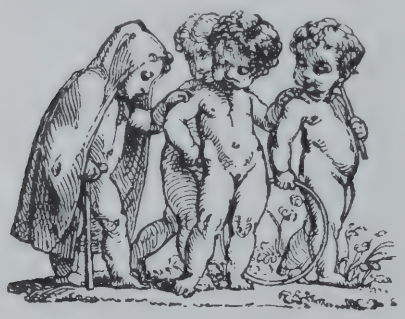
After the Portrait by G. Richmond

self-respect, and clung close to the manner of Goldsmith, slowly and faintly relaxing the rigour of versification in a blank verse *Italy*, but never, in a single graceful line, quite reaching the point of poetry.

Samuel Rogers

From a Caricature

Samuel Rogers (1763–1855) was one of the eight children of Thomas Rogers, the son of a glass manufacturer of Stourbridge, and his wife Mary Radford; he was born in his father's London house on Newington Green, on the 30th of July 1763. Rogers was sent to private schools at Hackney; at a very early age he entered the bank in London of which his father possessed a share. In the last year of Dr. Johnson's life, Rogers went to call on that great man, but when he had his hand on the knocker his courage failed, and he retreated. His mind was, however, by this time wholly given to literature, and in 1786 he published his first volume, *An Ode to Superstition*, with other poems. In 1789 he rode from London to Edinburgh on a literary expedition to the Northern wits, and was warmly received; but missed seeing Burns. In 1792 Rogers published *The Pleasures of Memory*, which achieved a great success. Until the death of his father in 1793 Rogers had continued to live with his father in the Newington Green house; he inherited the principal interest in the banking house, and the rest of the family dispersing, he began to live at Newington in the style of a wealthy man. In 1798 he published his *Epistle to a Friend*, and sold the house which had hitherto been his home. He settled in London, and began to cut a prominent figure in society. He presently built a house in St. James's Place overlooking Green Park, which he fitted up with exquisite specimens of antique art and furniture; here he entertained the world and his friends, of whom Fox and Lord and Lady Holland were among the most intimate. In 1810, after a long silence, he circulated his poem *Columbus*, and collected his *Poems* in 1812. Rogers now became closely associated with Byron, and his narrative poem called *Jacqueline* appeared in the same volume with *Lara* in 1814. A didactic piece, *Human Life*, was printed in 1819, and in 1822 the first part of *Italy*



Drawing by Thomas Stothard for Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory"

Drawing by Thomas Stothard for Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory"

which was concluded in 1828. These volumes did not sell well, but in 1830 Rogers reissued *Italy* with magnificent plates by Turner, and in 1834 his poems in two volumes. On these ventures he expended £14,000, but the sales were so large that the entire sum was refunded to him. His pride was to know "everybody," and he lived so long that the man who had called on Dr. Johnson was able to give his blessing to Mr. Algernon Swinburne. In 1850 he was offered the Poet Laureateship, but refused it on the score of age, yet he lived on until the 18th of December 1855.

FROM "ITALY."

"Boy, call the gondola; the sun is set."
It came, and we embarked; but instantly,
As at the waving of a magic wand,
Though she had stept on board so light of foot,
So light of heart, laughing she knew not why,
Sleep overcame her; on my arm she slept.
From time to time I waked her; but the boat
Rocked her to sleep again. The moon was now
Rising full-orbed, but broken by a cloud,
The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like.
A single zephyr, as enamoured, played
With her loose tresses, and drew more and more
Her veil across her bosom. Long I lay
Contemplating that face so beautiful,
That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with smiles,
That neck but half concealed, whiter than snow.
'Twas the sweet slumber of her early age.
I looked and looked, and felt a flush of joy
I would express but cannot. Oft I wished
Gently—by stealth—to drop asleep myself,
And to incline yet lower that sleep might come;
Oft closed my eyes as in forgetfulness.
'Twas all in vain. Love would not let me rest.

The other revenant, GEORGE CRABBE, did better. After a silence almost unbroken for two-and-twenty years, he resumed his sturdy rhyming in 1807, and in 1810 enriched the language with a poem of really solid merit, the *Borough*, a picture of social and physical conditions in a seaside town on the Eastern Coast. Crabbe never excelled, perhaps never equalled, this saturnine study of the miseries of provincial life; like his own watchman, the poet seems to have no other design than to "let in truth, terror, and the day." Crabbe was essentially a writer of the eighteenth century, bound close by the versification of Churchill and those who, looking past Pope, tried to revive the vehement music of Dryden; his attitude to life and experience, too, was of the age of 1780. Yet he showed the influence of romanticism and of his contemporaries in the exactitude of his natural observation and his Dutch niceness in the choice of nouns. He avoided, almost as carefully as Wordsworth himself, the vague sonorous synonym which continues the sound while adding nothing to the sense. As Tenny-

son used to say, "Crabbe has a world of his own," and his plain, strong, unaffected poetry will always retain a certain number of admirers.

This second generation of romanticism was marked by a development of critical writing which was of the very highest importance. It may indeed be said, without much exaggeration, that at this time literary criticism, in the modern sense, was first seriously exercised in England. In other words, the old pseudo-classic philosophy of literature, founded on the misinterpretation of Aristotle, was completely obsolete; while the rude, positive expression of baseless opinion with which the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* had started, had broken down, leaving room for a new sensitive criticism founded on comparison with ancient and exotic types of style, a sympathetic study of nature, and a genuine desire to appreciate the writer's contribution on its own merits. Of this new and fertile school of critics, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Lamb were the leaders.

It is noticeable that the utterances of these writers which have made their names famous were, as a rule, written on occasion, and in consequence of an opportunity which came seldom and as a rule came late. Leigh Hunt's best work in criticism dates from 1808 until 1840 indeed, but only because during those years he possessed or influenced successive journals in which he was free to speak his mind. WILLIAM HAZLITT, on the other hand, was thirty-five years of age before his introduction to the *Edinburgh Review* enabled him in 1814 to begin his articles on the English comic writers. To the accident that Hazlitt was invited to lecture at the Surrey Institution we owe his *English Poets* and his essays on Elizabethan literature. Lamb and De Quincey found little vehicle for their ideas until the periodical called *The London Magazine* was issued in 1820; here the *Essays of Elia* and the *Opium-Eater* were published, and here lesser writers, and later Carlyle himself with his *Life and Writings of Schiller*, found a sympathetic asylum. It was therefore to the development and the increased refinement of periodical literature that the new criticism was most indebted, and newspapers of a comparatively humble order, without wealth or influence behind them, did that for literature which the great Quarterly Reviews, with their insolence and their sciolism, had conspicuously failed to achieve.

Lamb

With the definite analysis of literary productions we combine here, as being closely allied to it, the criticism of life contributed by all these essayists, but pre-eminently by CHARLES LAMB. This, perhaps the most beloved of English authors, with all his sufferings bravely borne, his long-drawn sorrows made light of in a fantastic jest, was the associate of the Lake poets at the outset of their career. He accepted their principles although he wholly lacked their exaltation in the presence of nature, and was essentially an urban, not a rural talent, though the tale of *Rosamund Gray* may seem to belie the judgment. The poetry of his youth was not very successful, and in the first decade of the century Lamb sank to contributing facetious ana to the newspapers at sixpence a joke. His delicate *Tales from Shakespeare* and the *Specimens* of 1808, of which we have already spoken, kept his memory

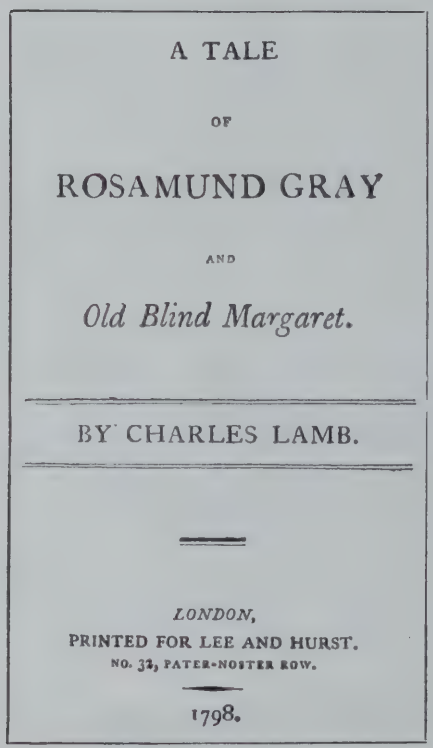
before the minds of his friends, and helped to bring in a new era of thought by influencing a few young minds. Meanwhile he was sending to certain fortunate correspondents those divine epistles which, since their publication in 1837, have placed Lamb in the front rank of English letter-writers. But still he was unknown, and remained so until the young publisher Ollier was persuaded to venture on a collection of Lamb's scattered writings. At last, at the age of forty-five, he began to immortalise himself with those *Essays of Elia*, of which the opening series was ultimately given to the world as a volume in 1823.

Charles Lamb

After the Portrait by Robert Hancock

Charles Lamb (1775–1834) was the youngest of the seven children of John Lamb, the confidential servant of one of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, and was born on the 10th of February 1775, in Crown Office Row. "I was born," says Lamb, "and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its fountains, its river—these are of my oldest recollections." In 1782 he entered Christ's Hospital, and remained there until 1789; at the same school was "a poor friendless boy," called S. T. Coleridge, with whom Lamb formed a lifelong friendship. Of his six brothers and sisters only two now survived—John and Mary, both much older than Charles. About 1792 the latter obtained an appointment in the South Sea House, and was presently promoted to be a clerk in the accountant's office of the India House. In 1796 **Mary Lamb** (1764–1847), whose mental health had given cause for anxiety, went mad and stabbed their mother to death at the dinner-table. Charles was appointed her guardian, and for the rest of his life he devoted himself to her care. Four sonnets by Lamb ("C. L.") were included in Coleridge's *Poems on Various Subjects* (1796), and the romance of *Rosamund Gray* appeared in 1798. In the spring of 1799 Lamb's aged father died, and, Mary having partly recovered, the solitary pair occupied lodgings in Pentonville. From these they were ejected in 1800, but found shelter in a set of three rooms in Southampton Buildings, Holborn. Hence they moved to Mitre Court Buildings, in the Temple, where they lived very noiselessly until 1809, when they removed to Inner Temple Lane. The poetical drama called *John Woodvil* was printed in 1802; and poverty soon forced Charles to become in 1803–4 a contributor of puns and squibs to the *Morning Post*. In 1806 his farce of *Mr. H.* was acted with ignominious want of success at Drury Lane. Charles and Mary

continued to produce their *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Mrs. Leicester's School* in 1807, and for the first time tasted something like popularity. *The Adventures of Ulysses* followed in 1808, and the more important *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*. The next nine years, spent in Inner Temple Lane, were not eventful; Charles wrote little and published less; the poverty of the pair was not so pressing as it had been, but the malady of Mary recurred with distressing frequency. However, as Charles said in 1815, "the wind was tempered to the shorn Lambs," and on the whole they seem to have been happy. In 1817 they left the Temple and took a lodging in Russell Street, Covent Garden, on the site of Will's Coffee-House. Charles collected his *Works* in two volumes in 1818, and this date closes the earlier and less distinguished half of his career. In 1820 the foundation of *The London Magazine* offered Lamb an opportunity for the free exercise of his characteristic humour and philosophy, and in the month of August he began to contribute essays to it. By 1823 so many of these easy, desultory articles had appeared that a volume was made of them, entitled *Elia* (pronounced "Ellia"); this is now usually spoken of as the *Essays of Elia*. This delightful book was received with a chorus of praise. Charles Lamb was now more prosperous, and his sister and he dared for the first time to take a house of their own, a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington, and they adopted a charming little girl, Emma Isola, who brightened their lonely fireside. Charles had long fretted under the bondage of his work at the India House, where he had now served thirty-three years. The Directors met his wishes with marked generosity, and he retired on the very handsome pension of £450 a year. He wrote to Wordsworth on the 6th of April 1825: "I came home for *ever* on Tuesday in last week," and "it was like passing from life into eternity." It is doubtful, however, whether the sudden abandonment of all regular employment was good for Lamb; but in 1826 he worked almost daily at the British Museum, which kept him in health. In 1830 he published a volume of *Album Verses*, soon after boarding with a family at Enfield. A final change of residence was made to Bay Cottage, Edmonton, in 1833; in this year the *Last Essays of Elia* were published, and the loneliness of the ageing brother and sister was enhanced by the marriage of Emma Isola. The death of Coleridge greatly affected Charles Lamb, who was now in failing health; he wrote of Coleridge, "his great and dear spirit haunts me," and he did not long survive. Charles Lamb died at Edmonton on the 27th of December 1834, with the names of the friends he had loved best murmured


A TALE

OF

ROSAMUND GRAY

AND

Old Blind Margaret.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR LEE AND HURST.
NO. 32, PATER-NOSTER ROW.

1798.

Title-page of the First Edition of Lamb's "Tale of Rosamund Gray"

Charles Lamb.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

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from his lips. He is of all English authors, perhaps, the one whose memory is kept alive with the greatest personal affection, and this although his own vitality was low and intermittent. He was very short in stature, with a large hooked nose, and "almost immaterial legs," a tiny tapering figure that dwindled from the large head to the tiny gaitered ankles. "He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes," and a "bland sweet smile with a touch of sadness in it." He described himself as "a Quaker in black," as "terribly shy," and as one "whose conceptions rose kindlier than his utterances," but in truth he appears to have been the most enchanting of boon companions, and, in spite of an inveterate habit of stammering, the joy and the light of every cheerful company. Of his goodness of heart, his simplicity and his unselfishness, we have testimony from every one of those whose privilege it was to know him.

East India House, where Lamb worked for more than thirty years

Charles and Mary Lamb

After the Portrait by F. S. Cary

FROM "GRACE BEFORE MEAT" (*Elia*).

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. Coleridge holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right.

With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner-hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour.—The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less

Charles Lamb

From a Sketch by Brook Pulham

The Cottage at Edmonton where Charles Lamb died

perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse: to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of at Hog's Norton.

Mackery End in Hertfordshire

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness, with such tolerable comfort upon the whole that, for one [illegible] I find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains with the rash kings offspring, to inward my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits — just so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony with some wrath brotherings — as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed, and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative hungers me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story — well, ill, or indifferently told — so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction — and almost in real life — have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions — heads with some diverting twist in them — the oddities of authorship — please me most. My cousin has a native discelish of any thing, that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is grating irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one — the Thrice Noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastic and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers — leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when she was a child, retains its authority over her mind still. The newer jugglers or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive, and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this — that in

Page of the MS of Lamb's essay on "Mackery End

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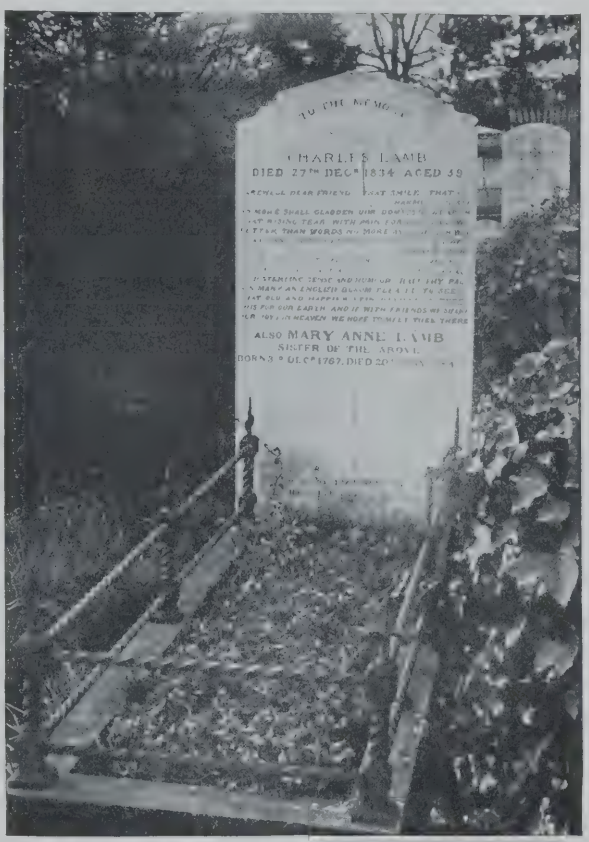
Detached Thoughts on Books (*Last Essays of Elia*).

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Faërie Queene* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.



The Grave of Charles and Mary Lamb at Edmonton

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

Coleridge at Christ's Hospital.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Mackery End in Hertfordshire, the subject of one of Lamb's Essays

From a Pencil Sketch

Dear Fugue-ist,
or hearst thou rather
Contrapuntist—?

We expect you four (as many as the Table will hold without squeezing) at Mrs Westwood's Table D'Hote on Thursday. You will find the White Horse shut up, and us moved under the wing of the Phoenix, which gives us friendly refuge. Beds for guests, marry, we have none, but cleanly accomodings at the Crown & ~~Horse~~ Horse shoe.

Yours harmonically

C L

A Facsimile Letter from Charles Lamb to his Friend Novello

—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy!*

De Quincey

The career of THOMAS DE QUINCEY began even later, and was even more obscure. Ten years younger than Lamb, and like him an admirer and disciple of Wordsworth and Coleridge, De Quincey made no serious attempt to excel in verse, and started in prose not earlier than, as has been already noted, 1821, the book of the *Opium-Eater* appearing anonymously the following year. He had now put out from shore, and we find him for the future, practically until his death, swimming "in the midst of a German Ocean of literature," and rarely consenting to quit the pen. His collected works, with difficulty saved, just before his end, out of a chaos of anonymity, first revealed to the general public the quality of this astonishing author. In the same way, to chronicle what Wilson contributed to literature is mainly to hunt for *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in the files of *Blackwood's Magazine*. To each of these critical writers, diverse in taste and character, yet all the children of the new romantic movement, the advance of the higher journalism was the accident which brought that to the surface which might otherwise have died in them unfertilised and unperceived.

Thomas De Quincey

After the Portrait by Sir J. Watson Gordon

Of this group of writers, two are now found to be predominant—Lamb for the humour and humanity of his substance, De Quincey for the extraordinary opportunity given by his form for the discussion of the elements of style. Of the latter writer it has been said that "he languished with a sort of

despairing nympholepsy after intellectual pleasures." His manner of writing was at once extremely splendid and extremely precise. He added to literature several branches or provinces which had up to his day scarcely been cultivated in English; among these, impassioned autobiography, distinguished by an exquisite minuteness in the analysis of recollected sensations, is pre-eminent. He revelled in presenting impressions of intellectual self-consciousness in phrases of what he might have called sequacious splendour. De Quincey was but little enamoured of the naked truth, and a suspicion of the fabulous hangs, like a mist, over all his narrations. The most elaborate of them, the *Revolt of the Tartars*, a large canvas covered with groups of hurrying figures in sustained and painful flight, is now understood to be pure romance. The first example of his direct criticism is *Whiggism in its Relations to Literature*, which might be called the Anatomy of a Pedant.

De Quincey is sometimes noisy and flatulent, sometimes trivial, sometimes unpardonably discursive. But when he is at his best, the rapidity of his mind, its lucidity, its humour and good sense, the writer's passionate loyalty to letters, and his organ-melody of style command our deep respect. He does not, like the majority of his critical colleagues, approach literature for purposes of research, but to obtain moral effects. De Quincey, a dreamer of beautiful dreams, disdained an obstinate vassalage to mere matters of fact, but sought with intense concentration of effort after a conscientious and profound psychology of letters.

Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859) was the second son of Thomas Quincey of Fountain Street, Manchester, and he was born on the 15th of August 1785, in a "pretty rustic dwelling" near that city. His father was a prosperous merchant, his mother a stately and intellectual but not very sympathetic lady; there seems to have been little of either parent in that vagrant genius, their second son. In 1792 the father died, and Mrs. Quincey removed with her eight children to their country house called Greenhay, and again in 1796 to Bath, where Thomas entered the grammar school. He rapidly attained a remarkable knowledge of Latin and Greek. An accidental blow on the head from an undermaster's cane led in 1799 to a very serious illness, and Mrs. Quincey would not allow her son to return; he proceeded to a private school at Winkfield in Wilts. In 1800 he went on a visit to Eton, where, in company with Lord Westport, who was his closest friend, he was brought in touch with the court, and had two amusing interviews with George III.; he then started for a long tour of many months through England and Ireland. From the close of 1800 to 1802 he was at school at Manchester, and very unhappy; at last he ran away. He was given a guinea a week by his mother, and now began an extraordinary career of vagrancy, the events of which are recounted, in the most romantic terms, in the *Confessions*. At length, after more than a year of squalor and almost starved in the horrors of London, he was found and sent to Oxford. He entered Worcester College, a strangely experienced undergraduate, in the autumn of 1803. His health had doubtless been greatly undermined by his privations, and in 1804 he began to take laudanum as a relief from neuralgia, and those "gnawing pains in the stomach" which were to take so prominent a part in his history. His career at Oxford was very erratic; brilliant as he was, he

Thomas de Quincey.

AFTER A DRAWING BY JAMES ARCHER IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. BAIRD SMITH.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

would not take a degree, and in 1807 he disappeared from the University altogether. About this time he gained the friendship of Lamb, Coleridge, and the Wordsworths. In 1809 he formally ceased all connection with Oxford, and bought a cottage at Townend, Grasmere, which remained his headquarters until 1830. Coleridge soon after, in 1810, left the Lakes, but with the family of Wordsworth De Quincey formed a close link of intimacy. In 1813 he was the victim of pecuniary troubles, and anxiety brought on with great violence his "most appalling irritation of the stomach." It was now, he tells us, that he "became a regular and confirmed (no longer an intermitting) opium-eater." Towards the end of 1816 he married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, Margaret Simpson, having contrived in some degree to free himself from the bondage of the laudanum. There followed "a year of brilliant water, set, as it were, in the gloomy umbrage of opium," and then De Quincey relapsed again. He began, however, in 1821, to write in the London magazines, and in 1822, at the age of thirty-seven, he published anonymously his first book, *The Confessions of an Opium-Eater.* From 1821 to 1824 he was on the staff of the "London Magazine," and in 1825 he published the sham Waverley novel, *Walladmor*, the English adaptation of a German forgery. In 1826 he began to write for "Blackwood," and to alternate his dwelling-place between Edinburgh and Westmoreland, while in 1830 he actually transferred his wife and children from the Townend cottage to Edinburgh. For the next ten years De Quincey contributed with immense industry to "Blackwood's" and "Tait's" magazines. In 1832 he published his novel of *Klosterheim.* His personal life in these and subsequent years is very difficult to follow; it was saddened by the deaths of two of his children, and then, in 1837, of his long-suffering and devoted wife. In 1838 De Quincey took a lodging in Lothian Street, and in 1840 his young daughters, finding him helpless in domestic business, hired a cottage at Lass-

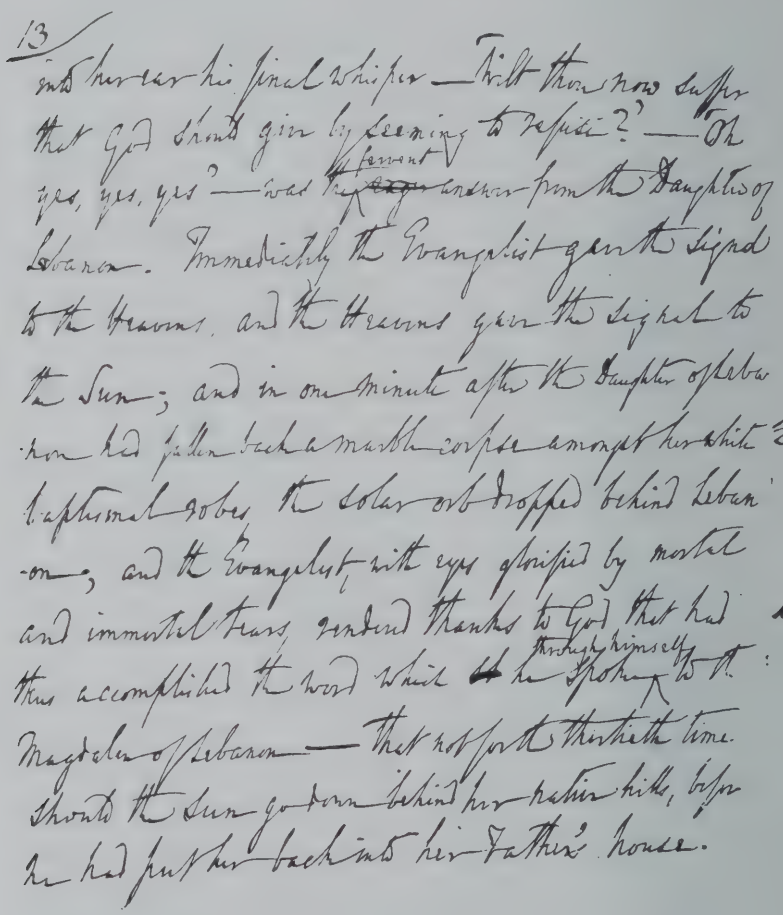
Thomas De Quincey

From a Miniature in the possession of Mrs. Baird Smith

Mrs. Thomas De Quincey after her marriage in 1816

From a Miniature in the possession of Mrs. Baird Smith

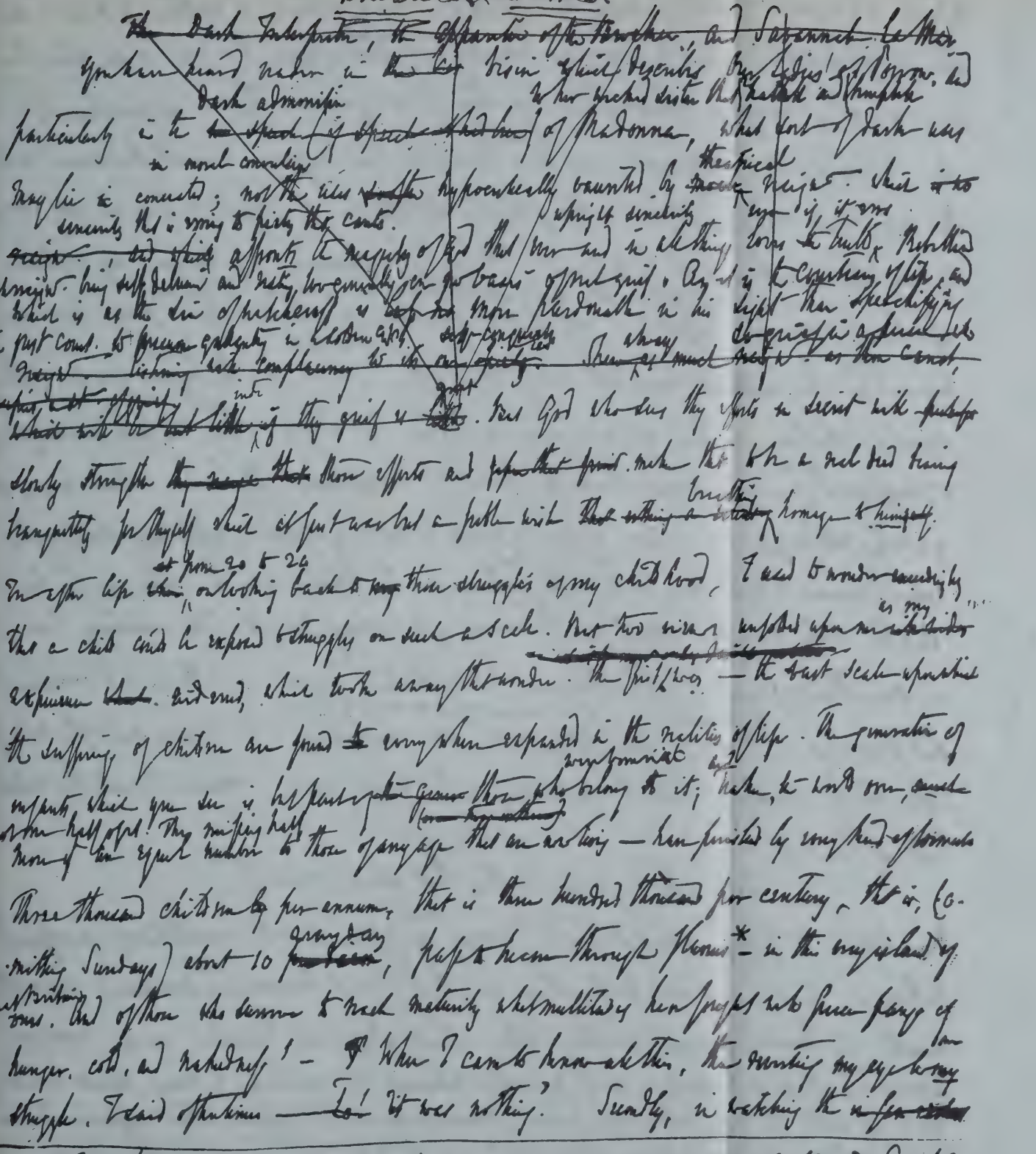
wade, seven miles out of Edinburgh, where they kept house very economically for the four younger children, and whither their eccentric father could retire when he wished. For the rest of his life this little house, called Mavis Bush, was his home whenever he emerged from the strange burrowings and campings of his extraordinary life in Edinburgh. Hitherto, and for long after this, De Quincey was in the main an inedited contributor to periodicals. In 1853 he began the



13
and her ear his final whisper — Tell thou now sister
that God shall give by seeing to rejoice?' — Oh
yes, yes, yes' — was the fervent answer from the Daughter of
Lebanon. Immediately the Evangelist gave the signal
to the Heavens, and the Heavens gave the signal to
the Sun; and in one minute after the Daughter of Leba-
non had fallen back a marble corpse amongst her white
baptismal robes, the solar orb dropped behind Leban-
on, and the Evangelist with eyes glorified by mortal
and immortal tears rendered thanks to God that had
thus accomplished the word which he himself through him spoke to the
Magdalen of Lebanon — that not for the thirtieth time
should the Sun go down behind her native hills, before
he had put her back into her Father's house.

A Fragment of the MS. of De Quincey's "Daughter of Lebanon

issue of his Collected Works, the fourteenth volume of which appeared in 1860, just after his death. De Quincey died in his old lodging in Lothian Street, Edinburgh, of sheer senile weakness, on the 8th of December 1859, and was buried very quietly in the West Churchyard of Edinburgh. He was of an extremely small figure and boyish countenance, gentle and elaborately polite in manner, with an inexhaustible fund of exquisite conversation, which he delivered in clear and silvery tones. His eccentricity, his pugnacity, his hyperbolic courtesy, his sweetness to his children, have produced a rich sheaf of excellent literary anecdote.



Fragment of De Quincey's MS. of "The Dark Interpreter"

misery of very young Children I made another discovery: — this is well known to mothers, to nurses, and also to philosophers — that the tears and lamentations of infants during the first year or two when they have no other language of complaint, run through a gamut that is as inexhaustible as the cremona of Paganini And every learned in that language cannot be deceived as to the note and modulation of the suffering which it indicates. A spiteful or peevish cry cannot by any efforts make itself impassioned. The cry of impatience, of hunger, of irritation, of reproach, of pain, all differ as keys do in the chords of Beethoven & echoes of Mozart. But if ever you saw an infant suffering from hour to hour as sometimes from cholera, the healthiest does with under some attack of the stomach which has the tiger grasp of the oriental cholera — then you will hear a moan that addresses itself to your mother's ear and such as might storm the heart of Moloch. Once hearing it, you will not forget it. Now it was a constant remark of mine, after any storm of that nature occurring suppose once in 2 months, that always on the following day — when a long long sleepless night had passed away & the darkness & the little creatures brain, a sensible expansion had taken place in the intellectual faculties of attention, observation, and animation. It was the case of the poet, who on listening to the raving and of the midnight storm and the cracking which it was making in the mighty woods, reminded himself that all this had of trouble

"Tells also of bright calms that oft succeed"

Pain from woe to agony, or grief from to frenzy, & essential to the evolution of profound natures. A sea, which is deeper than any that Count Marsigli* measured, cannot be searched and known of from its sleeping depths without a passion, a tempest or a monsoon. A nature, which is profound in sense but also introverted and abstracted in sense, cannot from fault of early its own unknown device, cannot be awakened sometimes without affliction keen

* Count Marsigli (an Austrian officer & Venetian in the Imperial service) about 60 years ago fathomed & sounded & mapped many parts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic: & I remember, I generally found the bottom, & left the Englishmen sailing

From "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded" I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

From "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*—Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; and of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered;—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling

in her nature germs of holy affections which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed and all that are rejected outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace,—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest walks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

Hazlitt

William Hazlitt (1778–1830) was the youngest son of the Rev. Willliam Hazlitt, a Presbyterian minister from Tipperary, and of his wife, Grace Loftus, the handsome daughter of a farmer. He was born at Maidstone on the 10th of April 1778. His father became a Unitarian, and travelled with his family in Ireland and America before settling in 1786 at Wem, in Shropshire, where young William was brought up in an atmosphere of radicalism and strenuous nonconformity. He was educated for the ministry at Hackney College, and was still preparing in his father's house, when a crisis in his life was brought about by the accident of a visit paid to Wem by S. T. Coleridge. The poet-orator absolutely bewitched young Hazlitt, who a few months later visited Coleridge and Wordsworth in the Quantocks, and was encouraged to begin to write. He seems to have lived without definite employment, however, until 1802, when he was induced to give himself to the study of painting as a profession. For this purpose he went to Paris and worked there for four months. The result was a number of portraits, some of which, curious and interesting specimens, survive. He returned, however, to literature, and in 1805 he published his first book, *An Essay on the Principles of Human Actions*, and he followed this up by certain anonymous pamphlets. In 1808 he married Sarah Stoddart, a friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, and on her little property at Winterslow, in Wilts, Hazlitt lived several unproductive years. It became necessary, however, to earn money, and in 1812 Hazlitt came to London, and began to take up lecturing and writing for the papers. From 1814 to 1830 he was almost a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. Mrs. Hazlitt had an "excellent disposition," but she was excessively trying in domestic intercourse, and their relations soon became strained. Now, in his fortieth year, Hazlitt published his first important book, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817), and in 1818 he collected his theatrical articles in a volume called *A View of the English Stage*.

William Hazlitt

From a Miniature by his brother

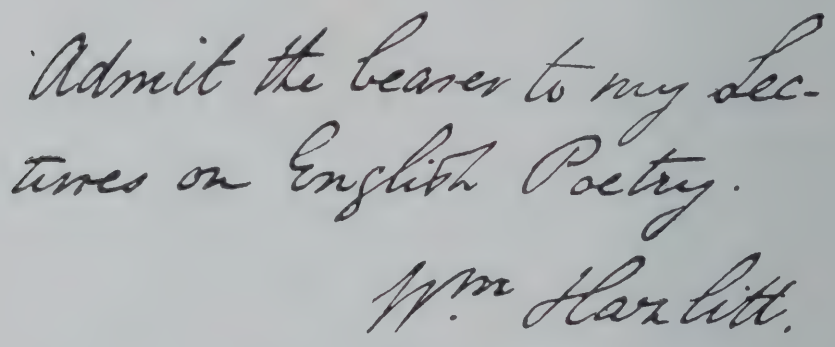
He was presently recognised as one of the best of living critics, and was invited to deliver courses of lectures (1818–1821) on the poets. These were largely attended, and had a remarkable influence on cultivated opinion. Hazlitt's manner as a lecturer, we are told, was not precisely eloquent, but earnest, sturdy, and impressive. All this time Hazlitt had remained an enemy to privilege and tyranny, and, to prove himself still in possession of a manly spirit of liberty, he published in 1819 his *Political Essays*. This awakened the rage of the Tory press, and Hazlitt was persecuted by "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly." Many of his essays, and particularly the charming collections called *Table Talk* (1821–1822), were written "beside the blazing hearth" of a solitary coaching inn at The Hut, Winterslow, whither he loved more and more often to retire from the noise of London and the bickerings of his family circle. It was now that this discomfort in marriage was intensified by the extraordinary and (it must be said) rather vulgar infatuation of Hazlitt for the daughter of a tailor called Walker, who kept lodgings in Southampton Buildings. He recorded this amazing episode in what De Quincey called "an explosion of frenzy," the *Liber Amoris* of 1823, a brilliantly-written analysis of an insane passion. He obtained a divorce "by Scotch law" from his wife, from whom, indeed, he had been separated since 1819, but he did not induce Sarah Walker to marry him. In 1824, however, he met in a coach and promptly married a widow, Mrs. Bridgewater, who had some money and with whom Hazlitt started on a tour of the galleries of Europe. At the close of it the second Mrs. Hazlitt declined to have anything more to say to him. He published many books about this time, and in particular *The Spirit of the Age* in 1825, which has been called "the harvest-home of Hazlitt's mind." Most of his productions of these years were issued without his name on the title-page. His largest work, *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* (1828–1830), was a disappointment to his admirers. His misfortunes gathered about him, and on the 18th of September 1830, an hour or two after bidding farewell to Charles Lamb, he died in lodgings in Soho. His posthumous essays were collected in 1850, under the title of *Winterslow*. Hazlitt had a handsome face, with curled dark hair, and bright eyes; but his gait was slouching and awkward, and his dress neglected. His own account of himself is, "I have loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that, have wanted everything." The student of Hazlitt's life will not be at a loss to know what that was; but perhaps he exaggerated his sense of its importance, since his last words were, "I have had a happy life."

House in York Street, Westminster, said to have been Milton's, occupied by Hazlitt

FROM "LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH POETS."

Poetry.

Poetry is in all its shapes the language of the imagination and the passions, of fancy and will. Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than the outcry which has been sometimes raised by frigid and pedantic critics for reducing the language of poetry to the standard of common sense and reason; for the end and use of poetry, "both at the first and now, was and is to hold the mirror up to nature," seen through the medium of passion and imagination, not divested of that medium by means of literal truth or abstract reason. The painter of history might as well be required to represent the face of a person who has just trod upon a serpent with the still-life expression of a common portrait, as the poet to describe the most striking and vivid impressions which things can be supposed to make upon the mind in the language of common conversation. Let who will strip nature of the colours and the shapes of fancy, the poet is not bound to do so; the impressions of common sense and strong



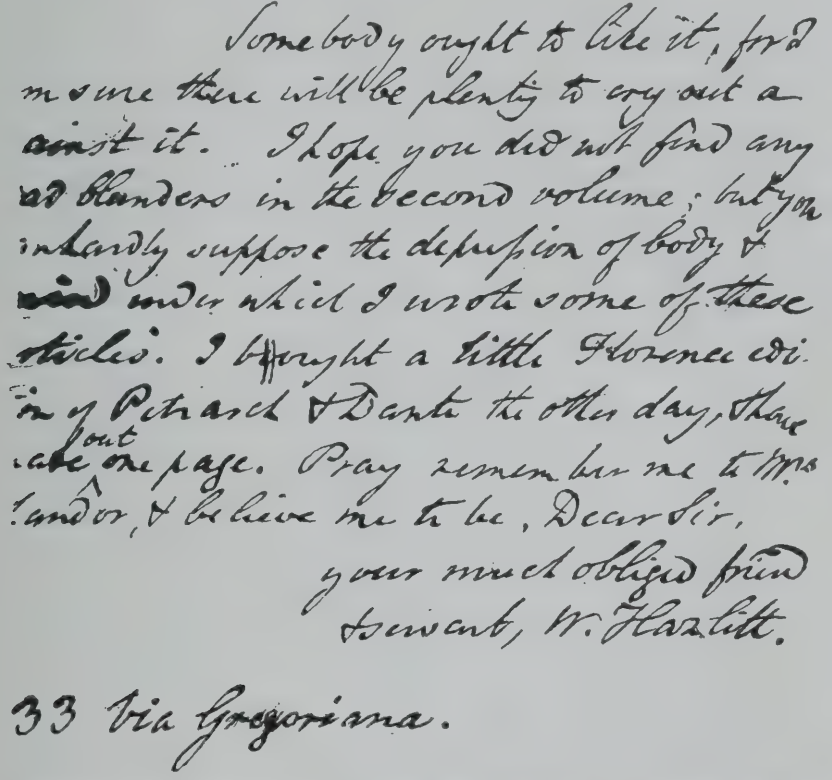
imagination, that is, of passion and indifference, cannot be the same, and they must have a separate language to do justice to either. Objects must strike differently upon the mind, independently of what they are in themselves, as long as we have a different interest in them, as we see them in a different point of view, nearer or at a greater distance (morally or physically speaking), from novelty, from old acquaintance, from our ignorance of them, from our fear of their consequences, from contrast, from unexpected likeness. We can no more take away the faculty of the imagination than we can see all objects without light or shade. Some things must dazzle us by their preternatural light; others must hold us in suspense, and tempt our curiosity to explore their obscurity. Those who would dispel these various illusions, to give us their drab-coloured creation in their stead, are not very wise. Let the naturalist, if he will, catch the glow-worm, carry it home with him in a box, and find it next morning nothing but a little grey worm: let the poet or the lover of poetry visit it at evening, when, beneath the scented hawthorn and the crescent moon, it has built itself a palace of emerald light.

FROM "TABLE TALK."

Style.

Mr. Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure, and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors, that the idea of imitation is almost done away. There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress. The matter is completely

his own, though the manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual as to require their point and pungency to be neutralised by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance. Tricked out in the prevailing costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the way. The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryat, Sir Thomas Browne are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not, however, know how far this is the case or not till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of Elia (still, I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account



Somebody ought to like it, for I
m sure there will be plenty to cry out a
ainst it. I hope you did not find any
ad blunders in the second volume; but you
indardly suppose the depression of body &
ind under which I wrote some of these
ticles. I bought a little Florence edi-
n of Petrarch & Dante the other day, that
ake out one page. Pray remember me to Mrs
Landor, & believe me to be, Dear Sir,
your much obliged friend
& servant, W. Hazlitt.

33 Via Gregoriana.

Fragment of a Letter written in Rome from Hazlitt to W. Savage Landor

of "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," which is also the most free from obsolete allusions and turns of expression:

"A well of native English undefiled."

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, the essays of the ingenious and highly-gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish that Erasmus's Colloquies or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar. Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has more power or felicity of execution than the one of which I have here been speaking.

FROM "WINTERSLOW."

The Appearance of Wordsworth.

The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was

more quaint and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the costume of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge, in his gait, not unlike his own "Peter Bell." There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantrey's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear, gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr* like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said, triumphantly, that "his marriage with experience had not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life." He had been to see the "Castle Spectre," by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said, "it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove." This *ad captandum* merit was, however, by no means a recommendation of it, according to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!" I thought within myself, "With what eyes these poets see nature!" and ever after, when I saw the sunset stream upon objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of "Peter Bell" in the open air, and the comment upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics.

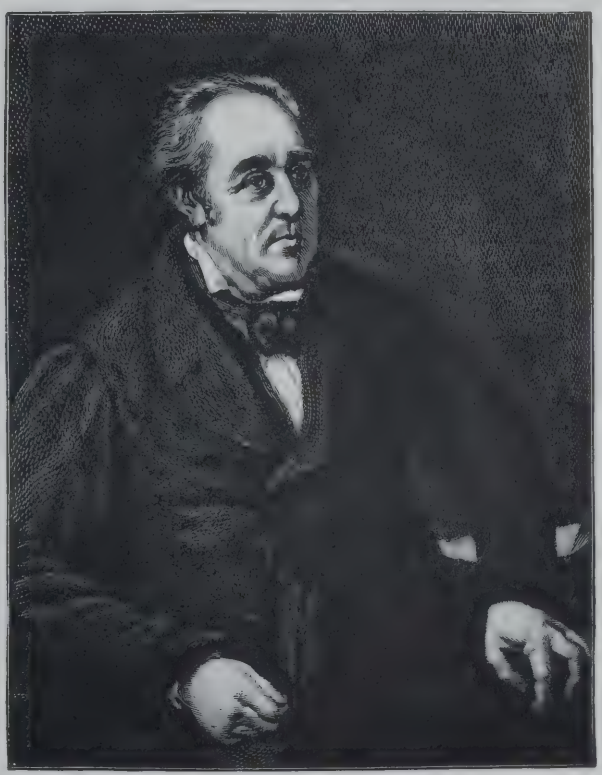
Landor

With this group of literary critics may be mentioned one who was not without relation with them, and who was yet widely distinct. The men of whom we have been speaking sought their inspiration mainly in the newly recovered treasures of early national poetry and prose. These were also formative elements in the mind of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR; but he imitated more closely than they the great classics of antiquity, and, in particular, Pindar, Æschylus, and Cicero. As early as 1795 he had occasionally published poetry; his concentrated and majestic *Gebir* is certainly one of the pioneers of English romanticism. But Landor, with his tumultuous passions and angry self-sufficiency, led a youth tormented by too much emotional and social tempest and too little public encouragement to become prominent in prose or verse. It was in the comparative serenity of middle age, and during his happy stay in or near Florence from 1821 to 1828, that he wrote the *Imaginary Conversations*, and became one of the great English men of letters. No other work of Landor's has achieved popularity, although much of his occasional prose and verse has called forth the impassioned praise of individuals.

The *Conversations* display, in stiff and Attic form, dramatic aptitudes, for confirmation of which we search in vain the pages of his academic plays. These historic dialogues, strange as it seems, were refused by publisher after publisher; but at length two volumes of them were issued, and the world was gained. This great series of stately colloquies holds a unique position in English literature. The style of Landor is too austere,

too little provided with ornament, too strenuously allusive to please the running reader. But in a mingling of dignity and delicacy, purity and vehemence, into what is an amalgam of all the rarer qualities of thought and expression, Landor ranks only just below the greatest masters of language. His genius is impeded by a certain haughty stiffness; he approaches majestically, and sometimes nimbly, but always protected from the reader by a suit of mail, always rendered inaccessible by an unconquerable shyness.

Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864) was the eldest son of Dr. Landor, a physician of Warwick, where he was born on the 30th of January 1775. His mother, Elizabeth Savage, was an heiress, and her valuable estates of Ipsley Court and Tachbrook were strictly entailed upon the future poet, who was brought up in luxurious refinement. He was a sensitive child and an intelligent boy; at Rugby, where he went in 1785, he held his own in games as well as in studies. He was early a voracious reader, and began to turn verses for his pleasure both in English and Latin. Even at Rugby, however, his strange violence of temper interfered with his happiness, and at last he was withdrawn from the school that he might not be expelled for rebellion. He studied for two years with the vicar of "romantic" Ashbourne, becoming an accomplished Hellenist, and in 1793 he took up his residence at Trinity College, Oxford. Here Landor posed as a republican, and went to hall with his hair unpowdered; he was known as "the mad Jacobin," and for a freak he was at length sent down. In consequence of this rustication, Landor quarrelled with his father, and quitted him, as he said, "for ever." He came up to London in 1794, and lodged at Beaumont Street, Portland Place; here, in the following year, he published his first *Poems*, in English and Latin, and the *Moral Epistle to Lord Stanhope*. The quarrel with his family was presently made up, but Landor did not return to Warwick or to Oxford; he withdrew to the south coast of



Walter Savage Landor

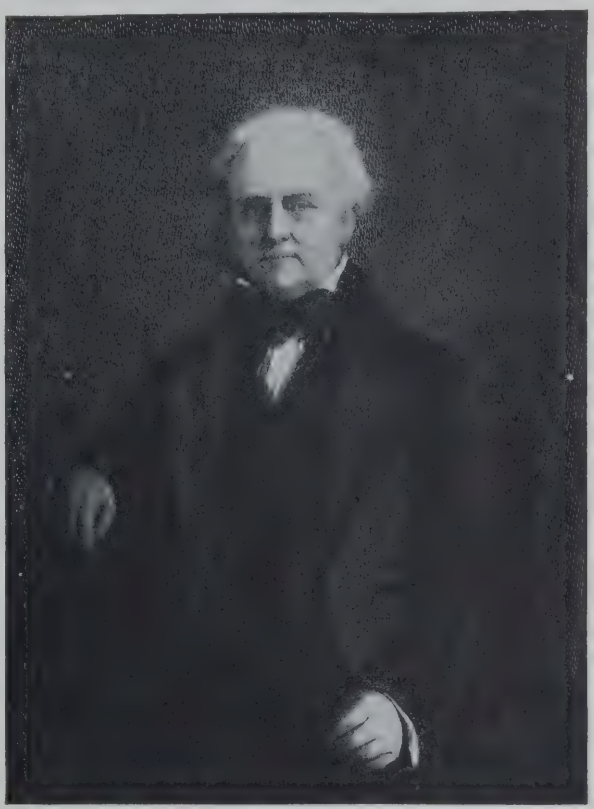
After the Portrait by W. Fisher

Wales, where he lived absolutely solitary, with "one servant and one chest of books," feeding his spirit with poetry and nature. At Tenby he wrote *Gebir*, and met the Rose Aylmer of his verse; the former appeared in 1798. It was unperceived, except by Southey. Landor was still a republican, and he continued to be one even when, in 1802, he visited Paris and saw the ruin of the cause of liberty. During all these years he was devoted to the lady whom he addressed as Ianthe; but at length he discovered that "hers never was the heart for him." In 1805 old Dr. Landor died, and the poet came into possession of his estates. He now adopted a style of prodigal expenditure, and, residing at Bath, took up the rôle of the extravagant and eccentric young gentleman of fashion. He did not, however, for a moment neglect scholarship and poetry; in 1806 he published his Latin poems, *Simonidea*. His mode of life soon strained his finances, and in 1808 he had to endure considerable and unwise sacrifices in order to purchase the magnificent estate of Llanthony Abbey in Glamorganshire, on which he had set his heart. It was about this time that he first met Southey, with whom Landor formed a lifelong friendship. He took part, in 1808, in the revolt of the Spaniards from the yoke of the French; he spent some months in Spain and a great deal of money, but failed to be concerned in any actual fighting. By the summer of 1809 he was settled in his priory of Llanthony, where he lived part of the year, alternating it with Bath. In 1811, with characteristic abruptness, he married, on almost no acquaintance, Julia Thuillier, the penniless daughter of a ruined Swiss banker. The marriage turned out very unhappily. Landor published his *Count Julian* in 1812, and his *Idyllia Heroica* in 1814. By the latter year, however, he had brought his private affairs into great confusion; he had contrived to quarrel with everybody, from the bishop of the diocese down to the workmen on his estate; it is fair to add that he appears to have been abominably treated by his rascally tenants and servants. By the summer he found himself practically ruined, and abandoning Llanthony to the hands of trustees, he withdrew to the Continent, leaving his wife in Jersey and pushing on alone to Como, where she afterwards joined him. In 1818 Landor was ordered

Landor's Birthplace at Warwick

The Ruins of Llanthony Abbey

to leave Italy for having threatened to chastise the poet Monti, but he moved only to Pisa, which continued to be his home until 1821. For the eight years from 1821 to 1829 Florence was the home of Landor, originally in the city itself, then in the Villa Castiglione. In 1824 appeared the first and in 1829 the fifth volumes of the *Imaginary Conversations*. He now, in advancing years, became for the first time generally distinguished, although even yet he was little known to the larger public. In 1829, through the kindness of a Welsh friend, Mr. Ablett, Landor was able to buy an exquisite estate at Fiesole, the Villa Gherardesca, which now became his home, and here he was happy and at peace for several years. In 1834 he published the *Citation and Examination of Shakespeare*, in 1836 *Pericles and Aspasia*, and in 1837 *The Pentameron and Pentalogia*. But before the latter date he had broken up his home in Fiesole, had left his wife in anger, and had returned to England. He settled finally and alone in Bath, where he remained for more than twenty years. The most important of his later publications were *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree* (1853); *Antony and Octavius* (1856); and *Dry Sticks* (1858). In the latter year, in consequence of an unlucky dispute, and rather than face an action for libel, the fierce old man fled to Florence. Here he found his children, whom he had enriched at his own expense, and it is to their shame that they appear to have received him in his ruin with the coldest ingratitude. But for the generous kindness of Robert Browning, Landor must have starved. His last book, *Heroic Idyls*, appeared in 1863. His arrogance was with him to the end. He lived on to reach his 90th year, and died at Florence on the 17th of September 1864. Mr. Swinburne celebrated his obsequies magnificently in Greek and English. Crabb Robinson has described Landor in his prime as "a man of florid complexion, with large full eyes, altogether a leonine man, with a fierceness of tone well suited to his name."



Walter Savage Landor

After the Portrait by Boxall

From "Imaginary Conversations."

Southey. Occasionally I have been dissatisfied with Milton, because in my opinion that is ill said in prose which can be said more plainly. Not so in poetry; if it were, much of Pindar and Æschylus, and no little of Dante, would be censurable.

Landor. Acknowledge that he whose poetry I am holding in my hand is free from every false ornament in his prose, unless a few bosses of latinity may be called so, and I am ready to admit the full claims of your favourite, South. Acknowledge that, heading all the forces of our language, he was the great antagonist of every great monster which infested our country; and he disdained to trim his lion-skin with lace. No other English writer has equalled Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton, in the loftier parts of their works.

Southey. But Hooker and Milton, you allow, are sometimes pedantic. In Hooker there is nothing so elevated as there is in Raleigh.

Landor. Neither he, however, nor any modern, nor any ancient, has attained to that summit on which the sacred ark of Milton strikes and rests. Reflections, such as we indulged in on the borders of the Larius, come over me here again. Perhaps from the very sod where you are sitting, the poet in his youth sat looking at the Sabrina he was soon to celebrate. There is pleasure in the sight of a glebe which never has been broken; but it delights me particularly in those places where great men have been before. I do not mean warriors—for extremely few among the most remarkable of them will a considerate man call great—but poets and philosophers and philanthropists, the ornaments of society, the charmers of solitude, the warders of civilisation, the watchmen at the gate which Tyranny would batter down, and the healers of those wounds, which she left festering in the field. And now, to reduce this demon into its proper toad-shape again, and to lose sight of it, open your *Paradise Lost.*

Landor's Villa at Fiesole

Southey. Shall we begin with it immediately? or shall we listen a little while to the woodlark? He seems to know what we are about; for there is a sweetness, a variety, and a gravity in his cadences, befitting the place and theme. Another time we might afford the whole hour to him.

Landor. The woodlark, the nightingale, and the ringdove have made me idle for many, even when I had gone into the fields on purpose to gather fresh materials for composition. A little thing turns me from one idleness to another. More than once, when I have taken out my pencil to fix an idea on paper, the smell of the cedar, held by me unconsciously across the nostrils, has so absorbed the senses that what I was about to write down has vanished altogether and irrecoverably.

From "Pericles and Aspasia."

We are losing, day by day, one friend or other. Artemidora of Ephesus was betrothed to Elpenor, and their nuptials, it was believed, were at hand. How gladly would Artemidora have survived Elpenor. I pitied her almost as much as if she had. I must ever love true lovers on the eve of separation. These indeed were little known to me until a short time before. We became friends when our fates had made us relatives. On these

Eldon and Ekcombe

(Eldon) Ekcombe! why do you look so grave and sit so silent? (Ekcombe) To confess the truth, I played last evening, and lost. (Eldon) You played! Do you call it playing to plunder your guests and over-reach your friends? Do you call it playing, to be unhappy if you cannot be a robber? happy, if you can be one? The fingers of a gamester reach farther than a robber's or a murderer's, and do more mischief against the robber or murderer the country is up in arms at once: to the gamester every bosom is open, that it may contaminate or stab it. (Ekcombe) (utterly I have neither stabbed nor contaminated; I have neither plundered nor over-reached. (Eldon) If you did not fancy you had some advantages over your adversary, you would never have tried your fortune with him. I am not sorry you lost; it will teach you better. (Ekcombe) My dear father! if you could but advance me the money! (Eldon) Your next quarter, the beginning of April, is nigh at hand. However, a part, a moiety, forty days after date: who knows!.. (Ekcombe) My loss, I am sorry to say, is heavy. (Eldon) Then wait. (Ekcombe) Losers would willingly winners have always a spur against the flank. (Eldon) Tell me the amount of the (Ekcombe) Two thousand pounds. (Eldon) Two..! what! thousand.. pounds! Pounds did you? pounds sterling? incredible! (Ekcombe) Too true!

γ Page of the MS. of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"

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occasions there are always many verses, but not always so true in feeling and in fact as those which I shall now transcribe for you.

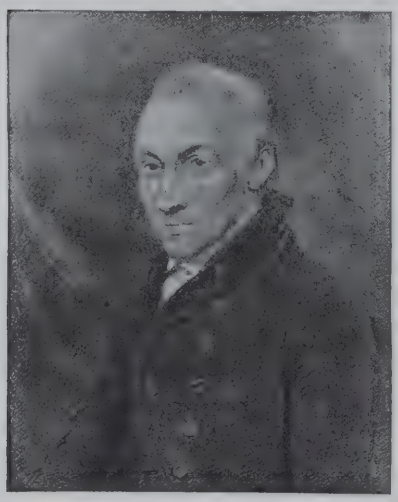
"Artemidora! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veinèd feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spoke of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
Swell'd through the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers:
With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

The Historians

The second romantic generation was marked by the rise of a school of historians inferior only to the great classic group of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. In the full tide of monarchical reaction, William Mitford completed his *History of Greece*, a book eloquent and meritorious in its way, but to be superseded by the labours of Grote. Sharon Turner, a careful imitator of Gibbon, illustrated the Anglo-Saxon period of our chronicles, and the Scottish metaphysician, Sir James Mackintosh, towards the close of his life, occupied himself with the constitutional history of England. Of more importance was the broad and competent English history of Lingard, a Catholic priest at Ushaw, whose work, though bitterly attacked from the partisan point of view, has been proved to be in the main loyal and accurate. These excellent volumes deserve the praise which should be given in rhetorical times to histories of modest learning and research. It was the ambition of Southey, who was an admirable biographer, to excel in history also. In Brazil and in the Peninsular war he found excellent subjects, but his treatment was not brilliant enough to save his books from becoming obsolete. The second of these was, indeed, almost immediately superseded by Sir W. Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, a masterpiece of military erudition.

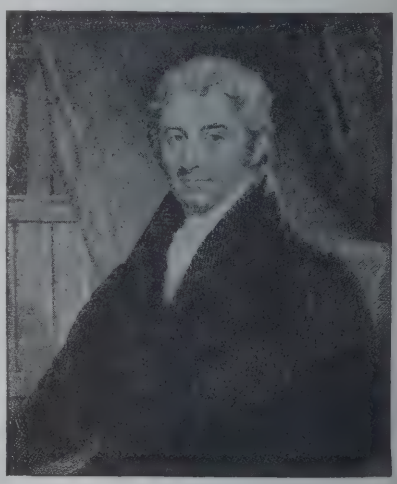
William Mitford (1744–1827), who belonged to an old Northumbrian family, was born in London on the 10th of February 1744. He was educated at Cheam School, and at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1761 he succeeded to a valuable estate in Hampshire, and on coming of age determined to devote himself entirely to history. He became, eventually, Verdurer of the New Forest, and was a

member of two parliaments, but the real business of his life was the preparation of his *History of Greece*, which appeared in successive volumes from 1784 to 1810. He was a great enemy of democratic forms of government, as his principal pleasure, as Byron says, "consisted in praising tyrants." Mitford died on the 8th of February 1827. **Sharon Turner** (1768–1847) was a London attorney, who published a *History of England to the Norman Conquest* in 1799, and later on a *History of England in the Middle Ages*. A more interesting figure was that of **John Lingard** (1771–1851), who was the son of a carpenter at Winchester. He was educated at the English College at Douai, and stayed there nine years, being trained for the Catholic priesthood. When the seminary of Crook Hall was formed in 1794, Lingard became one of its original members, and continued there until the community, in 1808, was merged in Ushaw. In 1811, having declined the presidency of Maynooth College, he withdrew to Hornby, near Lancaster, where he spent forty years, immersed in historical research. In 1825 he was secretly made Cardinal, a title which at that time could not be assumed in England. Lingard's great *History of England* appeared in eight volumes between 1819 and 1830. He died at Hornby, 17th July 1851. **Sir William Francis Patrick Napier** (1785–1860) was born at Celbridge, County Kildare, on the 17th of December 1785. He entered the army in 1800, and after seeing a great deal of active service, retired in 1819 and settled in London. His *History of the Peninsular War* was published in six volumes between 1828 and 1840. From 1842 to 1847 Napier lived in Guernsey, as Lieutenant-Governor. He died at Clapham Park on the 10th of February 1860.



William Mitford

From a Drawing by H. Edridge

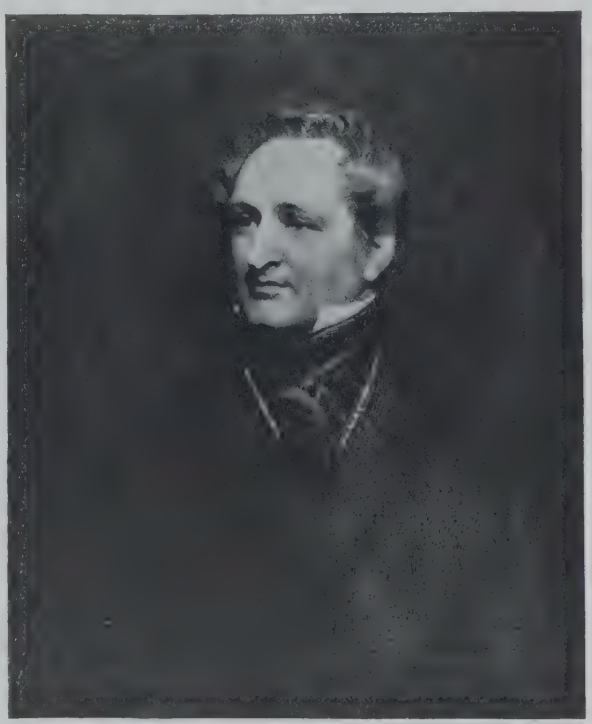


John Lingard

After a Portrait by James Ramsay

Hallam These names, however, merely lead us up to that of HENRY HALLAM, whose *View of the Middle Ages*, in 1818, announced to the world a brilliantly gifted writer on political history. His *Constitutional History of England* came nine years later. In his old age Hallam made a track through the previously pathless waste of general European literature. His gravity is supported by a vast basis of solid knowledge, his judgment is sane and balanced, and to his immediate contemporaries his style appeared remarkable

for "succinctness and perspicuous beauty." But the modern writer is not so well pleased with Hallam, who begins to be the Georgian type of the falsely impressive. His felicities are those which Macaulay emphasised and carried to a further precision; his faults are his own, and they are a want of intuitive sympathy with the subject under discussion, and a monotonous and barren pomp of delivery which never becomes easy or flexible. The far-famed "judgment," too, of Hallam is not as wide as we could wish. He is safe only in the discussion of recognised types, and the reader searches his critical pages in vain for signs of the recognition of an eccentric or abnormal talent. The most laudable tendency of the historians of this age, seen in Hallam, indeed, but even more plainly in secondary writers, such as P. F. Tytler, William Coxe, the memoir-writer, and James Mill, was towards the adoption of a scientific accuracy. It was the aim of these men to reject mere legend and rhetorical superstition, and to build, as one of them said, "the history of a country upon unquestionable muniments." In this way they pointed directly to that scientific school of history which has been one of the glories of the later years of the nineteenth century.



Henry Hallam

From an Engraving by Cousins of the Portrait by Thomas Phillips

Henry Hallam (1777–1859) was the son of a Dean of Bristol, and was born at Windsor on the 9th of July 1777. He was entered at Eton in 1790, and remained there until he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, in April 1795. He took his degree there in 1799, and became a student at the Inner Temple; he was called to the bar in July 1802. Beyond these bare facts, however, little is recorded of Hallam's early life, except that he was identified with the Whigs of the *Edinburgh Review*. His political friends secured him from all anxiety by providing him with a commissionship of records, afterwards of stamps, a post which he held from 1806 to 1826. He married in 1807, and began to devote himself entirely to historical research. His first great production, *A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, was published in 1818, and was the earliest comprehensive survey of

modern history which had been attempted. In 1827 Hallam produced his *Constitutional History of England*, bringing the subject down to the reign of George III. In spite of the impartiality of the author, this work was attacked in the Tory press as "the production of a decided partisan." Hallam turned from the thorny paths of political history to *belles-lettres*, and from 1837 to 1839 produced the four ample volumes of his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*. Before this he had suffered the loss of his highly-gifted son, Arthur Henry Hallam (1811–1833), whose grace and promise are passionately celebrated by Tennyson in *In Memoriam;* the historian published his son's remains, with a short life, in 1834. In 1852 he made a selection of his own literary essays. Hallam bore repeated domestic sorrow with dignified resignation, and died, full of years and honours, at his house at Penshurst, on the 21st of January 1859.

FROM "A VIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE."

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers would have rioted without control if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the record of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

The Novelists The splendid achievements of Miss Austen in the novel and Sir Walter Scott in romance tended somewhat to the discouragement of their immediate successors. The Waverley Novels continued to be poured forth, in rapid and splendid succession, throughout the years which we are now considering, and they obscured the fame of all possible rivals. Yet there were, during this period, secondary writers, independent of the influence of Scott, whose novels possessed sterling merit. From that interesting Scottish author, MARY BRUNTON, whose *Self-Control* and *Discipline* are excellent precursors of a long series of "kail-yard" fiction, there naturally descended the delightful Miss SUSAN FERRIER, whose *Marriage* charmed not only the author of *Waverley*, but a host of lesser readers, by its lively humour and its delicious satire of many types of Scotch womanhood. Miss Ferrier would be a Doric Jane Austen were her skill in the evolution of a plot a

little better trained, and her delineation of character a little more sternly restrained from caricature. The story of her delicate tact in soothing the shattered faculties of Sir Walter Scott has endeared Miss Ferrier to thousands who never read her three amusing novels. Miss JANE PORTER reproduced Scott's historical effects in a kind of chromolithography, but not without some dashing merit of design. J. G. LOCKHART, though Scott's son-in-law, was not his disciple in four novels of a modern and more or less psychological class. *Adam Blair* is the best of these, and escapes the frigidity of the author's one classical romance, *Valerius*, a highly accomplished attempt to resuscitate domestic society under Trajan.

Susan Edmonston Ferrier (1782–1854) was the daughter of James Ferrier, factor to the Duke of Argyll, and was born in Edinburgh on the 7th of September 1782. Her father was afterwards associated with Sir Walter Scott as one of the clerks of session, and she became acquainted with the great novelist at least as early as 1811. In the inception of her first romance, *Marriage*, Miss Ferrier was helped by a Miss Clavering, but the actual writing was her own. This book was well received, and Sir Walter greeted the lady as "my sister shadow." After the marriage of her sisters and the death of her mother, Susan kept house for her father in Edinburgh until 1829. Her second novel, *The Inheritance*, appeared in 1824, and her third and last, *Destiny*, in 1831. During Sir Walter Scott's last illness Miss Ferrier was asked to come to Abbotsford to help to cheer him, and her aid was deeply appreciated, for, as Lockhart says, "she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it." She left very interesting notes of her twenty years' friendship with Scott. Miss Ferrier lived on until November 5, 1854, when she died in her house in Edinburgh.

Mary Brunton

From an Engraving

Mrs. Mary Brunton (1778–1818) was the daughter of Colonel Balfour of Elwick, and was born at Burrey, in Orkney, on the 1st of November 1778. She married Mr. Brunton, the minister of Bolton, East Lothian. Her first novel, *Self-Control*, was published in 1811; her second, *Discipline*, in 1814; her third, *Emmeline*, was left unfinished at the time of her death, December 7, 1818.

Jane Porter (1776–1850), to whom Sir Walter Scott told stories of witches and warlocks when she was a little girl, became the author of two excessively popular romances, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803, and *The Scottish Chiefs*, 1810, which gave her fame throughout the whole of Europe, and, in spite of their stilted artificiality, are not yet forgotten. She was one of the gifted children of an Irish officer, whose widow came to Scotland, and brought up her family in an atmosphere of romantic culture. Jane Porter died, unmarried, at Bristol, on the 24th of May 1850.

John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854) was the son of the minister of Cambusnethan in Lanarkshire, in the manse of which he was born on the 14th of July 1794. The family removed in his infancy to Glasgow, where he was educated, until in 1809 he went up to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a bachelor's degree in 1817. But in 1813 he had settled into the study of Scotch law at Edinburgh, being called to the bar in 1816. In 1818 his famous friendship with Sir Walter Scott began, and in 1820 he married Scott's daughter, Sophia, and settled at Chiefswood, near Abbotsford. Encouraged by his illustrious father-in-law, Lockhart now gave himself seriously to literature, publishing *Valerius* in 1821 and *Adam Blair* in 1822. In 1825 he was appointed editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and came to live in London. His famous *Life of Sir Walter Scott* appeared in seven volumes between 1836 and 1838. In late years Lockhart suffered many distressing bereavements, and his own health gave way. He resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly*, and withdrew to Italy, whence he returned to die at Abbotsford on the 25th of November 1854. He was buried, at the feet of Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey.

Jane Porter

After the Portrait by G. H. Harlow

FROM THE "LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT."

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.

They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new lease of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P.M. on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly

still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose.

Romance was continued on somewhat the same lines which had made Mrs. Radcliffe and Lewis so popular. The grisly story of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, by Maturin, with its horrible commerce with demons, and its

J. G. Lockhart

From a Drawing by D. Maclise

scenes of bombastic passion, dates from 1820. Mrs. Percy Shelley, as befitted the wife of so great a magician of language, reached a purer style and a more impressive imagination in her ghastly romance of *Frankenstein*, which has given an image (usually misquoted) to everyday English speech, and may still be read with genuine terror and pity. A very spirited and yet gloomy novel, the *Anastasius* of Hope appeared at a time when the public were ablaze with the pretensions of Byron; the hero of this daring, piratical romance is all that the noble poet desired himself to be supposed to be. James Morier opened a series of tales of Oriental manners by the publication of *Hajji Baba;* the satire of Persian manners was brilliant enough and keen enough to call forth—so at least it was alleged—a remonstrance against this "very foolish business" from the Shah himself.

Morier was anxious to turn the enormous success of this his first book to account, but in further publications he was less successful. He tried to be serious, while his genius led him to the laughable.

Native talent and a hopeless absence of taste and judgment were never more strangely mingled than in John Galt, who, after vainly essaying every department of letters, published in middle life an admirable comic novel, the *Annals of the Parish*, and set all Scotland laughing. It is the autobiography of a country minister, and describes the development of society in a thriving lowland village with inimitable humour and whimsicality. Galt went on pouring forth novels almost until his death, but he never hit the target again so plainly in the bull's eye.

Charles Robert Maturin (1782–1824) was born obscurely in Dublin and entered Trinity College in 1798. He was ordained curate of Loughrea, and was then presented to a curacy at St. Peter's, Dublin. Here he attracted attention by his eccentricity and eloquence. He was very poor, and to eke out his income he began to publish preposterous "blood and thunder" romances, under the pseudonym of Dennis Jasper Murphy. In 1816, through the influence of Byron, his tragedy of *Bertram* was acted with great success at Drury Lane. His best novel, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, appeared in 1820. His life, which was very odd and wretched, closed in Dublin on the 30th of October 1824. **Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley** (1797–1851) was the daughter of William Godwin, by his first wife. She was born in London, ten days before the death of her mother, on the 30th of August 1797. She was under the age of seventeen when Shelley persuaded her to elope with him to France. After the suicide of Harriet, Shelley married Mary Godwin, at the close of 1816. After Shelley's death his widow returned to London and adopted literature as a profession. But she had already, in 1818, published her best work, *Frankenstein*. *Valyerga* appeared in 1823 and *The Last Man* in 1826. Her writings during the lifetime of Sir Timothy Shelley were, by an agreement, all anonymous. On the death of Sir Timothy, however, her son succeeded to the baronetcy, and her position became easy. She lived with her son until her death, 21st of February 1851, and was buried at Bournemouth.

C. R. Maturin

After a Drawing by W. Brocas

FROM "FRANKENSTEIN."

I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation, but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude

succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on to the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain. I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he uttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

John Galt (1779–1839) was the son of a captain in the West India trade, and was born at Irvine on the 2nd of May 1779. He became a Custom-house officer and then a journalist at Greenock, coming up to London to seek his fortune in 1804. For several years he led a wandering and uneasy life in Turkey, Greece, France, and finally Canada. He came back at last to Greenock, and died there on the 11th of April 1839. His life was one tangled skein of embarrassment and misspent activity. His best novels were the *Annals of the Parish*, 1821, and *The Entail*, 1823. **James Justinian Morier** (1780?–1849) was born at Smyrna, it is believed in 1780. He entered the diplomatic service, and was secretary of embassy in Persia, and long afterwards special commissioner in Mexico. He wrote many books, of which *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, 1824–28, has alone remained famous. He died at Brighton, March 19, 1849. The great rival of *Hajji Baba* in popularity was *Anastasius*, 1819, the author of which was **Thomas Hope** (1770?–1831), a Dutch merchant, born in Amsterdam, who came early to England and made a great fortune here. Each of these three novelists identified themselves more or less with the Oriental adventures of Byron, who declared that he wept bitterly when he read *Anastasius*, partly because he had not written it, partly because Hope had.

John Galt

After a Portrait by G. Hastings

From Galt's "Annals of the Parish."

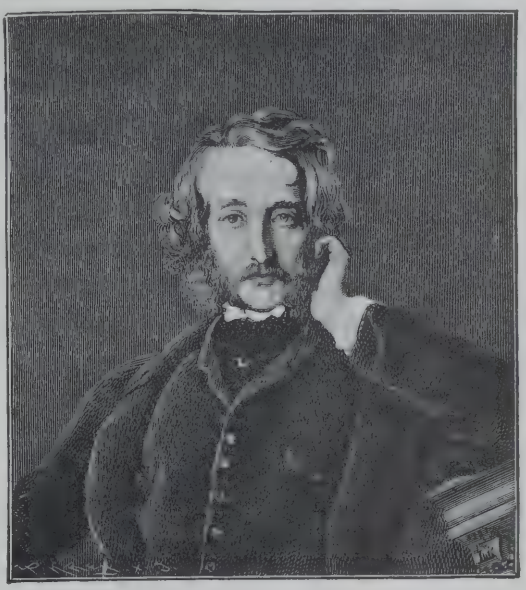
But the most memorable thing that befell among my people this year was the burning of the lint mill on the Lugton water, which happened, of all days in the year, on the self-same day that Miss Girzie Gilchrist, better known as Lady Skimmilk, hired the chaise from Mrs. Watts, of the New Inns of Irville, to go with her brother, the major, to consult the faculty in Edinburgh cencerning his complaints. For, as the chaise was coming by the mill, William Huckle, the miller that was, came flying out of the mill like a demented man, crying, Fire! and it was the driver that brought the melancholy tidings to the clachan. And melancholy they were, for the mill was utterly destroyed, and in it not a little of all that year's crop of lint in our parish. The first Mrs. Balwhidder lost upwards of twelve stone, which we had raised on the glebe with no small pains, watering it in the drouth, as it was intended for sarking to ourselves, and sheets and napery. A great loss indeed it was, and the vexation thereof had a visible effect on Mrs. Balwhidder's health, which from the spring had been in a dwining way. But for it, I think, she might have wrestled through the winter. However, it was ordered otherwise, and she was removed from mine to Abraham's bosom on Christmas Day, and buried on Hogmanay, for it was thought uncanny to have a dead corpse in the house on the New Year's Day. She was a worthy woman, studying with all her capacity to win the hearts of my people towards me; in which good work she prospered greatly, so that, when she died, there was not a single soul in the parish that was not contented with both my walk and conversation. Nothing could be more peaceable than the way we lived together. Her brother Andrew, a fine lad, I had sent to the college at Glasgow, at my own cost. When he came to the burial he stayed with me a month, for the manse after her decease was very dull. It was during this visit that he gave me an inkling of his wish to go out to India as a cadet; but the transactions anent that fall within the scope of another year, as well as what relates to her headstone, and the epitaph in metre, which I indicated myself thereon; John Truel the mason carving the same, as may be seen in the kirkyard, where it wants a little reparation and setting upright, having settled the wrong way when the second Mrs. Balwhidder was laid by her side. But I must not here enter upon an anticipation.

Thomas Hope

After a Portrait by G. P. Harding

Lytton Byron was scarcely dead before his influence began to display itself in the work of a multitude of writers of "fashionable" novels, dealing mainly with criminals of high birth, into the desperate texture of whose lives there was woven a thread of the ideal. In this school of fiction two young men rose to the highest distinction, and "thrilled the boys with dandy pathos" in a lavish profusion. Of these elegant and fluent novelists the younger made his appearance first, with *Vivian Grey*, in 1826, but his rival

was close behind him with *Falkland* and *Pelham*. Through the next twenty years they raced neck by neck for the suffrages of the polite. In that day EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, afterwards the first Lord LYTTON, seemed a genius of the very highest order, but it was early perceived that his dandiacal attitude was not perfectly sincere, that the graces of his style were too laboured and prolix, and that the tone of his novels fostered national conceit and prejudice at the expense of truth. His sentiment was mawkish, his creations were unsubstantial and often preposterous. But the public liked the fastidious elaborateness of a gentleman who catered for their pleasures "with his fingers covered with dazzling rings, and his feet delightfully pinched in a pair of looking-glass boots"; and Bulwer Lytton certainly possessed extraordinary gifts of activity, versatility, and sensitiveness to the requirements of his readers. What has shattered the once-glittering dome of his reputation is a reaction against what early readers of *Zanoni* called his "fearfully beautiful word-painting," his hollow rhetoric, his puerile horrors. Towards the end of his glorious career Lord Lytton contrived to prune his literary extravagances, and his latest works are his best.

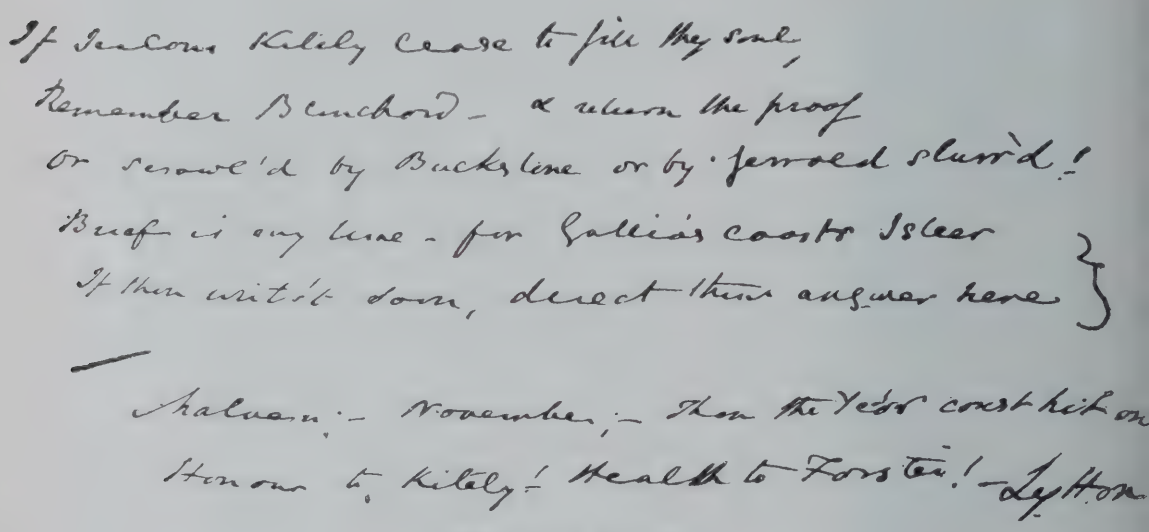


Edward Bulwer

From an Engraving of the Portrait by D. Maclise at Knebworth

The first **Lord Lytton (Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer,** afterwards **Bulwer-Lytton),** 1803–1873, was the third and youngest son of General Bulwer of Heydon Hall, Norfolk; his mother was a Lytton of Knebworth in Herts. He was born in London on the 25th of May 1803. He was privately educated, under the eye of his gifted mother; at the age of seventeen he published *Ismael*, a collection of Byronic poems. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at Easter 1822, but removed later in the same year to Trinity Hall. He published *Delmour* anonymously in 1823; in 1825 he won the Chancellor's medal with a poem on *Sculpture*. It was after taking his degree, in 1826, that Bulwer wrote his first romantic novel, *Falkland*. In 1827 he married Rosina Doyle Wheeler, settled at Pangbourne, and devoted himself to literature, producing, in quick succession, *Pelham*, 1828; *The Disowned* and *Devereux*, 1829; and *Paul Clifford*, 1830. He was henceforth one of the most active and popular authors of the day, and he moved into London to be at the centre of his interests. He entered Parliament in 1831. The most prominent of his next batch of publications were *Eugene Aram*, 1832;

Godolphin, 1833; and *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 1834. Bulwer now turned to historical romance, and achieved a marvellous success with *The Last Days of Pompeii* in 1834, and *Rienzi* in 1835. His marriage had proved a very unlucky one, and in 1836 he obtained a judicial separation. The next few years were those in which Bulwer held the stage with *The Duchess de la Vallière*, 1836; *The Lady of Lyons*, 1838; *Richelieu* and *The Rightful Heir*, 1839; and *Money*, 1840. In 1838 his political services were rewarded with a baronetcy, and in 1843, upon the death of his mother, he came into the Knebworth estates and assumed the name of Lytton. He re-entered Parliament in 1852, and served for some time as Colonial Secretary. In 1866 he was created Baron Lytton of Knebworth. Of his later

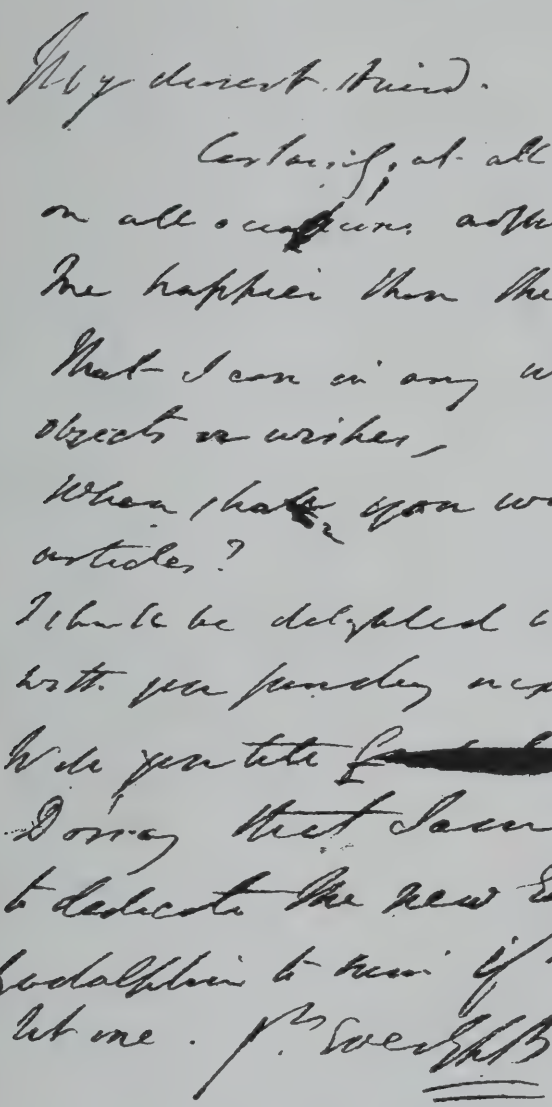


MS. Verses by Lytton

writings may be chronicled here, *Ernest Maltravers*, 1837; *Zanoni*, 1842; *The Last of the Barons*, 1843; *The Caxtons*, 1849; *My Novel*, 1853; *A Strange Story*, 1862; *The Coming Race*, 1871; and *Kenelm Chillingly*, 1873. Towards the close of his life he resided at Torquay, where he died on the 18th of January 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Bulwer-Lytton was a man of unbounded energy and versatility, who cultivated in public the languor of a dandy and the affectations of a fop to conceal the intensity with which he pursued his professional career. He lived with wasteful violence, and long before his death he suffered from a physical decay which his mental vigour belied. On other men of letters, such as Tennyson and Thackeray, his airs and graces, his schemes to "aristocratise the community," and the amazing oddities of his garb and speech, produced an effect that was almost maddening.

FROM "PELHAM."

Well, gentle reader (I love, by-the-bye, as you already perceive, that old-fashioned courtesy of addressing you)—well, to finish this part of my life, which, as it treats rather of my attempts at reformation than my success in error, must begin to weary you exceedingly, I acquired, more from my uncle's conversation than the books we read, a



e Letter from Bulwer to Lady Blessington, 1833 (or 1834)

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sufficient acquaintance with the elements of knowledge to satisfy myself, and to please my instructor. And I must say, in justification of my studies and my tutor, that I derived one benefit from them which has continued with me to this hour—viz., I obtained a clear knowledge of moral principle. Before that time, the little ability I possessed only led me into acts, which, I fear, most benevolent reader, thou hast already sufficiently condemned; my good feelings—for I was not naturally bad—never availed me the least when present temptation came into my way. I had no guide but passion; no rule but the impulse of the moment. What else could have been the result of my education? If I was immoral, it was because I was never taught morality? Nothing, perhaps, is less innate than virtue. I own that the lessons of my uncle did not work miracles—that, living in the world, I have not separated myself from its errors and its follies: the vortex was too strong—the atmosphere too contagious; but I have at least avoided the crimes into which my temper would most likely have driven me. I ceased to look upon the world as a game one was to play fairly, if possible—but where a little cheating was readily allowed: I no longer divorced the interests of other men from my own: if I endeavoured to blind them, it was neither by unlawful means, nor for a purely selfish end:—if—but come, Henry Pelham, thou hast praised thyself enough for the present; and, after all, thy future adventures will best tell if thou art really amended.

Disraeli

To early contemporaries the novels of BENJAMIN DISRAELI, long afterwards Earl of BEACONSFIELD, seemed more extravagant and whimsical than even those of Bulwer. Disraeli, too, belonged to the great company of the dandies — to the Brummels and Lauzuns of literature. His early novels were baffling miscellanies of the wildest and the most foppish folly combined with rare political wit and a singular clairvoyance. A like inconsistency marked their style, which is now almost crazy in its incoherence, and now of a florid but restrained beauty to which Bulwer, with all his machinery of rhetoric, never attained. *Contarini Fleming* may be said to record a step towards the emancipation of English romance, in its extraordinary buoyancy of Byronic stimulus. But as a writer, Disraeli was at his best and steadily improving from *Venetia* to *Tancred*. In these novels he is less tawdry in his ornament, less glittering in his affectation of Voltairean epigram, less inflated and impracticable than in his earlier, and certainly than in his two latest novels, those curious fruits of his old age. The dandy style, of which Barbey d'Aurevilly was the contemporary type in France, is best studied in England in

Benjamin Disraeli

From a Portrait taken when a young man

Disraeli, whose novels, though they no longer appeal to the masses, preserve better than Bulwer's the attention of cultivated readers. In these Byronic novelists, who preserved for their heroes "the dear corsair expression, half savage, half soft," love of the romance of pure adventure was handed down, across Dickens and Thackeray, and in an indirect way Bulwer and Disraeli are the progenitors of the Ouidas and Rider Haggards of a later age.

Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881), **Earl of Beaconsfield**, was the son of Isaac Disraeli and of his wife Maria Basevi. He was born in London on the 21st of December 1804. The place of his birth is uncertain; among the addresses claimed for it are 215 Upper Street, Islington, and 6 John Street, Bedford Row. In 1817 his father inherited a fortune, and moved into a large house in Bloomsbury Square. At the same time the family left the Jewish communion, and on the 31st of July Disraeli was baptized into the English Church. He was sent to a Unitarian school at Walthamstow, and in 1821 he was articled to a solicitor in Old Jewry. When it was still not decided what profession he should choose, he wrote *Vivian Grey*, 1826, an absurd and daring novel, which produced a considerable sensation. Disraeli now became the victim of a curious illness, a sort of vertigo, which made professional study impossible to him. He retired to his father's country-house at Bradenham, in Buckinghamshire, for several years. Here he wrote several of his best early works, *Popanilla*, *Ixion in Heaven*, and *The Young Duke*. As his health grew no better, foreign travel was recommended, and in 1828 he started for the Mediterranean, lingering long, and reaching Jerusalem in 1831. With health restored, Disraeli came back to England and burst upon London as a literary lion. His fantastic appearance—"velvet coat thrown wide open, shirt collar turned down in Byronic fashion, elaborate embroidered waistcoat, from which issued voluminous folds of frill, black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and person redolent with perfume"—increased the curiosity with which his books were read. *Contarini Fleming* was published in 1832, *Alroy* in 1833, and *The Revolutionary Epic* in 1834. Disraeli dazzled society with an extraordinary mixture of ardour and calculated affectation. In 1837 he published *Venetia* and *Henrietta Temple*, and entered Parliament. In 1838 he married a widow,

House in Upper Street, Islington, the supposed Birthplace of Disraeli

Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, who proved the most devoted of wives, and who died as Viscountess Beaconsfield in 1872. Disraeli, in spite of increasing political distractions, continued to write novels—*Coningsby*, 1844; *Sybil*, 1845; and *Tancred*, 1847—until he became leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and could spare no more leisure for this kind of work. He was silent as an imaginative writer for nearly a quarter of a century, climbing one by one to the pinnacle of political celebrity. In 1868 he became Prime Minister for a short time. In an interval of repose Disraeli turned to literature again, and published in 1870 the novel of *Lothair*, the most famous book of its year. He became Prime Minister for the second time in 1874, and enjoyed a lengthy period of power, in the course of which, in 1876, he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Beaconsfield. The Tories fell in 1880, and Lord Beaconsfield withdrew to his estate at Hughenden, where he took up an unfinished novel, *Endymion*, and immediately finished it. He now lived as a country gentleman, devoted to "his peacocks, his swans, his lake, and his chalk stream," though without definitely retiring from politics. He was disappointed, however, and his energy was failing. A severe chill, acting upon gout, was fatal to him, and he died on the 19th of April 1881. He was offered a public funeral, but he had left instructions that he was to be buried beside his wife at Hughenden. Disraeli was a man of extraordinary physique, "lividly pale," with snaky clusters of jet-black hair, "eyes as black as Erebus, and the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable." In wit, in clairvoyance, and in a sort of inspired impertinence, he was without an equal in his own generation.

From "Tancred."

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose, except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind: why

is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Peacock A very peculiar talent—in its fantastic nature, perhaps, more delicate and original than any of these—was that of THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, the learned friend and correspondent of Shelley. This interesting satirist displayed a survival of the eighteenth-century temper in nineteenth-century forms, and thought of Voltaire when the rest of the world was thinking of Scott, whom Peacock considered "amusing only because he misrepresented everything." The new was singularly odious to him; it was only in the old, the classical, the Attic, that he could take any pleasure. The poetry of Peacock, both serious and ludicrous, has a charm of extreme elegance; but the qualities of his distinguished mind are best observed in his curious satirical or grotesque romances, seven in number, of which *Headlong Hall* was the first, and *Nightmare Abbey* doubtless the most entertaining. His latest novel, *Gryll Grange*, appeared so late as 1860, and Peacock outlived all his contemporaries, dying at a great age in 1866. He totally disregarded English traditions of romance-writing, and followed the eighteenth-century type of French *conte*. In his eccentric, discursive way, he is the most ingenious English writer of the age, and after almost passing into oblivion, he is once more becoming a prominent favoriute with readers of fastidious taste.

Thomas Love Peacock

From a Photograph

Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866) was the only child of Samuel Peacock, a London merchant, and his wife, Sarah Love. He was born at Weymouth on the 18th of October 1785. His father dying in 1788, the child was brought up at Chertsey by his grandfather and his mother. He was educated for a little while at a private school at Englefield, but attended no public school or university. With the consent of his mother, he educated himself, becoming one of the first classical scholars of his time. In 1808 he was appointed secretary to Sir Home Popham, and in 1812 his friendship with Shelley began. He had already published several volumes of no importance; his real talent was now revealed to him, and he issued *Headlong*

beatings of their ~~sounds~~ ~~of~~ multitudinous feet ~~—~~ mingled with the trampling of horses, and the yet unseen the full sounds of the bugles. Last appeared the cavalry, issuing from the woods, and ranging themselves in a semicircle, from horn to horn of the rope fencing. The open space, was filled with deer, terrified by the chace, confused by their own numbers, and rushing in all directions. ~~Many~~ the greater part through the part opening many trying to leap the rope fencing, in which a few were hurt; and one or two succeeded: escaping to their old haunts, most probably to furnish Robin Hood with his last venison feast. By degrees, the mass grew thinner: at last, all had disappeared: the rope fencing shut up the parts for the night: the cavalry rode off towards Windsor: and all again was silent.

This was, without any exception, the most ~~beautiful~~ beautiful sight I ever witnessed: but I saw it with deep regret: for, with the expulsion of the deer, the life of the old scenes was gone, and I have always looked back on that day, as the last day of Windsor Forest.

T L Peacock.

Page of Peacock's MS.

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Hall in 1816; this was followed by *Melincourt* in 1817 and *Nightmare Abbey* in 1818. In 1819 Peacock secured a place in the East India House, and in 1823 settled at Lower Halliford, which was his home for the remainder of his long life. He published the remarkable poem called *Rhododaphne* in 1818, and other novels, *Maid Marian*, 1822; *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, 1829; *Crochet Castle*, 1831; and after thirty years' retirement, *Gryll Grange* in 1861. All the works here mentioned appeared in the first instance anonymously. Peacock died on the 23rd of January 1866.

FROM "MAID MARIAN."

"The abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey-chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnize the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout-stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel, but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridemaidens were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover, but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honour and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill; and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding"; but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions, for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

The fourth decade of this century was, on the whole, a period of rest and exhaustion in the literature of this country. In poetry it was marked by the disappearance into silence of those who had done most to make the age what it was, a time of progress and revolt. The younger poets were dead, their elder brethren were beginning to pass away, and those who survived the longest, in particular Wordsworth and Landor, continued to add to the bulk, but not signally to the value of their works. Yet Tennyson, little observed or praised, was now producing the most exquisite and the most brilliantly varied of his lyrics. Discouraged at his reception, he had published, when this chapter closes, nothing since 1833. The solitary young poet who deserved to be mentioned in the same breath, Elizabeth Barrett, was famous before 1840, but not for those pieces of which her riper taste chiefly approved, or those for which posterity is still admiring her after sixty years. In this lull of the poetic world the voice of Robert Browning was yet unheard, though it had spoken out in *Paracelsus* and *Strafford*. But the sportive fancy of THOMAS HOOD, already nearing the close of his brief life, was highly appreciated, and PRAED, though still uncollected, had left a splendid memory to his friends.

Hood Where poets were so few, the pure talent of HARTLEY COLERIDGE, the greater S. T. Coleridge's eldest, unhappy son, may claim a word. A group of dramatist and lyrical writers, among whom BEDDOES is by far the greatest, link the generation of Keats and Shelley with that of Tennyson and the Brownings; but most of them are nebulous, and the most eminent mere asteroids in comparison with the planets which preceded and followed them.

Thomas Hood (1799–1845) belonged to a family of Perthshire peasants. His father was a small publisher in the Poultry, where the poet was born on the 23rd of May 1799. He received some education at various private schools. In 1811 he lost his father and his elder brother, and his mother moved to Islington. Already the health of Thomas, who came of a very unsound family, was giving anxiety, and he was sent to live in Dundee. He grew so much stronger that in 1818 he was able to come back to London apparently cured, and he began to study to be an engraver. But he was drawn to literature, and in 1821 began to act as sub-editor to the "London Magazine." The death of his mother now left him in charge of a family of four sisters; in 1825 he married Jane, the sister of John Hamilton Reynolds, the poet and friend of Keats. This was the year of Hood's earliest appearance as an author with the anonymous *Odes and Addresses to Great People.* He was at this time introduced by Lamb to Coleridge as "a silentish young man, an invalid," but he was beginning to be well-known as a wit and punster, and in 1826 he achieved a partial success with *Whims and Oddities.* In 1827 the only book of serious poetry ever published by Hood, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, appeared, dedicated to Charles Lamb. None of these publications, however, really took the town, and Hood withdrew for fifteen years from poetical composition. In 1829 the Hoods

Thomas Hood

After the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

went to live at Winchmore Hill, near Enfield, and it was from this retreat that he began to issue the *Comic Annual;* they moved in 1832 to Lake House, Wanstead, a romantic old building in a situation most unfavourable to Hood's health. He made it the site of his novel, *Tylney Hall*, in 1834. At the beginning of the next year, owing to the unexplained "failure of a firm," Hood became ruined and had to leave England to escape his creditors; he settled at Coblenz, and afterwards at Ostend, until 1840, when he returned to England. At Christmas, 1843, Hood became suddenly famous as the author, in "Punch," of *The Song of the Shirt.* But his success came too late; he was already dying of a slow disease of the heart, complicated by anxiety and trouble. After a long illness, rendered doubly distressing by poverty, Hood died at Hampstead on the 2nd of May 1845. Hood was not witty in society, but "thin and deaf, and very silent," with a solemn pale face and melancholy eyes.

Mrs. T. Hood (Jane Reynolds)
After the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

HOOD'S LAST STANZAS, WRITTEN FEBRUARY 1845.

Farewell, Life! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows crowd the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—

O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

C. Dickens Esqre

To ~~Dickens~~

On his Departure for America

Pshaw!—away with leaf & berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere he vessel leaves our river
I will drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a sale at home!—
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks,
And his Passage be as clever
As the best among his Works.

T Hood.

31. Dec.r
1841.

Verses of Hood's to Charles Dickens on his Departure for America

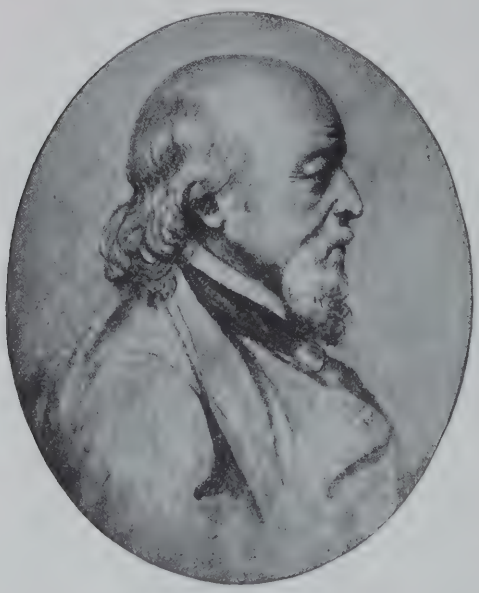
At one time the claim of **Joanna Baillie** (1762–1851) to be included among the English poets was almost universally conceded. Her *Plays on the Passions* (1798–1812) were successful, both as books, and as acted by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. But neither these nor her once greatly praised ballads have retained

their charm. **Hartley Coleridge** (1796–1849) was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and was born at Clevedon in Somerset on the 19th of September 1796. He was brought up in the Lakes among the great friends of his father, and early attracted the admiration of Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, and De Quincey by his brilliant precocity. After going to school at Ambleside, he proceeded in 1815 to New Inn Hall, Oxford, afterwards joining Merton College. In 1819 he was elected a fellow of Oriel, but was deprived of his fellowship in the following year, under distressing circumstances, and spent some years very painfully in London. In 1823 he was persuaded to return to Ambleside, and for some years he lived precariously by teaching. During a brief experience as reader to a publisher at Leeds, Hartley Coleridge appeared as an author for the first and last time with his *Biographia Borealis* and his *Poems*, both dated 1833. He lived quietly and meekly at Grasmere, until his death on the 6th of January 1849. **Winthrop Mackworth Praed** (1802–1839), a brilliant figure at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was the most graceful writer of society verses between Prior and Mr. Austin Dobson. The only important work he published in book-form in his lifetime was *Lilian*, 1823. Praed's poems were first collected after his death, and in America, in 1844. **Thomas Lovell Beddoes** (1803–1849) was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Beddoes, a famous physician of Bristol, where the poet was born on the 20th of July 1803; his mother was a sister of Maria Edgeworth. He was educated at Bath Grammar School and at the Charterhouse, and began to devote himself to poetry at the age of fourteen. In 1820 he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford, where in 1821 he published *The Improvisators*. This was followed in 1822 by *The Bride's Tragedy*. These are the only books of his which appeared in Beddoes' lifetime. He took his degree in 1825, left Oxford, and determined to devote himself to medicine. The greater part of the rest of his life was spent in Germany in isolation from all his family and English friends; he took his medical degree at Würzburg in 1832, and practised as a physician in Zürich. He became extremely melancholy, restless, and neurotic, formed extravagant relations, and on the 26th of January 1849 committed suicide in the hospital at Basle. His principal work, *Death's Jest-Book*, was published in 1850, and his *Poems* in 1851. He was a very mysterious person of whom little definite is known; in late life he "let his beard grow, and looked like Shakespeare." **Richard Henry (or Hengist) Horne** (1803–1884) was born in London on the 1st of January 1803. He was taught at the school in Edmonton

Joanna Baillie

After a Portrait by Sir W. Newton

which Keats had recently left, and to the end of his life would boast of having thrown a snowball at that great man. Horne early drifted upon a life of restless and prolonged adventure. He volunteered as a midshipman in the war of Mexican independence, and fought in 1839 against Spain. He afterwards wandered long in the United States and in Canada; and after he had returned to London and adopted the profession of letters, the gold craze took him in 1852 to Australia. His earliest publication of value was the romantic drama of *Cosmo de Medici* in 1837. His epic of *Orion*, 1843, was sold at the published price of a farthing, and achieved wide notoriety. His drama of *Judas Iscariot* was printed in 1848. Horne, who was a little man of unusual physical strength and endurance, became in later days an odd figure with his milk-white ringlet-curls and abrupt gestures. His friendship with Elizabeth Barrett Browning resulted in certain interesting conjunct productions, particularly in the letters published in 1876. Horne died at Margate, from the result of an accident, on the 13th of March 1884.



Richard Horne

After a Portrait by Margaret Gillies

SONNET BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doating, ask'd not why it floated,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find, how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair Beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

SONG FROM THE FRAGMENT OF "TORRISMOND" OF BEDDOES.

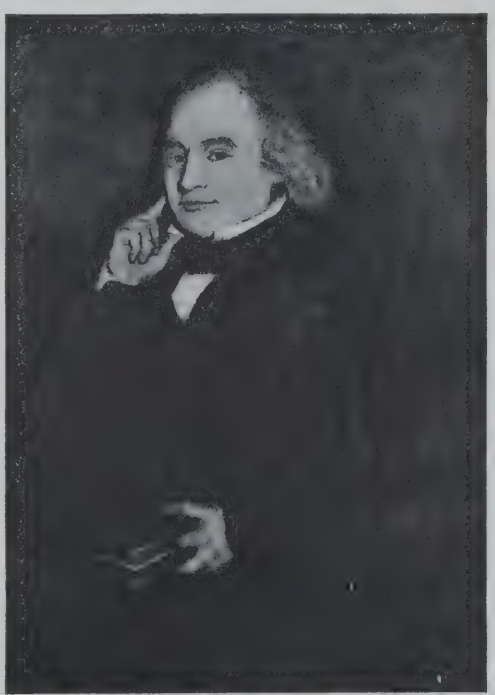
How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:—
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many heads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain
Unravelled from the tumbling main
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love, again.

FROM HORNE'S "ORION."

At length, when night came folding round the scene,
And golden lights grew red and terrible,
Flashed torch and spear, while reed-pipes deeper blew
Sonorous dirges and melodious storm,
And timbrels groaned and jangled to the tones
Of high-sustaining horns,—then, round the blaze,
Their shadows brandishing afar and athwart
Over the level space and up the hills,
Six Giants held portentous dance, nor ceased
Till one by one in bare Bacchante arms,
Brimful of nectar, helplessly they rolled
Deep down oblivion. Sleep absorbed their souls.

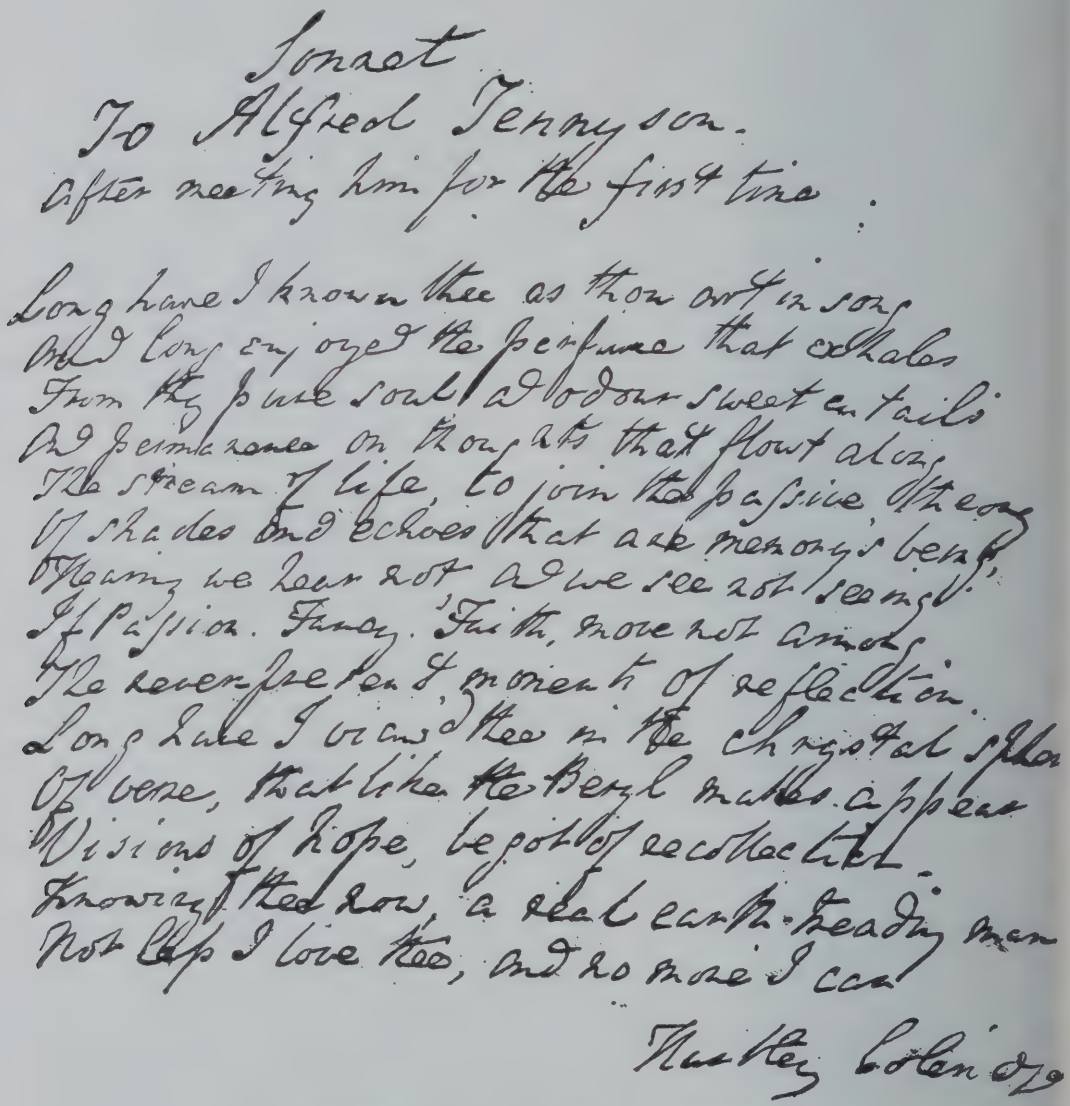
In prose more vigorous influences were at work. In 1825 Macaulay marked an epoch in criticism by contributing to the *Edinburgh Review* his elaborate article on Milton, the earliest example in English of the modern *étude*, or monograph in miniature, which has since become so popular a province of letters. When our period closes, Macaulay is a Cabinet minister. His career as an essayist was mainly prior to 1840, at which date he had shown himself neither ballad-writer nor historian. In his famous reviews he created a species of literature, partly biographical, partly critical, which had an unrivalled effect in raising the average of cultivation. Countless readers found in the pages of Macaulay's *Essays* their earliest stimulus to independent thought and the humane study of letters. Carlyle, five years the senior of Macaulay, had been much slower in reaching the great mass of the public. His graceful *Life of Schiller* (1825) having failed to achieve a world-wide sensation, Carlyle deliberately and most successfully set himself to insist upon attention by



Hartley Coleridge

After a Portrait in the possession of Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq.

adopting a style of extreme eccentricity, full of Germanisms, violently abrupt and tortuously parenthetical, a lingo which had to be learned like a foreign language. In the reception ultimately given to *Sartor Resartus* (1834) he was assured of the success of his stratagem, and he continued, to his


Sonnet
To Alfred Tennyson.
After meeting him for the first time.

Long have I known thee as thou art in song
And long enjoyed the perfume that exhales
From thy pure soul, a odour sweet on gales
And permanence on thought that flout along
The stream of life, to join the passive throng
Of shades and echoes that ask memory's bent
Hearing we hear not and we see not seeing.
Of passion. Fancy. Faith, more not amidst
The never-pausing moment of reflection.
Long like I oft see thee in the chrystal sphere
Of verse, that like the Beryl makes appear
Visions of hope, be pat of recollection.
Knowing I find now, a real earth-treading man
Not all I love thee, and no more I can!

Hartley Coleridge

Sonnet by Hartley Coleridge to Tennyson

eminent advantage, to write, not in English, but in Carlylese for the remainder of his life.

The names crowd upon us as we endeavour to distinguish what literature was when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Marryat was at the climax of his rapidly won nautical fame; the cavaliers of G. P. R. James

riding down innumerable lonely roads; the first Lord Lytton was in the midst of the series of his elaborately heroical romances, not cast in gold, perhaps, but richly parcel-gilt; Disraeli had just culminated in *Henrietta Temple*. Such were the forces which up to 1840 were the most active in purely popular literature. None of them, perhaps, was of the highest order either in imagination or in style, but each in his own way was repeating and emphasising the lesson of the romantic revolution of 1798.

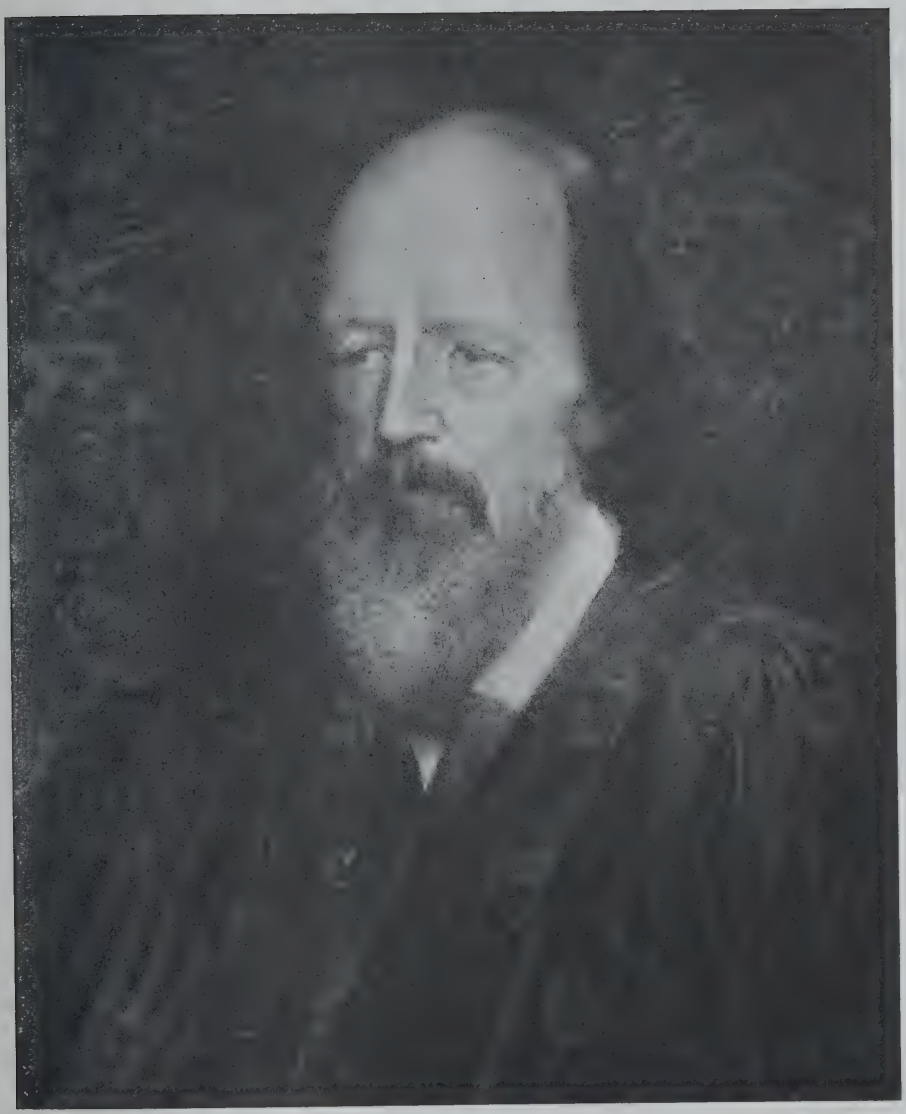
CHAPTER III

THE EARLY VICTORIAN AGE

1840–1870

In spite of the interesting elements which we have just endeavoured to indicate, the history of English literature between 1825 and 1840 was comparatively uneventful. The romantic revolution was complete: the new spirit had penetrated every corner of literary production, and the various strains introduced from Germany, from Celtic sources, from the resuscitated study of natural landscape, from the habit of contemplating radical changes in political, religious, and social ideas, had settled down into an accepted intellectual attitude, which itself threatened to become humdrum and conventional. But this menace of a new classicism passed away under the mental storm and stress which culminated in 1848 in a second and less radical revolution on the lines of that which was then half a century old. This was a revolution which had, in English literature, the effect of unsettling nothing that was valuable in the new romantic tradition, but of scouring it, as it were, of the dust and cobwebs which were beginning to cloud its surface, and of polishing it to the reflection of more brilliant and delicate aspects of nature.

In this second revival of thought and active expression the practice of publishing books grew with a celerity which baffles so succinct a chronicle as ours. It becomes, therefore, impossible from this point forwards to discuss with any approach to detail the careers of any but the most prominent authors. All that we can now hope to do is to show in some degree what was the general trend and what were the main branches of this refreshed and giant body of literature. Between the accession of Queen Victoria and the breaking out of the war with Russia the profession of letters flourished in this country as it had never done before. It is noticeable that in the first years of the century the men of genius are sharply distinguished from the herd of negligible men of talent. We recognise some ten or twelve names so far isolated from all the rest that, with little injustice, criticism may concentrate its attention on these alone. But in the second revival this was not the case; the gradations are infinitely slow, and a sort of accomplished cleverness, highly baffling to the comparative critic, brings us down from the summit, along innumerable slopes and invidiously gentle



Lord Tennyson.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLYER, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

THE LIBRARY
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undulations. Nowhere is it more difficult to know whom to mention and whom to omit.

In poetry, a body of writing which had been kept back by the persistent public neglect of its immediate inspirers, Shelley and Keats, took advantage of the growing fame of these authors to insist on recognition for itself. Hence, although Alfred Tennyson had been a published author since 1826, the real date of his efflorescence as a great, indisputable power in poetry is 1842; Elizabeth Barrett, whose first volume appeared in 1825, does not make her definite mark until 1844; and Robert Browning, whose *Pauline* is of 1833, begins to find readers and a discreet recognition in 1846, at the close of the series of his *Bells and Pomegranates*. These three writers, then, formed a group which it is convenient to consider together: greatly dissimilar in detail, they possessed distinctive qualities in common; we may regard them as we do Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, or Byron, Shelley, and Keats. The vogue, however, of this latest cluster of poets was destined to develop more slowly, perhaps, but much more steadily and for a longer period than that of any previous trio. After fifty years of production and increasing popularity two of them were still amongst us, in the enjoyment of an almost unparalleled celebrity. It is important, so far as possible, to clear away from our minds the impression which half a century of glory has produced, and to see how these poets struck their first candid admirers in the forties.

Tennyson

In the first place, it is obvious that their unquestionable merits were dimmed by what were taken to be serious defects of style. Oddly enough, it was ALFRED TENNYSON who was particularly assailed for faults which we now cheerfully admit in Miss Barrett, who to her own contemporaries seemed the most normal of the three. That Keats was "misdirected" and "unripe" had been an unchallenged axiom of the critical faculty; but here were three young writers who were calmly accepting the formulas of Keats and of "his deplorable friend Mr. Shelley," and throwing contempt on those so authoritatively laid down by the *Edinburgh Review*. Tennyson was accused of triviality, affectation, and quaintness. But his two volumes of 1842 were published at a moment when public taste was undergoing a radical change. The namby-pamby of the thirties was disgusting the younger men, and the new burden imposed by the Quarterlies was being

Alfred Tennyson

From a Portrait by Samuel Laurence, 1838

tossed from impatient shoulders. When R. H. Horne, in 1844, called upon Englishmen to set aside "the thin gruel of Kirke White" and put to their lips "the pure Greek wine of Keats," he not only expressed a daring conviction to which many timider spirits responded, but he enunciated a critical opinion which the discussions of fifty years have not superseded.

What such candid spirits delighted in in the Tennyson of 1842 was the sensuous comprehensiveness of his verse. He seemed to sum up, in a composite style to which he gradually gave a magic peculiarly his own, the

Somersby Rectory, the Birthplace of Tennyson

finest qualities of the school that had preceded him. He studied natural phenomena as closely as Wordsworth had, his melodies were almost as liquid and aerial as those of Coleridge, he could tell a story as well as Campbell, his songs were as pure and ecstatic as Shelley's, and for depth and splendour of colour Keats hardly surpassed him. As soon, therefore, as the general public came to recognise him, he enchanted it. To an enthusiastic listener the verse of Tennyson presently appeared to sum up every fascinating pleasure which poetry was competent to offer, or if anything was absent, it was supposed to be the vigour of Byron or the manly freshness of Scott. To the elements he collected from his predecessors he added a sense of decorative beauty, faintly archaic and Italian, an unprecedented refinement and high finish in the execution of verse, and a philosophical sympathy with the broad outlines of such

social and religious problems as were engaging the best minds of the age. Those who approached the poetry of Tennyson, then, were flattered by its polished and distinguished beauty, which added to their own self-respect, and were repelled by none of those austerities and violences which had estranged the early readers of Wordsworth and Shelley.

Alfred Tennyson, the first Lord Tennyson (1809–1892), was the fourth of the twelve children of the Rev. George Tennyson and his wife, Elizabeth Fytche. He was born in the rectory of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, on the 6th of August 1809. In 1815 he was sent to the Louth grammar school, and five years later returned home to be prepared for college by his father. He began to write verses, copiously, when he was twelve, in company with his elder brothers, Frederick (1807–1898) and Charles (1808–1879). The three combined in a volume, which was nevertheless called *Poems by Two Brothers*, in 1827. In February of the next year Charles and Alfred proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Tennyson soon became the centre of a brilliant group of friends. In 1829 he gained the Chancellor's Medal for his poem called *Timbuctoo*, and in 1830 appeared his *Poems chiefly Lyrical*. Among his leading friends at Cambridge were Trench, Monckton Milnes, Spedding, Thompson, FitzGerald, and above all, A. H. Hallam. The volume of 1830 attracted little outside notice, except from those to whom these friends introduced it, but it won the close attention of S. T. Coleridge. In the summer of this year Tennyson and Hallam volunteered in the army of the Spanish insurgent, Torrijos, and marched about in the Pyrenees, but were never under fire. Tennyson left Cambridge in February 1831, and made Somersby his residence, his father at this time dying, but the family being allowed to stay in the rectory until 1837. Tennyson was now in excellent health and at the height of his genius; he was writing abundantly and delighting in the friendship of Hallam, who was engaged to the poet's sister, Emily. The result of these months was given to the world in the marvellous *Poems* of 1833, a book which, in spite of the trans-

Somersby Church

Clevedon Church

cendent beauty of its contents, met with a reception from the critics which greatly depressed and angered the poet. In the subsequent autumn (September 15, 1833), Arthur Hallam died very suddenly in a hotel in Vienna. Tennyson's nerves were violently shaken, and after this event his health "became variable and his spirits indifferent." Until after the burial of Hallam at Clevedon in January 1834 he wrote nothing; but as his mind grew calmer, he began the *Idylls of the King* and *In Memoriam*, and once more spent the quiet years in his Lincolnshire village in a uniform devotion of his whole soul to the art of poetry. When the Tennysons were at length obliged to leave Somersby, they moved to High Beech, in Epping Forest; the poet was now attached and "quasi-betrothed" to Emily Sellwood. In 1840 the family moved to Tunbridge Wells, and in 1841 to Boxley, near Maidstone. It was now nearly ten years since Tennyson, greatly discouraged, had broken silence with the public, but in 1842 he consented, after much debate, to publish, in two volumes, his *Poems*, new and old. In this collection appeared for the first time the modern narratives, mostly in blank verse, which he then called "Idylls," such as "The Gardener's Daughter," and "Dora," as well as lyrical and epical studies of a graver kind, such as "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," and "Œnone." The book made an instant sensation, and it is from 1842 that the universal fame of Tennyson must be dated. Unfortunately, he needed encouragement, for a speculator had tempted him to sell his little estate, and to invest all his property in a "Patent Decorative Carving Company." In a few months the scheme collapsed and Tennyson was left penniless. The loss affected him so severely that his life was despaired of, and he had to be placed in the charge of a hydropathic physician at Cheltenham, where his peace of mind very gradually returned. In 1845 he was raised from the most grinding poverty by a pension of £200 bestowed by Sir Robert Peel. He was nervously prostrated again in 1847, and underwent treatment at Prestbury. About this time *The Princess* was published, and pleased a wide circle of readers. Tennyson's home was now at Cheltenham. In 1850 *In Memoriam*, on which he had been engaged for many years, was published anonymously, and in June of the same year he married Emily Sellwood at Shiplake. This was a most fortunate union; as Tennyson said long afterwards, "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her." Before the year was out he had succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. The Tennysons settled at Warninglid, on the South Downs, and then at Twickenham. In 1851 they made the tour in Italy, many incidents of which are recorded in "The Daisy." The *Ode on the Death of the*

Tennyson's Rooms in Corpus Buildings, Cambridge

Duke of Wellington was published in November 1852, and a year later Tennyson bought the house and farm of Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which he made his home. In 1854 he published *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and in July 1855 an important volume, *Maud*, containing, beside some pieces already mentioned, "The Brook," and "Will." There was now a sharp reaction against his popularity, and the reception of this admirable book was in part very severe; Tennyson, always unduly sensitive, was much wounded. He withdrew among his ilexes at Farringford, and for some years little was heard of him. In 1859 he reappeared with the first series of the *Idylls of the King*, which achieved a popular success far exceeding anything experienced by Tennyson before, or by any other poet of his time. It was not generally guessed that these first four idylls ("Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere") were fragments of an epic on the Fall of the Table Round, which Tennyson was preparing all his life. He now turned his attention to another branch of the same mystical theme, the story of the Holy Grail. In 1862 he was presented to Queen Victoria, whose constant favour he thenceforward enjoyed; on the death of Prince Albert, he dedicated the next edition of the *Idylls of the King* to his memory, "since he held them dear." In 1864 Tennyson published a volume of domestic and modern pieces, under the general title of *Enoch Arden, &c.* In this appeared "Aylmer's Field," and "The Northern Farmer." The years slipped by with scarcely any incidents except the poet's occasional summer journeys on the Continent. He became an object of extreme curiosity, and his privacy at Farringford was more and more recklessly intruded upon by unblushing

Shiplake Rectory

Farringford

tourists. Perhaps he exaggerated this nuisance, which however became in the process of time absolutely intolerable to him. He determined to go where he could not easily be found, and in 1867 he bought some land on Blackdown, near Haslemere, where he built a house called Aldworth. Several of his smaller works appeared about this time, *The Window*, in 1867, *Lucretius*, in 1868, and *The Holy Grail*, in 1869. These were followed by *Gareth and Lynette* and *The Last Tournament* in 1872, and he supposed the *Idylls of the King* to be complete. He now turned his attention to a branch of literature which had always attracted him, but which he had never before seriously attempted—the drama. His idea was to illustrate the "Making of England" by a series of great historical tragedies. The critics and the public were opposed to Tennyson's dramatic experiments, but he pursued them with a pertinacity which was really extraordinary. *Queen Mary*, the earliest, in 1875, was followed by *Harold* in 1876. In 1879 he reprinted a very early suppressed poem, *The Lover's Tale*, and produced a third play, *The Falcon*. An important volume of *Ballads*, including the incomparable "Rizpah," appeared in 1880.

Lord Tennyson

From a Photograph by Mayall & Co.

This was followed by two more dramas, *The Cup*, in 1881, and *The Promise of May*, in 1882. In the autumn of 1883 Tennyson went with Gladstone to Copenhagen, and was entertained by the King of Denmark. In 1884 he accepted a peerage, and published the only play of his which has succeeded on the stage, *Becket*. *Tiresias and other Poems*, 1885 (in which "Balin and Balan" completed the *Idylls of the King*); *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, 1886; *Demeter and other Poems*, 1889; his seventh play, *The Foresters*, 1892; and the posthumous *Death of Œnone*, 1892, were Tennyson's latest contributions to poetry. His health had recovered, and he entered with a marvellous elasticity of mind and body into old age. His bodily powers failed at last, in his eighty-fourth year, and he passed away, at Aldworth, on the night of the 6th of

October 1892. Six days later he received public burial in Westminster Abbey. Tennyson was a man of unusually tall stature and powerful physique, although liable to suffer from nervous forms of indisposition. He was described when at college as "six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearian, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark, wavy hair, his hand the admiration of sculptors." He was extremely short-sighted, yet so keenly observant that he once saw the moonlight reflected in a nightingale's eye, as she sat singing in the hedgerow. Carlyle described Tennyson as "a fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man, most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted." His voice was "musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between."

Aldworth, Surrey

FROM "THE LOTOS-EATERS."

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil ;

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

FROM "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou.
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

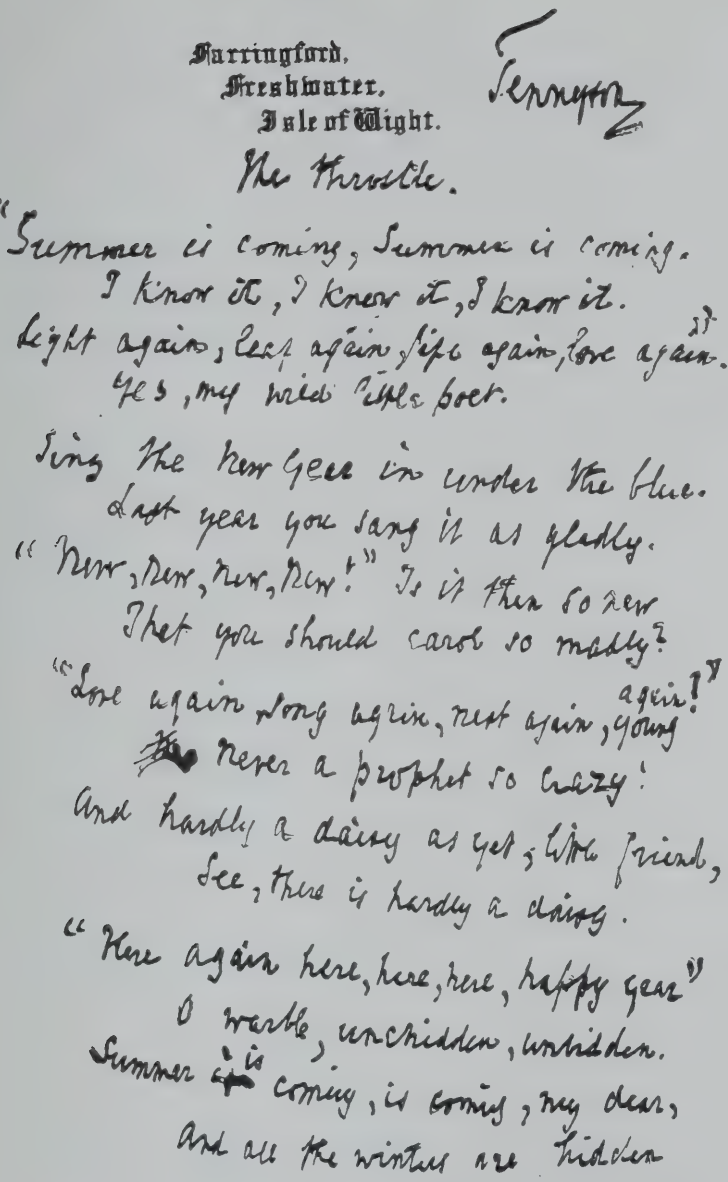
FROM "THE DAISY."

Remember how we came at last
To Como; shower and storm and blast
  Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
  The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on The Lariano crept
  To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,
  The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall Agavè above the lake.


Farringford,
Freshwater.
Isle of Wight.

Tennyson

The Throstle.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, New, New, New!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again here, here, here, happy year"
O warble, unchidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden

MS. of the "Throstle," entirely in Tennyson's handwriting

TO EDWARD LEAR, ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
Of water, sheets of summer glass,
The long divine Peneïan pass,
The vast Akrokeraunian walls,

Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
With such a pencil, such a pen,
You shadow forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there:

And trust me while I turn'd the page,
And track'd you still on classic ground,
I grew in gladness till I found
My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd
And glisten'd—here and there alone
The broad-limb'd Gods at random thrown
By fountain-urns ;—and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom
Of cavern pillars ; on the swell
The silver lily heaved and fell ;
And many a slope was rich in bloom

From him, that on the mountain lea
By dancing rivulets fed his flocks,
To him who sat upon the rocks,
And fluted to the morning sea.

Will.

O well for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still !
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

From "Maud."

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play ;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.

May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;
It is but for a little space I go,
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

From "In Memoriam."

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

St. Agnes' Eve.

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground:
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;

So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
  Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
  The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
  One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea —
  The Bridegroom with his bride !

Mrs Browning

ELIZABETH BARRETT, also, pleased a wide and influential circle. Although her work was less pure than Tennyson's, and has proved to be less perennial, there were many readers of deliberate judgment who preferred it to his. Their nerves were pleasurably excited by the choral tumult of Miss Barrett's verse, by her generous and humane enthusiasm, and by the spontaneous impulsiveness of her emotion. They easily forgave the slipshod execution, the hysterical violence, the Pythian vagueness and the Pythian shriek. More critical readers were astonished that one who approached the composition of poetry with an almost religious sense of responsibility, whose whole life was dedicated to the highest aims of verse, who studied with eclectic passion the first classics of every age, should miss the initial charm,

Elizabeth Barrett Browning
After the Portrait by Gordigiani
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and should, fresh from Sophocles and Dante, convey her thoughts in a stream which was seldom translucent and never calm. In some of her lyrics, however, and more rarely in her sonnets, she rose to heights of passionate humanity which place her only just below the great poets of her country.

About the year 1850, when, as Mrs. Browning, she was writing at her best, all but a few were to be excused if they considered her the typical *vates*, the inspired poet of human suffering and human aspiration. But her art, from this point onward, declined, and much of her late work was formless, spasmodic, singularly tuneless and harsh, nor is it probable that what seemed her premature death, in 1861, was a serious deprivation to English literature. Mrs. Browning, with great afflatus and vigour, considerable beauty of diction, and not a little capacity of tender felicity of fanciful thought, had the radical fault of mistaking convulsion for strength, and believing that sublimity involved a disordered and fitful frenzy. She was injured by the humanitarian sentimentality which was just coming into vogue, and by a misconception of the uses of language somewhat analogous to that to which Carlyle had resigned himself. She suffered from contortions produced by the fumes of what she oddly called

Miss Mitford

After the Portrait by John Lucas

> "The lighted altar booming o'er
> The clouds of incense dim and hoar;"

and if "the art of poetry had been a less earnest object to" her, if she had taken it more quietly, she might have done greater justice to her own superb ambition.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett (1806–1861), afterwards **Mrs. Robert Browning,** was the eldest of the eleven children of Edward Moulton-Barrett and Mary Graham-Clarke, his wife; she was born at Coxhoe Hall, the residence of her father's brother,

Samuel Moulton, on the 6th of March 1806. Her father had lately assumed the name of Barrett, on inheriting his grandfather's estates in Jamaica. In 1809 the family moved to Hope End, close to the Malvern Hills, where the next twenty-two years of Elizabeth's life were spent. She began to write verses before she was eight years old. In 1819 her father printed an "epic" of his daughter's, *The Battle of Marathon*. More important, but still immature, was *An Essay on Mind* published in 1826. She was by this time in weak health; in 1821 she had strained herself while tightening her pony's girths, and injured her spine, and from this time forth she was often "for years upon her back." She read with the greatest avidity, and, even as a child, "ate and drank Greek, and made her head ache with it." In 1828 her mother, of whom little is known, died at Hope End, which was sold in 1832, and the home of the Barretts broken up. They removed to Sidmouth, where Elizabeth wrote her version of the *Prometheus Bound*, which saw the light, with other verses, in 1833. In 1835 the Barretts left Sidmouth and settled in London, at 74 Gloucester Place. Elizabeth's friendships at this time were few, but they already included the blind Hellenist, Hugh Stuart Boyd, and her cousin, John Kenyon (1784–1856), and were soon to be extended to Miss Mary Mitford (1787–1855), and R. H. Horne. She now began to contribute to the magazines of the day, and in 1838 she published her first important volume, *The Seraphim*. In this year the Barretts moved to 50 Wimpole Street, which remained their home for the rest of her life. The winters of 1838 and 1839 she had to spend at Torquay for the benefit of her health, and she was staying on there when, on the 11th of July 1840, her favourite brother Edward was drowned, by the foundering of his boat, in Babbicombe Bay. The shock was so severe that her own life was long despaired of, and it was not until September of the following year that she could even be removed from Torquay to London. She was now a confirmed invalid, excluded from all but a few privileged visitors, and with no relaxation but the incessant pursuit of literature She now (1842) wrote the essays on *The Greek Christian Poets*, which were not published in book-form until after her death (1863), and, what was more important, she was closely occupied in original composition. The result was her *Poems* of 1844, in two volumes, which placed her for the first time among the foremost living poets. An allusion to Robert Browning in one of the pieces in this collection—"Geraldine's Courtship"—is believed to have led him to write Miss Barrett a letter (in January 1845), which opened an acquaintance between her and "the king of the mystics," as she called him. In May of the same year he was permitted to visit her, and "we are growing," she wrote, "to be the truest of friends." She was considered a hopeless invalid, and never left the house; there can be no question that her delicacy was fostered by the artificial nature of her treatment. Her father was a man of strong, selfish feeling, who had the almost maniacal determination that none of his children should marry, since he needed the personal services of all of them. That a daughter of his should wish to marry, Mr. Barrett considered "unfilial treachery." The doctors, meanwhile, determined that to winter abroad might be of great service to Elizabeth Barrett, but her father bluntly refused his permission. At the same time the friendship between her and Robert Browning had developed into a passion of love freely expressed on both sides. Her health, meanwhile, under this excitement revived, and in the spring of 1846 she was stronger than she had been since the shock at Torquay in 1840. With the consent of two of her sisters, but without even their knowledge of the details, the

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY FIELD TALFOURD.

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lovers determined on a secret marriage. On September 12, 1846, Miss Barrett slipped unperceived from the house, and was married to Browning in Marylebone Church; she returned to her home, but on the 19th of the month she escaped, and crossed over to Paris with her husband. This action, so far as Browning was concerned, was long blamed as clandestine; but the exact facts have lately (1899) been made known in detail, and they prove that he acted throughout in strict adhesion to the principles of honour, delicacy, and good sense. For all practical purposes, Elizabeth Barrett, a woman in her forty-first year, was kept in durance by the odious tyranny of her father, and the only way in which her happiness could be secured was to carry her off, like a captive maiden from an ogre's castle. The old man never forgave her, and to his last hour refused to relent; it is difficult to believe that he was perfectly sane, for he behaved in exactly the same way to two other of his daughters. The Brownings, having, as Mrs. Jameson said, "married under circumstances such as to render imprudence the height of prudence," passed on from Paris to Italy, not without great anxiety as to Elizabeth's health. But in happy and free conditions this revived in a wonderful way. They settled in Pisa, where, early in the year 1847, Mrs. Browning showed to her husband the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which she had written during their engagement; in 1850 these were added to the second edition of her *Poems*. For the greater part of the rest of her life, the Brownings lived at Florence, in the Palazzo Guidi, and here her son and only child was born in March 1849. On the whole, although these years in Italy she was never strong, brought her happiness and comparative health. Her love for her husband was only equalled by his absorbing devotion for her, and the names of no two persons more exquisitely attached to one another are to be met with in the whole history of literature. When Wordsworth died, Mrs. Browning was mentioned for the Laureateship, before it fell to Tennyson. She was now greatly interested in Italian politics, and they tinctured her next publication, the poem of *Casa Guidi Windows*, 1851. So far was the health of Elizabeth at this time recovered, that the couple were able to take a lengthy tour in Europe, even revisiting London. The last ten years of the life of Elizabeth Browning were not eventful; she was more and more absorbed in literature and Italian politics, and in correspond-

The Sitting-room in Casa Guidi

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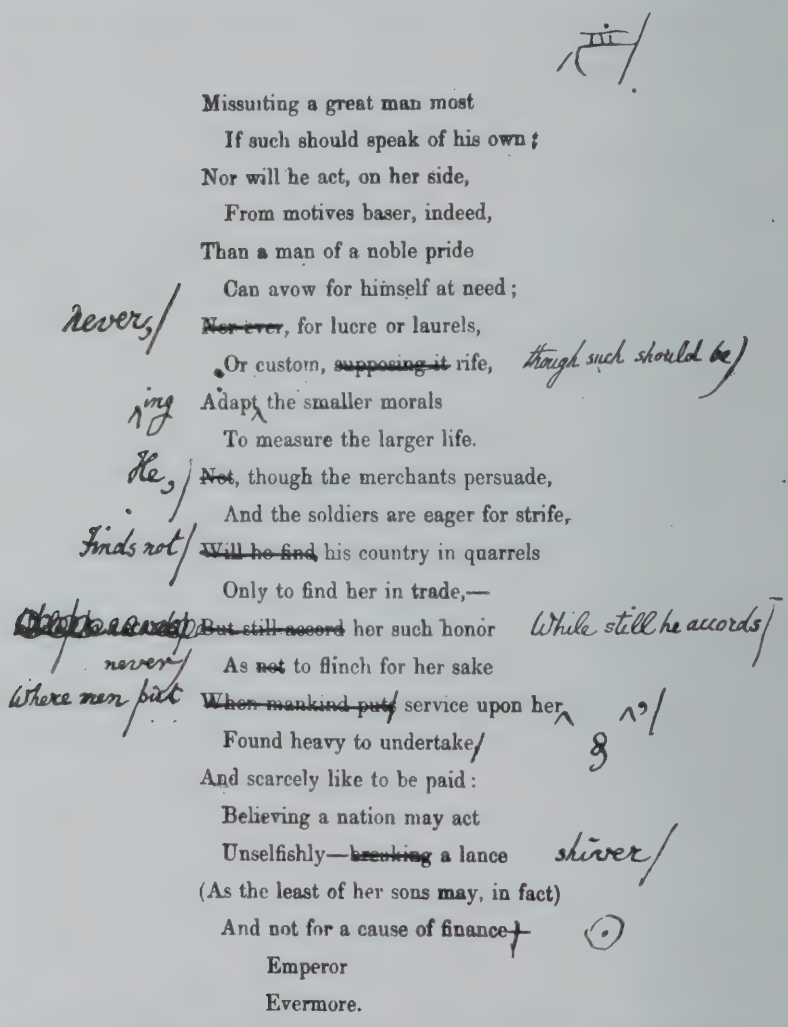
ence with a wide circle of friends. She published *Aurora Leigh* in the winter of 1856, and *Poems before Congress* in 1860. Her *Last Poems*, posthumously published in 1862, contained some of the most admirable of her later lyrics, and among others, "What was he doing, the great God Pan?" In the summer of 1861 she was conscious of increasing weakness, but her actual death, on the 29th of June, at Casa Guidi and in the


Missuiting a great man most
If such should speak of his own;
Nor will he act, on her side,
From motives baser, indeed,
Than a man of a noble pride
Can avow for himself at need;
never, ~~Nor ever~~, for lucre or laurels,
Or custom, ~~supposing it~~ rife, though such should be
ing Adapt the smaller morals
To measure the larger life.
He, ~~Not~~, though the merchants persuade,
And the soldiers are eager for strife,
finds not ~~Will he find~~ his country in quarrels
Only to find her in trade,—
~~But still accord~~ her such honor While still he accords
never As ~~not~~ to flinch for her sake
Where men fail ~~When mankind puts~~ service upon her,
Found heavy to undertake,
And scarcely like to be paid:
Believing a nation may act
Unselfishly—~~breaking~~ a lance shiver
(As the least of her sons may, in fact)
And not for a cause of finance
Emperor
Evermore.

A page from "Poems before Congress," 1860, with MS. corrections by Mrs. Browning

arms of her husband, came almost as a surprise. She lies buried at Florence, in a sarcophagus designed by Leighton, "a Lyric Love, half angel and half bird." This famous expression of her husband's refers to the extreme fragility of her form; she was a tiny woman, with a head large in proportion to her body; her copious "blue-black" ringlets fell so as half to conceal the mobile and interesting rather than actually beautiful features, which quivered with sensibility and intelligence. No other woman in England has devoted her life so completely to the cultivation of imaginative literature as did Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

FROM "COWPER'S GRAVE."

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted:

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness, that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud, to His own love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number;
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, though frenzy desolated—
Nor man, nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

FROM "THE DEAD PAN."

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands,
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken
In old Æthiopia?
Have the pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,
In gigantic Alpine rows?
The black poppies out of number
Nodding, dripping from your brows
To the red lees of your wine,—
And so kept alive and fine?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corses
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun?—
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?
Great Pan is dead.

"Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,"
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oath, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung!
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay—
Since Pan is dead?

Inclusions.

Oh, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie along in thine?
As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to lie and pine!
Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, . . . unfit to plight with thine.

Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn closer to thine own?
My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many a tear run down.
Now leave a little space, Dear, . . . lest it should wet thine own.

Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, commingled with thy soul?—
Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand, . . . the part is in the whole! . . .
Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate, when soul is joined to soul.

Hugh Stuart Boyd: Legacies.

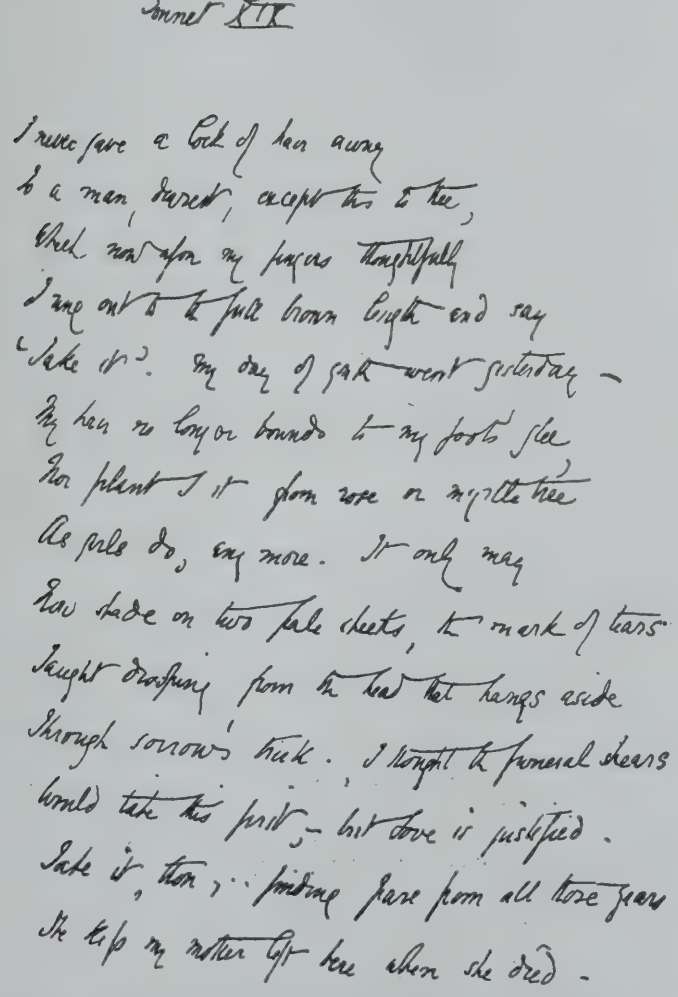
Three gifts the Dying left me: Æschylus,
And Gregory Nazianzen, and a clock
Chiming the gradual hours out like a flock
Of stars, whose motion is melodious.
The books were those I used to read from, thus
Assisting my dear teacher's soul to unlock
The darkness of his eyes! now, mine they mock,
Blinded in turn, by tears: now, murmurous
Sad echoes of my young voice, years agone,
Entoning, from these leaves, the Græcian phrase,
Return and choke my utterance. Books, lie down
In silence of the shelf within my gaze!
And thou, clock, striking the hour's pulses on,
Chime in the day which ends these parting days!

The Poet and the Bird: A Fable.

Said a people to a poet—"Go out from among us straightway!
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine.
There's a little fair brown nightingale, who, sitting in the gateway,
Makes fitter music to our ear, than any song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased chanting;
"Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?"
"I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,
Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun."

The poet went out weeping—and died abroad, bereft there—
The bird flew to his grave and died, amid a thousand wails:—
And, when I last came by the place, I swear the music left there
Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.


Sonnet XIX
I never gave a lock of hair away
to a man, dearest, except this to thee,
which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I wind out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of gifts went yesterday —
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral shears
would take this first, — but Love is justified.
Take it, thou, — finding pure from all those years
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

MS. of Sonnet XIX. from "Sonnets from the Portuguese"

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FROM "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE."

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years, . . .
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . .
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death!" I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang, . . . "Not Death, but Love."

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?—
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows.—
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?—
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust, to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.—
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved, sleep."

Robert Browning.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY FIELD TALFOURD.

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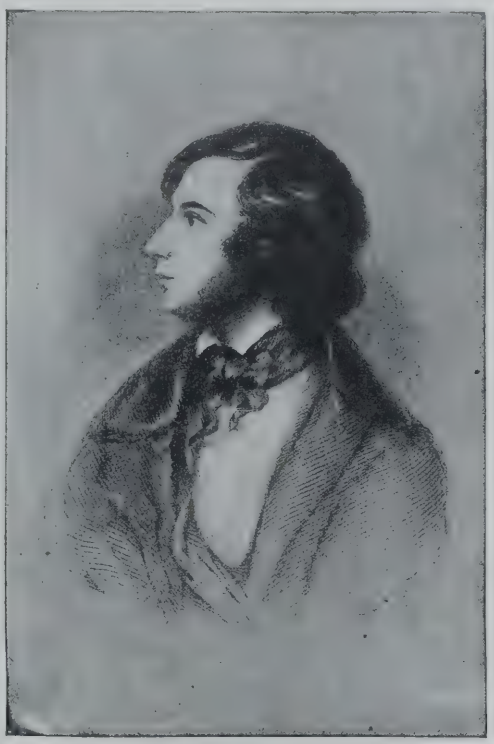
When the youthful ROBERT BROWNING, in 1846, carried off in romantic and secret marriage the most eminent poetess of the age, not a friend suspected that his fame would ever surpass hers. Then, and long afterwards, he was to the world merely "the man who married Elizabeth Barrett," although he had already published most of his dramas, and above all the divine miracle-play of *Pippa Passes*. By his second book, *Paracelsus*, he had attracted to him a group of admirers, small in number, but of high discernment; these fell off from what seemed the stoniness of *Strafford* and the dense darkness of *Sordello*. At thirty-five Robert Browning found himself almost without a reader. The fifteen years of his married life, spent mainly in Italy, were years of development, of clarification, of increasing selective power. When he published *Men and Women*, whatever the critics and the quidnuncs might say, Browning had surpassed his wife and had no living rival except Tennyson. He continued, for nearly forty years, to write and publish verse; he had no other occupation, and the results of his even industry grew into a mountain. After 1864 he was rarely exquisite; but *The Ring and the Book*, an immense poem in which one incident of Italian crime is shown reflected on a dozen successive mental facets, interested everybody, and ushered Browning for the first time to the great public.

Robert Browning



Rischgitz] [*Collection*

An early Portrait of Robert Browning, drawn in 1835

Engraved by J. C. Armytage

Browning was in advance of his age until he had become an elderly man. His great vogue did not begin until after the period which we deal with in this chapter. From 1870 to 1889 he was an intellectual force of the first class; from 1850 to 1870 he was a curiosity, an eccentric product more wondered at than loved or followed. His analysis was too subtle, and his habit of expression too rapid and transient, for the simple early Victorian mind; before his readers knew what he was saying, he had passed on to some other mood or subject. The question of Browning's obscurity is one which has been discussed until the flesh is weary. He is often difficult to follow; not unfrequently neglectful, in the swift evolution of

his thought, whether the listener can follow him or not: we know that he liked "to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech." In those earlier years of which we speak, he pursued with dignity, but with some disappointment, the rôle of a man moved to sing to others in what they persisted in considering no better than a very exasperating mode of pedestrian speech. So that the pure style in Browning, his exquisite melody when he is melodious, his beauty of diction when he bends to classic forms, the freshness and variety of his pictures—all this was unobserved, or noted only with grudging and inadequate praise.

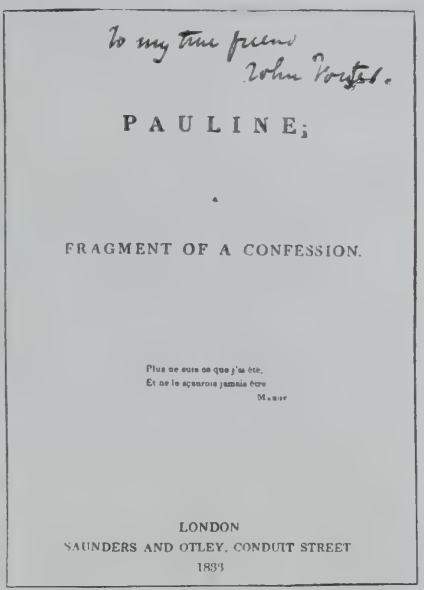
Robert Browning (1812–1889) was the son of Robert Browning, a clerk in the Bank of England, and his wife, whose maiden name was Wiedemann, the daughter of a Hamburg merchant. He was born at Camberwell on the 7th of May 1812. Early in infancy he showed a native force of character, and soon began to make rhymes, at first under the influence of Byron. In 1825, however, he became acquainted with the writings of Shelley and Keats, and abandoned his Byronism. He attended a school at Peckham for some time, but the main part of his education was carried out at home. He went neither to public school nor university (except for a very short time to classes at University College, London), and he declined to adopt any profession, his design from the first being to be a poet and nothing else. His earliest publication, *Pauline*, appeared anonymously in January 1833, but fell still-born from the press. Browning spent the following winter in St. Petersburg, where he wrote "Porphyria's Lover" and "Johannes Agricola." He then proceeded to Italy, and saw Venice and perhaps Asolo for the first time. He returned to London, and in 1835 he published *Paracelsus*, which introduced him to the world of letters. In 1836, at the request of Macready, he wrote his tragedy of *Strafford*, which was printed and produced at Covent Garden Theatre in May 1837, but only ran five nights. He was already writing *Sordello*, which he took with him unfinished when he started for Italy in 1838; and a great many of his best lyrics belong to this year. *Sordello* was published in 1840, and was received with mockery; as the most tightly-compressed and abstrusely dark of

Photo] [*F. Hollyer*

Robert Browning

After the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

all Browning's writings, it is responsible for much of the outcry against his "obscurity." The poet was not discouraged, but "he was now entering on a period of general neglect which covered nearly twenty years of his life." It was proposed to him by Moxon that he should print his poems and plays, for the sake of economy, as double-column pamphlets, and the result was the production of *Bells and Pomegranates*, in the eight numbers of which (1841–1846) the bulk of his early lyrical and dramatic work appeared. One of these famous numbers contained *Pippa Passes*, and another *The Blot in the Scutcheon*, written in 1843, at the desire of Macready, but not played by him, but by Phelps, in whose hands it achieved a partial success at Drury Lane. It was "underacted," and there followed a quarrel between the poet and Macready. During the casual publication of *Bells and Pomegranates*, Browning started a third time for Italy. It was on his return, and in the course of the opening week of 1845, that Browning first read the poems of his already celebrated contemporary, Elizabeth Barrett. He was impelled to write to her, and in his very first letter (January 10) he wrote. "I love your books, and I love you too." He did not meet her until May 20, 1845, and they became engaged later in the year. It was not, however, until September 12, 1846, that they were privately married, and a week later left England for Paris and Italy, where they settled at first in Pisa. In 1848, tired of furnished rooms, the Brownings took an apartment in the Casa Guidi, in Florence, which continued to be their home. In 1850 Browning published *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, and in 1852 a critical preface to a volume of letters by Shelley, which to his unceasing chagrin presently proved to be forgeries. In 1853 his play of *Colombe's Birthday* was performed at the Haymarket, and *In a Balcony* was written at Bagni di Lucca. All this time the Brownings were liable to embarrassment for want


To my true friend
John Forster.

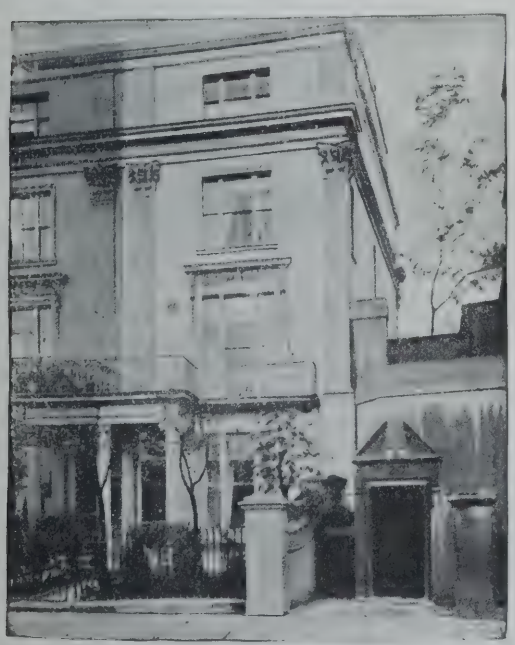
PAULINE;

FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION.

Plus on suis ce que j'ai été,
Et ce le sçaurois jamais être
Manso

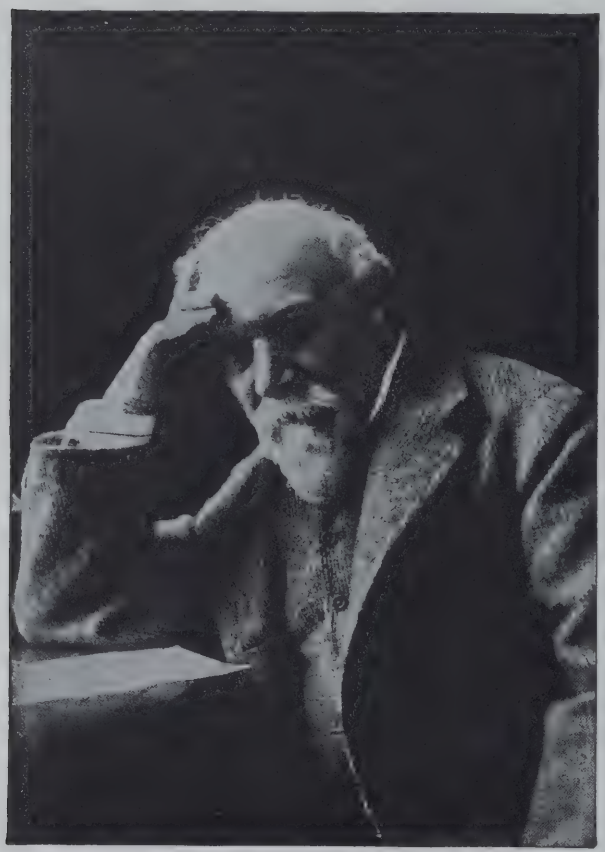
LONDON
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET
1833

Title-page of "Pauline," 1833, with an Autograph Inscription



19 Warwick Crescent, where Browning lived from 1866 to 1887

of money, but even though obliged to stay "transfixed" when they would have preferred to travel, they lived a very tranquil and happy life "on their own sofas and chairs, among their own nightingales and fireflies." A very important work, *Men and Women*, was published in two volumes in 1855. In 1856 the death of Kenyon, who left handsome legacies to the Brownings, lifted them above the fear of poverty; unhappily the steady decline of Mrs. Browning's health proved a much more serious cause of anxiety. She died on the 29th of June 1861, and Browning determined to return to England; early in 1862 he took a house, 19 Warwick Crescent, in which he lived for more than a quarter of a century. During the last-named year he scarcely saw any friends, living a life of disconsolate seclusion; in 1863, however, he determined that this mode of life was morbid and unworthy, and he began to mix in general society. Travelling independently in the north of France, by a most extraordinary coincidence, Tennyson and Browning both failed to catch a train, and thus escaped taking part in a terrible railway accident, which was fatal to a large number of persons. Browning now made it his habit to spend his summers on the coast of Brittany, a course which not merely soothed and refreshed his spirits, but proved exceedingly favourable to the composition of his poetry. Thus the greater part of *Dramatis Personæ*, which appeared in 1864, had been written at Pornic, while at Croisic he worked in successive summers on "that great venture, the murder-poem" of *The King and the Book* (1868–69). The publication of this work, in four volumes, was a triumph for Browning, who now, for the first time, saw himself really eminent. Even the Franco-German war did not cure Browning of his wish to spend the summer on the French coast, and he was at St. Aubin, near Havre, in 1870, when it became necessary for him to escape with his family in a cattle-boat from Honfleur to Southampton, and he returned to the same spot the next year. In 1871 he was very active; in the course of this year were published *Hervé Riel*, *Balaustion's Adventure*, and *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*. The next four years saw the regular publication of a volume



Photo] [*W. H. Grove*

Robert Browning

Taken just before he left England for the last time

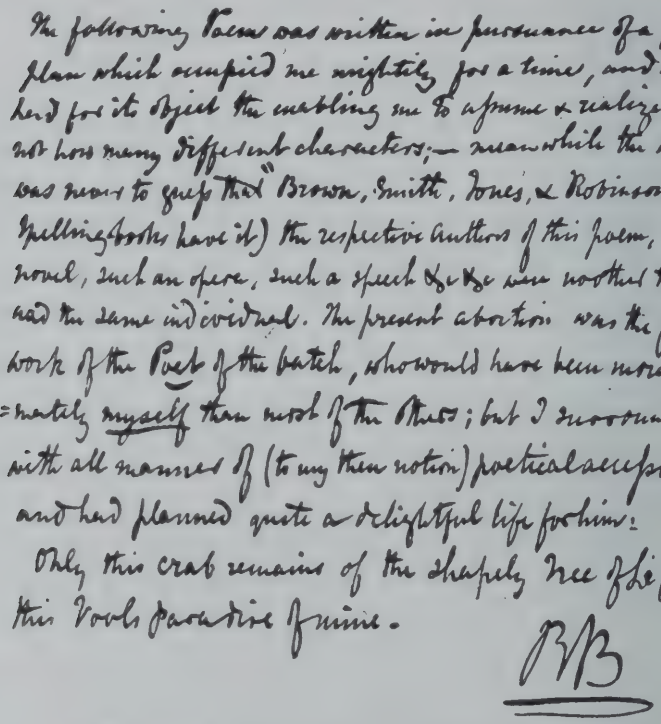
each, *Fifine at the Fair*, *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*, *Aristophanes' Apology*, and *The Inn Album*. Browning now gave himself up for some time to a study of the Greek dramatists, and in 1877 produced, at the suggestion of Carlyle, a grotesque version of the *Agamemnon*. In 1878 he received a great shock in the sudden death of his closest friend, Miss Egerton-Smith. The impression made on him by this event is recorded in *La Saisiaz*. Later in the same year he went to Italy again, for the first time since his wife's death, and for the remainder of his life he visited Italy, and especially the Veneto, as often and for as long a time as possible. He was now universally famous at last, and for the closing ten years of his career he

Rischgitz] [*Collection*

The Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, where Browning died, December 12, 1889

lived in the consciousness of having become within his lifetime a classic, beloved and discussed. He continued to write and to publish volumes of poems with considerable regularity. Of these last fruits of his genius, *Jocoseria* (1883) and *Ferishtah's Fancies* (1884) were particularly characteristic. In these years he spent a great part of each year in Venice, and in 1887 he purchased the Palazzo Rezzonico in that city, intending to make it his residence. It was there that he died, after a brief illness, on the 12th of December 1889, his last volume of poems, *Asolando*, being published in London on the same day. Four days later the body was brought to London, after a stately public funeral in Venice, and was buried on the 31st of December in Westminster Abbey. In physique Robert Browning was short and thick-set, of a very muscular build; his temper was ardent and optimistic; he was appreciative, sympathetic, and full of curiosity; prudent in affairs, and rather "close" about money; robust, active, loud of

speech, cordial in manner, gracious and conciliatory in address, but subject to sudden fits of indignation which were like thunderstorms. In his long periods of foreign residence, he had acquired something of the mode and gesture of a Northern Italian.


The following Poem was written in pursuance of a foolish plan which occupied me mightily for a time, and which had for its object the enabling me to assume & realize I know not how many different characters;— meanwhile the world was never to guess that "Brown, Smith, Jones, & Robinson" (as the Spelling-books have it) the respective Authors of this Poem, the other novel, such an opera, such a speech &c &c were no other than one and the same individual. The present abortion was the first work of the Poet of the batch, who would have been more legitimately myself than most of the others; but I surrounded him with all manner of (to my then notion) poetical accessories, and had planned quite a delightful life for him:

Only this crab remains of the sharply tree of life in this Fool's paradise of mine.

RB

MS. Note of Browning's on the Fly-leaf of "Pauline"

FROM "A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S."

Well (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and afford
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"—"Yes—and you?"
—"Then more kisses"—"Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?"
Hark—the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play."

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

But when I sit down to reason—think to take my stand nor swerve
Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music, till I creep thro' every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned—
"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned!
The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.

"Yours for instance, you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction—you'll not die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop.
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

Browning's Study in De Vere Gardens

From a Drawing by F. Moscheles

(*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.*)

FROM "SORDELLO."

Lo, on a heathy brown and nameless hill
By sparkling Asolo, in mist and chill,
Morning just up, higher and higher runs
A child barefoot and rosy—See! the sun's
On the square castle's inner-court's green wall
—Like the chine of some extinct animal
Half-turned to earth and flowers; and thro' the haze
(Save where some slender patches of grey maize
Are to be overleaped) that boy has crost
The whole hillside of dew and powder-frost
Matting the balm and mountain camomile:
Up and up goes he, singing all the while

Some unintelligible words to beat
The lark, God's poet, swooning at his feet,
So worsted is he at "the few fine locks
Stained like pale honey oozed from topmost rocks
Sun-blanched the livelong summer."—All that's left
Of the Goito lay! And thus bereft,
Sleep and forget, Sordello . . . in effect
He sleeps, the feverish poet—I suspect
Not utterly companionless; but, friends,
Wake up; the ghost's gone, and the story ends
I'd fain hope, sweetly—seeing, peri or ghoul,
That spirits are conjectured fair or foul,
Evil or good, judicious authors think
According as they vanish in a sink
Or in a perfume: friends be frank; ye snuff
Civet, I warrant: really? Like enough—
Merely the savour's rareness—any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose—
Rifle a musk-pot and 'twill ache like yours:
I'd tell you that same pungency ensures
An after-gust, but that were overbold:
Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

I am no trumpet but a reed—
No flattering breath shall from me lead
A silver sound, a hollow sound:
I will not sing, for priest or king,
One blast that, in re-echoing,
Would cause a bondman faster bound.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Oh, emptiness of fame!
Oh, Persian Zoroaster, Lord of Stars!
Who said these old renowns, dead long ago,
Could make me overlook the living world
To gaze Thro' gloom at where they stood, indeed,
But stand no longer?—What a warm, light life
After the shade!

Robert Browning.

MS. Verses by Robert Browning and E. B. Browning

Sunday Evening

When I come back from seeing you and think over it all, there never is a least word of yours I could not occupy myself with, and wish to return to you with a some .. not to say, all .. The thoughts & fancies it is sure to call out of me :- there is nothing in you that does not draw out all of me :- you prosper me, dearest .. and there is no help for the expressing it all, no voice nor hand, but those of mine which shrink and turn away from the attempt :- so you must go on, patiently, knowing me, and your entire power on me, and I will console myself, to the full extent, with your knowledge, - perception, intuition .. somehow I must believe you can get to what is here, in me - without the pretence of my telling or writing it. But, because I give up the great achievements, there is no reason I should not secure any occasion of making clear one of the few important points that arise in our entire course : if I fancy I can do it with the least success : for instance, it is on my mind to explain what I meant yesterday by asserting that the entire happiness I felt in the letters, and the help in the criticisms might not be

more and more.

Facsimile Letter from Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett.
(*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.*)

beset by the surmise, even, that those Cadences to which you were born, might be suspected, and long elapse, thro' such generosity to me = dearest I believed in your glorious genius and knew it for a true star from the moment I saw it: long before I had the blessing of knowing it was my star, with my fortune and futurity in it. And, when I draw back from myself and look better and more deeply than I do feel with you, that the writing a few letters more or less, reading many or few chapters of any other person, would not interfere in any material degree with that power of yours - that you might easily make one to happy and yet go on writing "Geraldines" and "Bertrams" - but .. how can I, dearest, leave my heart's treasures long, even to look at your genius? .. and when I come back and find all safe, find the comfort of you, the traces of you in work it do = like me - to treat all that as a slight effort, in easy matter.?

Yet, if you can lift me with one hand, while the other supplies to crown you. There is quantity = help in that, sir!

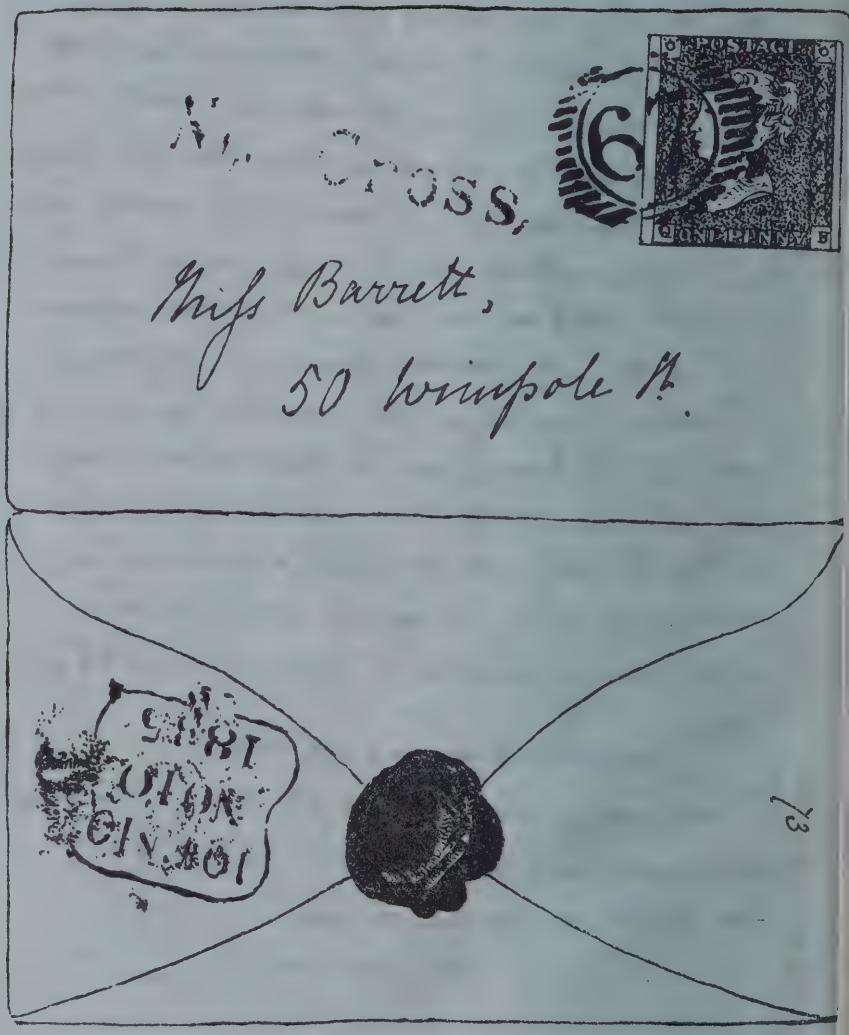
Well, I have spoken. Sir I told you, your turn a corner now: how have you determined respecting the known = tion Editrix?. you like me nothing of yourself: It is all me

help once you do good to a soul & take it ah? how one of this goes on! I have not had every love-inquiry & soon find out .. whence is the proper, rationally to be expected "lovers' quarrel?" Here, as you will find! "I see an antique .. I am not more "at close with my grace" than Peter Bell" ah, but then they are to be "remote gratis amoris" and to get back into a thing, one must needs get for a moment first out of it .. trust me, no! And now the natural inference from all this? The consistent inference .. the "self-denying ordinance"? why, do you doubt? - even this, - you must just put aside the Romance, and take the Americans to work, and make my heart start up when the letter is laid to it, the letter full of your news, telling me you are well and walking, and working for my sake towards Bes. Lines! - informing me moreover, if Thursday or Friday is to be my day ..

May God bless you, my own love -

I will certainly bring you an act of the Play .. for this urgent reason, in addition to the others .. that I love to talk you that I can talk you now more than ever lately

Ever your own


POSTAGE
ONE PENNY
Miss Barrett,
50 Wimpole St.

Misconceptions.

This is a spray the Bird clung to,
  Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
  Fit for her nest and her treasure.
  Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to—
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen leant on,
  Thrilled in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
  Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
  Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—
Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

Home Thoughts from Abroad.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

From "One Word More" (1855).

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth—the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,
Karshook, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence—
Pray you, look on these my men and women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly—glad to finish.

The Lost Mistress.

All's over, then—does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes?
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter
About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,
I noticed that, to-day;
One day more bursts them open fully
—You know the red turns grey.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest?
May I take your hand in mine?
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest
Keep much that I resign:

For each glance of the eye so bright and black,
Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,
Though it stays in my soul for ever!—

—Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!

Another Way of Love.

June was not over,
Though past the full,
And the best of her roses
Had yet to blow,
When a man I know
(But shall not discover,
Since ears are dull,
And time discloses)
Turned him and said with a man's true air,
Half sighing a smile in a yawn, as 'twere,—
"If I tire of your June, will she greatly care?"

Well, Dear, indoors with you!
True, serene deadness
Tries a man's temper.
What's in the blossom
June wears on her bosom?
Can it clear scores with you?
Sweetness and redness,
Eadem semper!
Go, let me care for it greatly or slightly!
If June mends her bowers now, your hand left unsightly
By plucking their roses—my June will do rightly.

And after, for pastime,
If June be refulgent
With flowers in completeness,
All petals, no prickles,
Delicious as trickles
Of wine poured at mass-time—
And choose One indulgent
To redness and sweetness:
Or if, with experience of man and of spider,
She use my June-lightning, the strong insect-ridder,
To stop the fresh spinning—why, June will consider.

Reason and Enthusiasm

While these great writers were waiting patiently for the public to turn to them, there occurred in our poetical literature a struggle between the sedative and the enthusiastic temperament which has left a certain mark on its history. The influence of Wordsworth and Southey in their old age was towards the encouragement of good sense and "the equipoise of reason" against an extravagant Byronism. During the reign of William IV., passion and enthusiasm were greatly out of mode, and the school of poetic utility found a successful leader in HENRY TAYLOR, who strenuously advocated the supremacy of reason over imagination and irregularity. From 1834, when the famous preface to his drama of *Philip van Artevelde* appeared, the doctrines of Taylor were almost paramount, until in 1839 PHILIP JAMES BAILEY published his apocalyptic drama of *Festus*, founded not on Byron, however, but on Goethe, in which a direct counterblast was blown, and the liberty of imaginative speculation proclaimed as from a trumpet. This counteraction, at a very dead moment of our poetical existence, claims a record in the briefest outline of the national literature.

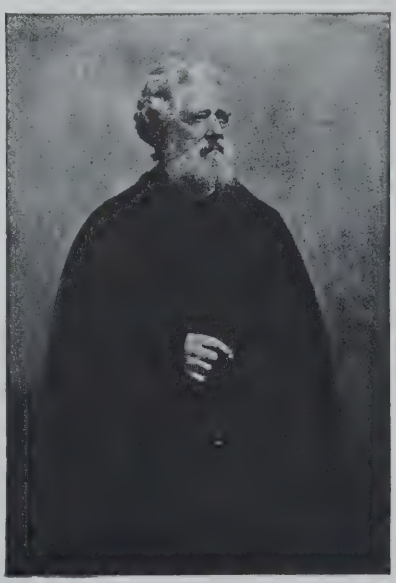


Photo.] [*Morrison, Nottingham*

Philip James Bailey

Sir Henry Taylor (1800–1886) was originally a midshipman, but entered the Colonial Office in 1824, and remained a useful civil servant until he retired to Bournemouth in 1872. His works were mainly dramas in blank verse, with lyrics interspersed, of which *Philip van Artevelde*, 1834, *Edwin the Fair*, 1842, and *St. Clement's Eve* are the best known. **Philip James Bailey** (1816–1902) was born at Nottingham on the 22nd of April 1816. He was brought up to be a poet, and showed astonishing precocity in his *Festus*, published anonymously in 1839. This promise of his youth was not sustained, and subsequent volumes of verse were coldly received. *Festus*, however, has preserved its vitality in a very curious way, in spite of constantly being enlarged, for upwards of sixty years, by its author, whose eccentric custom it was to shred portions of his other books into successive editions of *Festus*. The poem, by this means, steadily lost cohesion and strength, but it has retained a popularity largely due to its peculiar religious teaching.

B. W. Procter

From a Bust by J. H. Foley

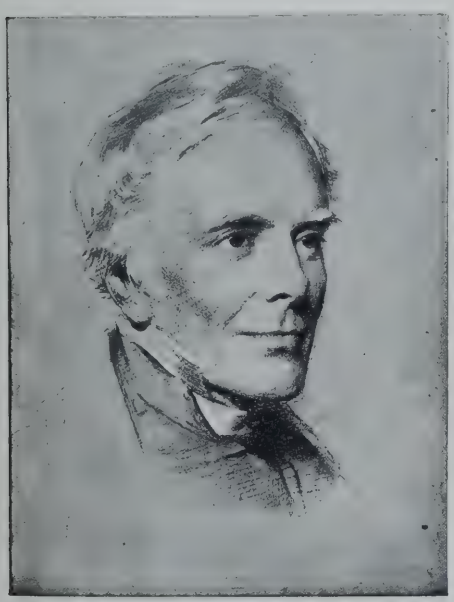
FROM "FESTUS."

Time is the crescent shape to bounded eye
Of what is ever perfect unto God.
The bosom heaves to heaven, and to the stars;
Our very hearts throb upward, our eyes look;
Our aspirations always are divine.
Yet is it in distress of soul we see
Most of the God about us, as at might
Of nature's limitless vast; for then the soul,
Seeking the infinite purity, most in prayer,
By the holy Spirit o'ershadowed, doth conceive
And in creative darkness, unsuspect
Of the wise world, ignorant of this, perfects
Its restitutive salvation; with its source
Reconciliate and end; its humanized
Divinity, say, of life. Think God, then, shows
His face no less towards us in spiritual gloom,
Than light.

A link between the age of Keats and Lamb and that of Browning and Dickens was the amiable **Bryan Waller Procter** (1787–1874), better known as Barry Cornwall. He was a student of the Jacobean dramatists, and he published, with success, scenes in blank verse which read like extracts from some pensive contemporary of Shirley. He was also a writer of very graceful songs. Procter was a barrister, and for thirty years a Commissioner in Lunacy. His wife, who long survived him, was a most brilliant and caustic talker, "Our Lady of Bitterness," as some one styled her. A still more prominent figure in the social and literary life of the age was **Richard Monckton Milnes**, first Lord Houghton (1809–1885), the early associate of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Spedding. He published in the 'forties four volumes of reflective lyric verse which enjoyed considerable popularity, and some of his songs, such as "Strangers Yet" and "The Brookside," are favourites still. Lord Houghton was indefatigable in the pursuit of intellectual pleasure, and his sympathies were liberal and enlightened. Perhaps his most signal contribution to literature was the *Life of Keats*, which he published from materials hitherto unexplored, in 1848. The principal author of religious verse in this period was, unquestionably, the **Rev. John Keble** (1792–1866), whose lyrics were accepted as closely representative of the aspirations of English churchmen at the moment of the High Church revival. Keble, a country clergyman, was professor of poetry at Oxford, and he contributed to current Oxford theology. But he is really remembered for his two collections of sacred verse, *The Christian Year*, 1827, a series of poems in two volumes, commemorating the festivals of the Church, and *Lyra*

R. Monckton Milnes

From a Drawing by George Richmond



John Keble

From a Drawing by George Richmond

Innocentium, 1846, a children's garland of lyric thoughts. Each of these, but particularly the former, has enjoyed a great and a scarcely flagging popularity; of *The Christian Year* it is said that 200,000 copies were sold during Keble's lifetime. With all his sincerity and appositeness, Keble has scarcely secured a place among the poets. In the first heyday of its triumph, Wordsworth said of *The Christian Year*, "It is so good that, if it were mine, I would write it all over again," and this phrase indicates Keble's fatal want of intensity as a poet.

The one prose-writer who in years was the exact contemporary of these poets, but who was enjoying a universal popularity while the best of them were still obscure, the greatest novelist since Scott, the earliest, and in some ways still the most typical of Victorian writers, was CHARLES DICKENS. English fiction had been straying further and further from the peculiarly national type of Ben Jonson and Smollett — the study, that is, of "humours," oddities, extravagant peculiarities of incident and character—when the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* at once revealed a new writer of colossal genius, and resuscitated that obsolete order of fiction. Here was evident not merely an extraordinary power of invention and bustle of movement, but a spirit of such boundless merriment as the literature of the world had never seen before. For more than thirty years, from the book-publication of *Pickwick* until his death, Dickens enjoyed a popularity greater than that of any other living writer. The world early made up its mind to laugh as soon as he spoke, and he therefore chose that his second novel, *Oliver Twist*, should be a study in melodramatic sentiment almost entirely

Charles Dickens

Engraved by J. C. Armytage from a Photograph taken in 1868

without humour. *Nicholas Nickleby* combined the comic and the sensational elements for the first time, and is still the type of Dickens's longer books, in which the strain of violent pathos or sinister mystery is incessantly relieved by farce, either of incident or description. In this novel, too, the easy-going, old-fashioned air of *Pickwick* is abandoned in favour of a humanitarian attitude more in keeping with the access of puritanism which the new reign had brought with it, and from this time forth a certain sqeamishness in dealing with moral problems and a certain "gush" of unreal sentiment obscured the finer qualities of the novelist's genius. The rose-coloured innocence of the Pinches, the pathetic deaths, to slow music, of Little Nell and Little Dombey, these are examples of a weakness which endeared Dickens to his enormous public, but which add nothing to his posthumous glory.

George Cruikshank

From a Drawing by D. Maclise

The peculiarity of the manner of Dickens is its excessive and minute consistency within certain arbitrary limits of belief. Realistic he usually is, real he is scarcely ever. He builds up, out of the storehouse of his memory, artificial conditions of life, macrocosms swarming with human vitality, but not actuated by truly human instincts. Into one of these vivaria we gaze, at Dickens's bidding, and see it teeming with movement; he puts a microscope into our hands, and we watch, with excited attention, the perfectly consistent, if often strangely violent and grotesque adventures of the beings comprised in the world of his fancy. His vivacity, his versatility, his comic vigour are so extraordinary that our interest in the show never flags. We do not

inquire whether Mr. Toots and Joe Gargery are "possible" characters, whether we and they move and breathe in a common atmosphere; we are perfectly satisfied with the evolutions through which their fascinating showman puts them. But real imitative vitality, such as the characters of Fielding and Jane Austen possess, the enchanting marionettes of Dickens never display: in all but their oddities, they are strangely incorporeal. Dickens leads us rapidly through the thronged mazes of a fairyland, now comic, now sentimental, now horrific, of which we know him all the time to be the creator, and it is merely part of his originality and cleverness that he manages to clothe these radically phantasmal figures with the richest motley robes of actual, humdrum, "realistic" observation.

Charles Dickens

From a Lithograph by Weld Taylor, after a Drawing by Samuel Laurence

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) was the second of the eight children of John and Elizabeth Dickens. His father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, employed in Portsmouth Dockyard, and Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsea, on the 7th of February 1812. From the age of four to that of nine he lived with his family at Chatham, a town and neighbourhood much identified with the novelist's writings. He became, as he afterwards said, "a writer when a mere baby, an actor always." In 1821 John Dickens, in reduced circumstances, removed with his family to London, and settled in Camden Town; a year later he was consigned to the debtors' prison, the Marshalsea. The eldest son, after some vague and picturesque years of distress—he was a packer for some time in a blacking warehouse—found employment as a solicitor's clerk in Gray's Inn. He taught himself shorthand, and in the last months of 1828 he became a reporter in Doctors' Commons, and later still for a newspaper. It was not until 1834 that he was at length appointed to the reporting staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. About the same time he began to adventure in literature with the papers afterwards reprinted in

Illustration by George Cruikshank to "Oliver Twist."

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Sketches by Boz, in two volumes, 1835–36. To these presently followed *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, which were completed at the close of 1837. As the numbers of this incomparable work appeared, Dickens advanced from comparative obscurity to a place of the highest popularity and fame. *Oliver Twist* immediately followed, and was completed in 1838; before it closed the serial publication of *Nicholas Nickleby* had commenced, and went on until 1839. He was by this time familiar with the attractions of Broadstairs, which continued to be his favourite holiday retreat for the greater part of his life. His reputation was steadily growing, and at eight-and-twenty he was unquestionably the most popular of living English writers. *Master Humphrey's Clock* occupied Dickens from early in 1840 to late in 1841; this was an illustrated weekly journal, in which appeared *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. This mode of publication, however, was not approved of, and the *Clock* stopped. In 1841, still under thirty years of age, Dickens was welcomed with public honours in Edinburgh, and was presented with the freedom of that city. Already, in the autumn of that year, the ceaseless activity and excitement of his life began to tell upon him, and he was laid up with severe illness. This, however, did not prevent him from accepting an invitation to the United States, where and in Canada he spent between four and five months. He was received with great enthusiasm as "the Guest of the Nation," but he took a very strong dislike to America, and determined to express his sense of her shortcomings. His *American Notes* of 1842, and still more the trans-Atlantic scenes of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 1844, gave full evidence of his disapproval, and were received in America with pain and anger. It was on his return to England that Dickens gave himself up to that somewhat extravagant cult of Christmas and its traditional jollity, which he actually contrived to impress upon the national manners. The earliest instalment of this section of his writings was *A Christmas Carol* (1843); this was followed by *The Chimes* in 1844, and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, the most successful of the series, in 1845. He excited himself extremely over these compositions, laughing and weeping as he wrote, and the whole conception, to its finish in *The Battle of Life* (1846), and *The Haunted Man* (1848), had a touch of hysterical sentiment about it. These Christmas books, however, were amazingly popular, and made their author more than ever the darling of

the English public. During these years Dickens was much in the south of Europe, from which he sent his *Pictures from Italy* in 1846. Early in that year he started and was for a fortnight editor of the *Daily News;* he very soon found that daily journalism was not the work for him. He left England as soon as he could, and settled at Lausanne; by February 1847 he was back in London. His history now became the chronicle of his successive novels. *Dombey and Son* belongs to 1848, *David Copperfield* to 1850, and *Bleak House* to 1853. These were the years when his genius was in its most abundant harvest, and he was not merely producing these long and elaborate romances, but from 1850 onwards he was engaged in editing his weekly periodical, *Household Words*, and "a-exciting himself dreadful" over the dramatic performances of a company of amateurs, of which he was the manager. The summer he generally spent abroad, after 1853 generally at Boulogne. In 1854 perhaps the earliest flagging of his extraordinary powers was to be observed in the novel of *Hard Times*, a didactic satire on the principles of the Manchester school. He now began to give public readings from his works, and he found this exercise both pleasurably exciting and to a superlative degree advantageous to his pocket. *Little Dorrit*, in 1857, further emphasised the fact, already beginning to be patent, that Dickens was making an excessive drain upon his vital powers. He felt the necessity of rest and retirement, and in 1860 he settled at Gadshill Place, a house which he had always longed to possess, and which he had bought in 1856. His next novel—after *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859)—was *Great Expectations* (1861), a brilliant book, which showed in several respects the beneficial results of comparative repose and change of scene. From this time forth Dickens had frequent warnings, unfortunately too carelessly attended to, of the ravages

Title-page of "The Cricket on the Hearth" (First Edition, 1845)

Charles Dickens.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY DANIEL MACLISE.

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his extreme activity had made in his strength. In 1858 he took up the system of giving public readings from his books with ruthless severity, positively wearing himself to death by what he acknowledged was "the tremendous strain." Everywhere he was received with an enthusiasm which became at last essential to his happiness, and in the passage from reading-desk to reading-desk Dickens became the slave of a popularity which affected

"Public Dinners"

From a Drawing by Cruikshank in "Sketches by Boz."

The two stout gentlemen leading the children are supposed to represent Chapman and Hall; and the two immediately following, Charles Dickens and Cruikshank.

him like dram-drinking. Charles Kent, who followed and studied these remarkable performances, says that they were "singularly ingenious and highly elaborated histrionic performances." In 1859 *Household Words* became *All the Year Round*, and Dickens still edited it, with the aid of W. H. Wills. In the midst of all his nervous excitement, "the unsettled, fluctuating distress in my mind"—as he described it—an invitation came to go over to Australia to read. This he was induced to decline, that

he might devote himself to *Our Mutual Friend*, his latest completed novel, which appeared in 1865. This was followed by a severe illness, which "put a broad mark between his past life and what remained to him of the future"; in this summer, too, he was involved in the terrible railway accident at Staplehurst, which shook him seriously, although he was not one of the injured. It was astonishing that, in spite of so many warnings, he would not moderate his pace of life, and the final excess was the acceptance of an invitation to read in the United States in 1867 and 1868. This he did, and made £20,000 by doing it, but it killed him. After each of his readings he had to be "laid down on a sofa, after he had been washed and dressed, and he would lie there, extremely faint, for a quarter of an hour." Never was there a more obvious and certain suicide. He suffered distressingly from insomnia, and American friends, such as Longfellow, urged him to desist. A sort of fury, however, carried him on, and when he returned to England he took rest and seemed to recover. But he resumed the fatal readings, and his strength steadily declined. He was writing his last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, when he died on the 9th of June 1870, prematurely worn out by the excess of his self-inflicted labours. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in strict privacy. Dickens was fair in youth, with flowing locks, and with an expression of zest in life upon his radiant countenance; later on, but before it was the fashion to do so, he let his beard and moustache grow. He was somewhat ostentatious in dress, and not averse to the extravagance of jewellery and brilliantly coloured waistcoats. Sala compared him with "some prosperous sea-captain home from a sea-voyage." Several observers, without mutual relation, have recorded their impression that there was something Dutch about the appearance of Dickens in middle life. He was very warm-hearted and impulsive, not a little histrionic, gay and sentimental; he had a genuine love for the poor and interest in their estates. With people of quality he was perhaps not so much at his ease. He was an intensely hard-working, consistent, and honest professional man of letters.

Gadshill Place, where Dickens lived, 1856–1870

FROM "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

There were not wanting matters of conversation when they reached the street, for it turned out that Miss Snevellicci had a small basket to carry home and Miss Ledrook a small band-box, both containing such minor articles of theatrical costume as the lady

performers usually carried to and fro every evening. Nicholas would insist upon carrying the basket, and Miss Snevellicci would insist upon carrying it herself, which gave rise to a struggle, in which Nicholas captured the basket and the band-box likewise. Then Nicholas said that he wondered what could possibly be inside the basket, and attempted to peep in, whereat Miss Snevellicci screamed, and declared that if she thought he had seen she was sure she should faint away. This declaration was followed by a similar attempt on the band-box, and similar demonstrations on the part of Miss Ledrook, and then both ladies vowed that they wouldn't move a step further until Nicholas had promised that he wouldn't offer to peep again. At last Nicholas pledged himself to betray

1 Devonshire Terrace, where a number of Dickens's Masterpieces were written

From a Drawing by D. Maclise

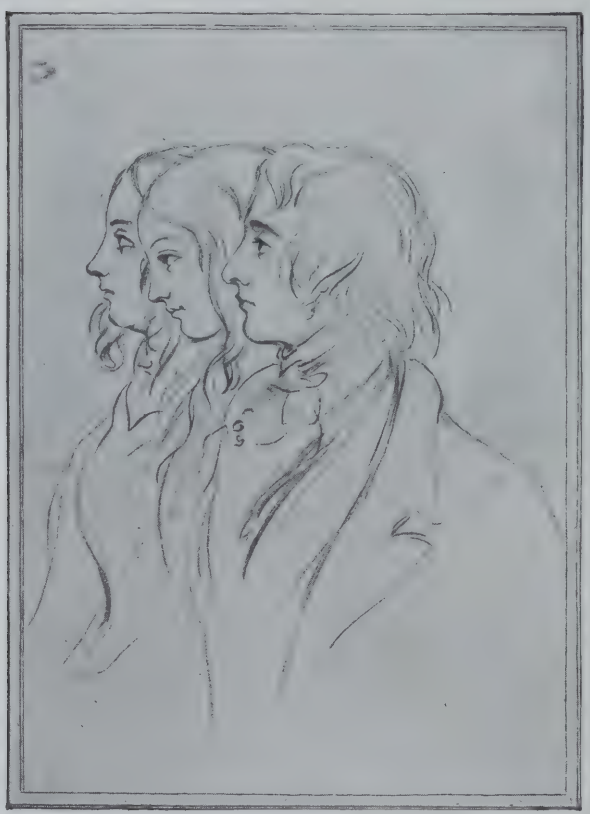
no further curiosity, and they walked on, both ladies giggling very much, and declaring that they never had seen such a wicked creature in all their born days—never.

Lightening the way with such pleasantry as this, they arrived at the tailor's house in no time; and here they made quite a little party, there being present besides Mr. Lillyvick and Mrs. Lillyvick, not only Miss Snevellicci's mamma but her papa also. And an uncommon fine man Miss Snevellicci's papa was, with a hook nose, and a white forehead, and curly black hair, and high cheek bones, and altogether quite a handsome face, only a little pimply, as though with drinking. He had a very broad chest had Miss Snevellicci's papa, and he wore a threadbare blue dress coat, buttoned with gilt buttons across it; and he no sooner saw Nicholas come into the room than he whipped the two forefingers of his right hand in between the two centre buttons, and sticking the other arm gracefully a-kimbo, seemed to say, "Now, here I am, my buck, and what have you got to say to me?" Such was, and in such an attitude sat Miss Snevellicci's papa, who had been in the profession ever since he had played the ten-year-old imps in the Christmas pantomimes, who could sing a little, dance a little, fence a little, act a little, and do everything

a little, but not much; who had been sometimes in the ballet, and sometimes in the chorus, at every theatre in London; who was always selected, in virtue of his figure, to play the military visitors and the speechless noblemen; who always wore a smart dress, and came on arm-in-arm with a smart lady in short petticoats—and always did it too with such an air that people in the pit had been several times known to cry out, "Bravo!" under the impression that he was somebody. Such was Miss Snevellicci's papa, upon whom some envious persons cast the imputation that he occasionally beat Miss Snevellicci's mamma, who was still a dancer, with a neat little figure, and some remains of good looks, and who now sat as she danced—being rather too old for the full glare of the foot-lights—in the background.

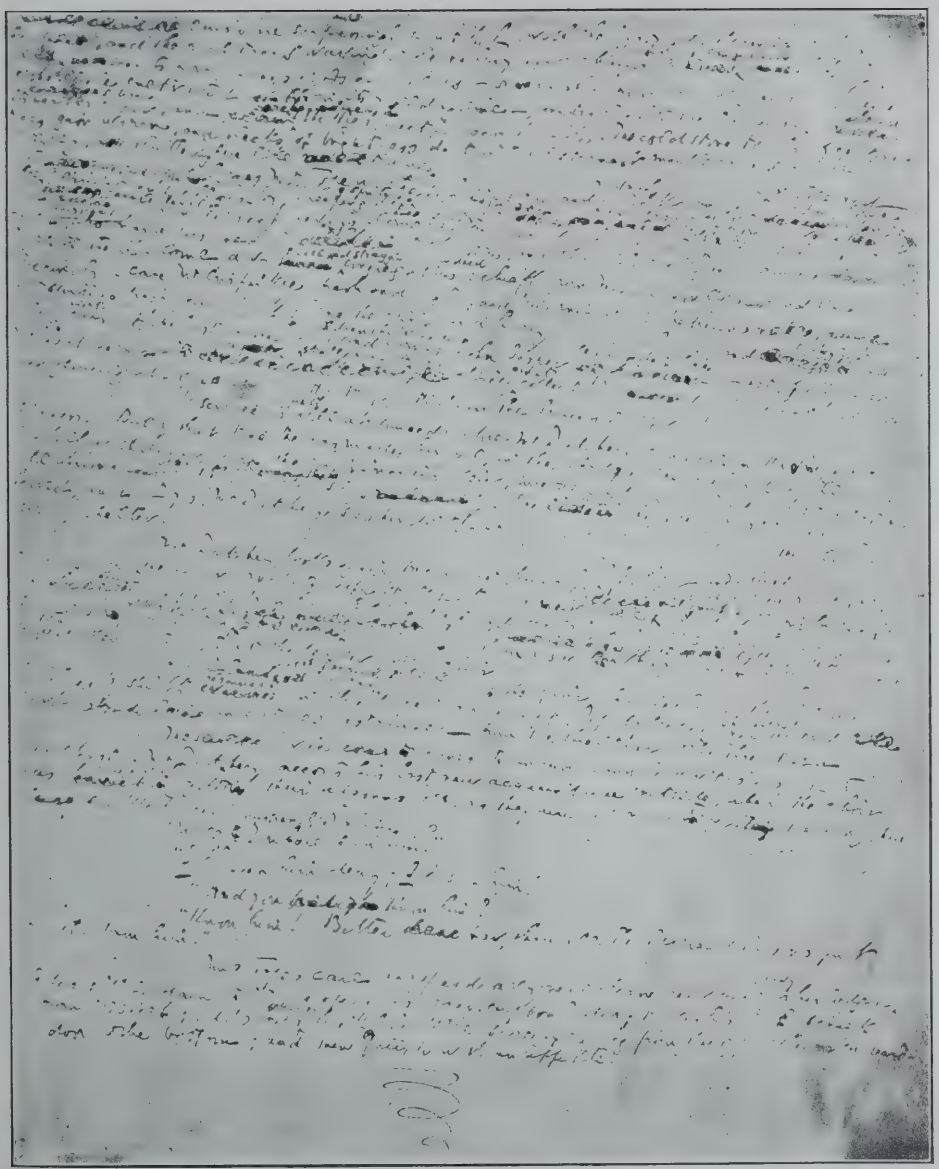
FROM "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

I feel as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I worked at that tremendous shorthand, and all improvement appertaining to it, in my sense of responsibility to Dora and her aunts. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strong part of my character, if it have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success. I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation. The man who reviews his own life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the



Charles Dickens, with his Wife and Sister-in-law

Drawn by D. Maclise in 1843



The last page of "Edwin Drood"; the last words written by Dickens.

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companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfilment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my golden rules.

The Novelists

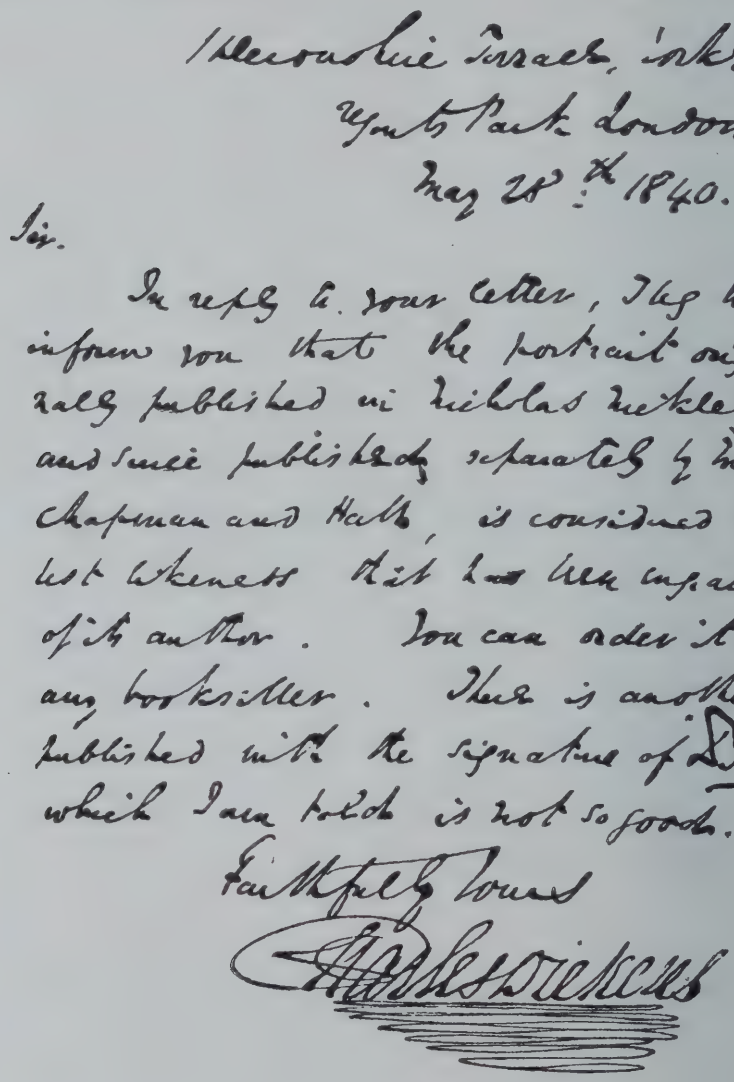
For the first ten years of the Victorian era, Dickens was so prominent as practically to overshadow all competitors. When we look back hastily, we

Charles Dickens reading "The Chimes" to his Friends at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Monday, December 2, 1844

Engraved by Jeens, after a Drawing by D. Maclise

see nothing but his prolific puppet-show, and hear nothing but the peals of laughter of his audience. There were not wanting those who, in the very blaze of his early genius, saw reason to fear that his mannerisms and his exaggerations would grow upon him. But until 1847 he had no serious rival; for Bulwer, sunken between his first brilliancy and his final solidity, was producing none but frothy *Zanonis* and dreary *Lucretias*, while the other popular favourites of the moment had nothing of the master's buoyant fecundity. High spirits and reckless adventure gave attractiveness to the early and most rollicking novels of CHARLES LEVER; but even *Charles O'Malley*, the best of them, needs to be read very light-heartedly to be convincing. FREDERICK MARRYAT wrote of sailors as Lever did of dragoons, but with a salt breeziness that has kept *Peter Simple* and *Mr. Midshipman*

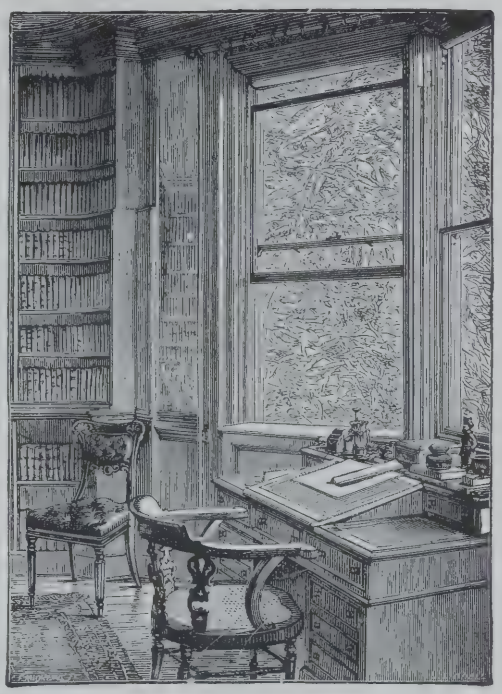
Easy fresh for sixty years. Marryat and Lever, indeed, come next to Dickens among the masculine novelists of this age, and they, as he is, are of the school and following of Smollett. Gay caricature, sudden bursts of sentiment, lively description, broken up by still livelier anecdote, with a great nonchalance as



Facsimile Letter from Dickens to George Brightwen

to the evolution of a story and the propriety of its ornament—these are the qualities which characterise the novelists of the early Victorian age. In our rapid sketch we must not even name the fashionable ladies who undertook at this time, in large numbers, to reproduce the foibles and frivolities of "society."

Charles James Lever (1806–1872) was born, the son of an architect, in Dublin on the 31st of August 1806. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in October 1822, and took his Bachelor's degree five years later. His adventures at college are partly depicted in *Charles O'Malley*. The early life of Lever was spent in a vagabondage not unlike that of Goldsmith; he wandered in Holland, in Germany, and among the Red Indians in Canada. We find him appointed, as a budding physician, to the Irish Board of Health, and in 1832 he was certainly beginning to write *Harry Lorrequer*, amid congenial oddities of scene, at Kilrush, in county Galway. He did service in the epidemic of cholera in that year. He moved about from one part of Ireland to another, until he ultimately settled for some years in Brussels. Meanwhile he published, anonymously, his two earliest novels, *Harry Lorrequer* in 1839 and *Charles O'Malley* in 1841. In 1842 Lever was induced to return to Ireland, to edit the *Dublin University Magazine*. For three years he kept house just outside Dublin in a style of reckless extravagance, trading upon the popularity of his works. Unable to sustain this manner of life, Lever went abroad again in 1845, and recommenced his peregrinations. After restless wanderings, he settled at Florence in 1847, and stayed there ten years. Among the most successful of his innumerable novels of this period were *Tom Burke of Ours* (1843); *The O'Donoghue* (1845); and *The Knight of Gwynne* (1847). In 1857 Lord Derby appointed Lever English Consul at Spezzia, and here again he spent ten years; here he wrote *A Day's Ride* (1864), the record of an adventure of his own in a ruined castle of the Tyrol. He was transferred in 1867 to Trieste, where he was unhappy, and where, after some decline in health, he died suddenly on the 1st of June 1872. He was publishing novels up to the



Dickens's Study at Gadshill

Frederick Marryat

After the Portrait by John Simpson

very end of his life. Lever was not unlike the type of hero that he loved to depict, very jolly, thriftless, boisterous, with a turn for melancholy, passionately a lover of horses and cards and gay society.

Harrison Ainsworth
From a Drawing by D. Maclise

Frederick Marryat (1792–1848) was the son of a wealthy member of Parliament residing in Westminster, where he was born on the 10th of July 1792. As a young boy he ran away to sea several times, and at last, in 1806, was allowed to follow this irresistible vocation. His first experiences were under Lord Cochrane on the *Impérieuse*, which vessel during two years and a half was in more than fifty distinct engagements. Marryat became a lieutenant in 1812, and a commander three years later; he lived a life of "continual excitement" until the peace of 1815, and performed numerous acts of gallantry. In 1819 he married, but went off to sea again

Rough Sketch by Cruikshank for Ainsworth's "Tower of London"

Practical Philosophy of Adam Buff.

DRAWING BY W. M. THACKERAY (TO ILLUSTRATE DOUGLAS JERROLD'S "MEN OF CHARACTER").

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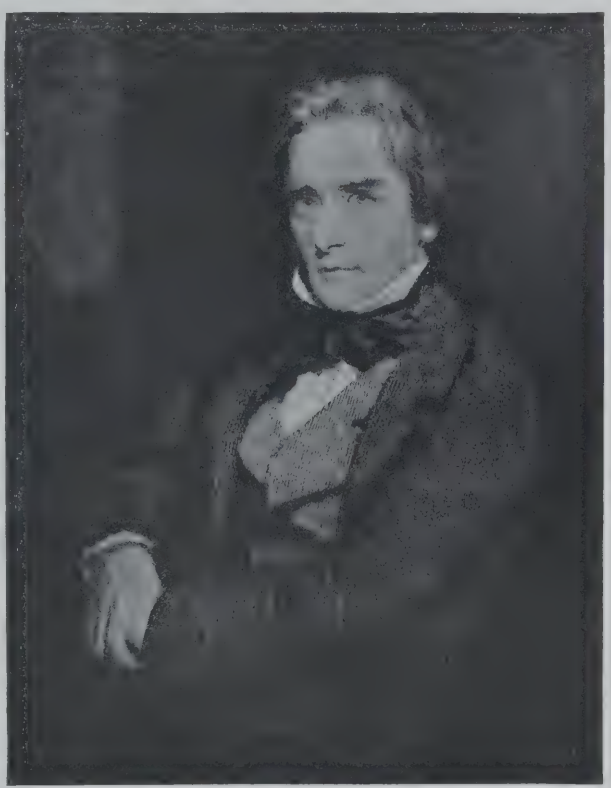
in the following year, becoming a post-captain in 1826. In 1829 he began his career as a novelist with *The Naval Officer*, followed in 1830 by *The King's Own*. He now retired from the Navy, to become equerry to the Duke of Sussex, and to devote all his leisure to literature. Some of his books enjoyed an enormous success, particularly *Peter Simple* (1834); *Jacob Faithful* (1834); and *Mr. Midshipman Easy* (1836). Some readers preferred even to these *Snarley-Yow* (1837). But from this point onwards it is not to be questioned that Marryat began more and more to exhaust the sprightly freshness of his reminiscences, and his later romances were books for boys. His novels are more than twenty in number, three of them having been posthumous, for Marryat continued to write until shortly before his death. From 1836 to 1838 he travelled through Europe and America, and his latest romances reflect some of the incidents of his journeys. On returning from America, Marryat settled until 1843 in London, and then took a house at Langham, in Norfolk, where he died on the 9th of August 1848. Marryat was a man of great activity of mind and body, who long practised in his own person that "chivalry of the ocean" which he afterwards celebrated in his books.



Douglas Jerrold

After the Portrait by Sir D. Macnee

A very popular exponent of the grotesque and the sensational in historical romance was **William Harrison Ainsworth** (1805–1882), a Manchester solicitor, who wrote *Rookwood*, 1834; *Jack Sheppard*, 1839; and *The Tower of London*, 1840. He was a sort of Cruikshank of the pen, delighting in violent and lurid scenes, crowded with animated figures. One of Ainsworth's closest friends, **Douglas Jerrold** (1803–1857), aimed at success in many provinces of literature, but came nearest to it in the drama. His "nautical and domestic" play of *Black-Eyed Susan*, in 1829, set the fashion for a species of lively, sentimental comedy in which Jerrold abounded until the end of his life. He wrote a diverting miscellany called *Mrs. Caudle's*

Curtain Lectures, 1846. and a collection of sketches, *Men of Character*, which Thackeray illustrated. During his own lifetime, Douglas Jerrold enjoyed an exaggerated reputation, but he is mainly remembered now by his eminent friendships, and by some of his pungent witticisms. Although he belongs to a younger generation, it may be convenient to mention here **William Wilkie Collins** (1824–1889), who was the most direct and also the most successful disciple of Dickens in romance. Wilkie Collins, who helped his master to edit *Household Words* and other magazines, approached him for a moment in the popularity of such powerful novels as *The Woman in White*, 1860, and *Armadale*, 1868. There can be no doubt that the presence of Dickens acted as a great stimulus to the younger man, and when that was removed the work of Wilkie Collins became eccentric and lost much of its value. But for ten years he ranked among the foremost English purveyors of terror and suspense.

Wilkie Collins

Carlyle

The name of THOMAS CARLYLE was mentioned in the last chapter, and he went on writing until about 1877, but the central part of his influence and labour was early Victorian. No section of Carlyle's life was so important, from a literary point of view, as the first period of twelve years in London. At first, discomfited by persistent want of success, he was on the point of abandoning the effort. "I shall quit literature; it does not invite me," he wrote. But in this depressed mood he sat down to the solid architecture, toil "stern and grim," of the *French Revolution*, composed at Cheyne Walk in a sour atmosphere of "bitter thrift." It was received with great éclat, was followed by the despised and thitherto unreprinted *Sartor Resartus*, and by the four famous series of Carlyle's public lectures. Of these last, *Hero*

Worship was alone preserved. But all this prolonged activity achieved for the disappointed Carlyle a tardy modicum of fame and fee. He pushed the "painting of heroisms" still further in the brilliant improvisation called *Past and Present*, and with this book his first period closes. He had worked down, through the volcanic radicalism of youth, to a finished incredulity as to the value of democracy. He now turned again to history for a confirmation of his views.

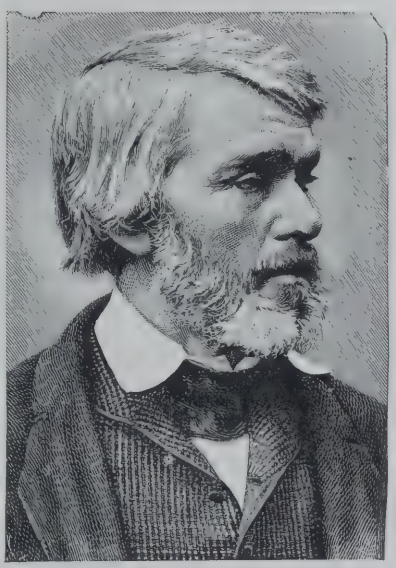


Photo [*Stereoscopic Co.*

Thomas Carlyle

But meanwhile he had revealed the force that was in him, and the general nature of his message to mankind. His bleak and rustic spirit, moaning, shrieking, roaring, like a wild wind in some inhospitable northern woodland, had caught the ear of the age, and sang to it a fierce song which it found singularly attractive. First, in subject; after the express materialism of Bentham, Owen, and Fourier, prophets of the body, the ideal part of man was happy to be reminded again of its existence, even if by a prophet whose inconsistency and whose personal dissatisfaction with things in general tended to dismay the soul of the minute disciple. It was best not to follow the thought of Carlyle too implicitly, to consider him less as a guide than as a stimulus, to allow his tempestuous and vague nobility of instinct to sweep away the coverings of habit and convention, and then to begin life anew. Emerson, an early and fervent scholar, defined the master's faculty as being to "clap wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world." Carlyle's amorphous aspirations excited young and generous minds, and it was natural that the preacher of so much lawless praise of law should seem a law-giver himself. Yet it is difficult to decide what Carlyle has bequeathed to us, now that the echoes of his sonorous denunciations are at last dying away. Standing between the Infinite and the individual, he recognises no gradations, no massing of the species; he compares the two incomparable objects of his attention,

Margaret A. Carlyle
(Carlyle's Mother)

and scolds the finite for its lack of infinitude as if for a preventable fault. Unjust to human effort, he barks at mankind like an ill-tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves. A most unhelpful physician, a prophet with no gospel, but vague stir and turbulence of contradiction. We are beginning now to admit a voice and nothing more, yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice!

For, secondly, in manner he surprised and delighted his age. Beginning with a clear and simple use of English, very much like that of Jeffrey, Carlyle deliberately created and adopted an eccentric language of his own, which he brought to perfection in *Sartor Resartus*. Founded on a careful selection of certain Greek and German constructions, introduced so as to produce an irregular but recurrent effect of emphasis, and at poignant moments an impression as of a *vox humana* stop in language, skilfully led up to and sustained, the euphuism of Carlyle was one of the most remarkable instances on record of a deliberately artificial style adopted purely and solely for purposes of parade, but preserved with such absolute consistency as soon to become the only form of speech possible to the speaker. Early critics described it as a mere chaos of capitals and compounds and broken English; but a chaos it was not—on the contrary, it was a labyrinth, of which the powerful and insolent inventor was most careful to preserve the thread.

Thomas Carlyle

After an unfinished Portrait by Sir John Millais

We have hitherto been speaking of a solvent Carlyle as essayist, lecturer, critic, and stripper-off of social raiment. It was presently discovered that on one side his genius was really constructive. He became the finest historian England had possessed since Gibbon. The brilliant, episodical *French Revolution* was followed by a less sensational but more evenly finished *Cromwell*, and by that profoundly elaborated essay in the eighteenth-century history of Germany, the *Life of Friedrich II.* By this later work

Chelsea, London, 11th September, 1834 –

My Dear Mother,

It is long since I have been so much delighted with anything as I was with your affectionate, good humoured excellent little letter: indeed, I think it was one of the blithest moments it gave me that I have had since I left you. Now at last I can fancy that I shall not want for letters; you with the matter in your own hand will duly think of my necessities in that way, and may at all times be depended on for punctuality. For I calculate that "having put your hand to the plough" you will not in any wise draw back! No, no. Let them rule you a piece of paper, or what were better make you a set of permanently ruled lines, and then, with a pen and an inkbottle, you can at any moment tell me your own story independent of any one: were it nothing but "help a drop", it will be welcomer to me than any whole Drop, or whole flood, that can come from any other quarter. You speak with so much hope and kindliness about everything, and take with such a cheerful patience all the changes appointed you (of which in late years there have been enough and too many), and ever are found waiting to welcome the new time, and make the most of it, with glad submission to the will of him that appointed it, – I confess, my Dear Mother, you might be a lesson and a wholesome reproof to the best of us. May the Father of all be thanked that it is so well with you! May, while he gives you that spirit, it can never be ill with you. Whatever can befide, for Time or for Eternity, is not the Hero, the All-knowing but also –, All-loving, All-helping! —— I have endeavoured to

your description, and Jean's former one, to picture out your two sitting Rooms, with the red curtains and the new window, and fancy that in the pleasant season you will be very happy and not uncomfortable when the winter comes, as it is fast doing. You must keep a good fire, and if the weather detain you from stirring out, yet I know your hand will not lie idle; and with work to do, one need not weary. Let me find you well, Dear Mother, when I come back. And if I bring you a good new Book in my hand, will not you have that new plaid dressing-gown ready for me! Grahame of Burnswark tells me that you are looking "admirably well": he adds that in your ways of speech and acting, you bring him, more than I could imagine, in mind of his own beloved Mother, — which I do believe is the highest compliment he could pay you. His letter is full of the most overflowing friendliness, and was very welcome to me.

We suppose you come to stay with Jean till a certain event be over, about which, poor thing, she is naturally anxious enough. We trust, it will all prove right and joyful, and disappoint her apprehension. Tell them to write to us shortly, or do it yourself if you are not too slow. Give my thanks to Jean for her share of the letter, and say that the only reason why she does not also receive a Note to-day, is that the Frank will not hold one, that American letter being already a double one. The Newspaper comes regularly on Friday about noon, and on Saturday I as regularly forward it to Alick, who will thus find it waiting for him on Monday. Tell Jean, she must not again write on it with so coarse a pen, lest they detect us, and come out with their fine of fifty pounds! A small crow-quill stroke, which cannot be so cunning as to escape me, and then a wafer introduced to prevent the cover from slipping that, in cases of extremity that justify a fraud on the revenuous Post-Office, is the method for doing it. Jack's letter unfortunately cannot be sent me, but I gather that he is well, and hope ere long to have a letter of my own confirming it. — Have you got the Books; I mean, a set of Teufelsdröckh, which I despatched for you, all in a heap to Jean's care, thro' M'Kinnel the Bookseller, by way of Edinburgh? Your Names are on them, but I could put nothing more, having to leave them down on Jean's counter. This American letter is on the same subject: I thought it would be worth your reading; for it is not

all the good that happens to me a confession of ours also? I read the letter in this sense, and do not show it to any one else; that were but a wretched vanity, in which, as I have found long since there is little thrift for me or any one.

Of Chelsea news we have as good as none to send you; which indeed means intrinsically good enough news. We go on in the old fashion, adhering pretty nearly to our work, and looking for our main happiness in that. This is the dull season in London, and several of our friends are fled to the country; however, we have still a fair allowance of company left us; and, what is best, the company we have is none got dead or merely "a consuming of time", but rational, and leads to something. The best news I have is that, this day, I mean to begin writing my Book; nay, had it not been for the present sheet, would already have been at it! Wish me good speed: I have meditated the business as I could, and must surely strive to do my best. With a kind of trembling hope I calculate that the Enterprise may somehow with me, that the Book may be at least a true one, and tend to do God's service not the Devil's. It will keep me greatly on the stretch for these winter months; but I hope to have it printed and out early in spring: what is to be done next we shall then see. The word must be a tougher article than ever I have found it, if it altogether beat me. I have defied it, and set my trust elsewhere: and so it can do whatsoever is permitted and appointed it. As to our other doings and outlookings I have written of them ale at great length to Alick, the other day; so that, as you are likely to see his letter very soon, I need not dwell on them here. I have seen Mill and various other agreeable persons since (for our company comes often in rushes), but met with no farther adventure.

The sheet is loading very fast; Jane's little Note too is ready; and I have still some business to do. We spoke long ago about a freight of saleable goods we wanted out of Annandale in the fall of the year. As you are the businessmanliest of all, I will now specify the whole to you, that you may better yourself and stir up others in the proper quarter be getting them ready: I suppose, it will be some five weeks before they can go off; but I shall have got minuter knowledge, and shall write again, before that. Here is the list of our

wants, as I have extracted it by questions out of Jane. First Sixty pounds of Butter in two equal kegs (the butter here is 16pence a pound!); secondly a moderately-sized sweet-milk Cheese; next two smallish Bacon-Hams (your Beef-ham was just broken into last week, and is in the best condition), next, about 15 Stone of light Scotch Oatmeal (or even more, for we are to give them some stone of it, and need almost a pound daily, then is not now above a stone left); and after that, as many hundred-weights of Potatoes as you think will keep (for the rule of it is this: we take 2 pounds daily, and they [illegible] at 1½d or at lowest a penny a pound, and are seldom good): all this got ready and packed into a hogshead, or into two, will reach us by White haven, and we will see how it answers. You may stir up Alick and James Aitken, and say, The sooner the better.

Dr.

Mrs Carlyle
24 Pyrland Road
Stroud
Gloucestershire

Mr Aitken

Mrs Strang Scotsbrig Ecclefechan SP 16 1834

CHEE

1834

LEATHERHEAD

Mrs Carlyle
24 Pyrland Road
Stroud
N. B.

Comly

Mrs Carlyle
at Mrs Aitken's
24 Pyrland Road
Stroud
Gloucestershire

Dr.

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I have just had a letter (from Henry Inglis) that the Books are got to Edinburgh: so you will likely see them in Nithsdale next. Mile has undertaken to get me this franked; which is more than I hoped, for the "members" are nearly all off. Write to me soon, with your own hand "Half a word" of mine may not be. Give my brotherly love to Jean and Jenny, and all of them, and their several households, whensoever they struggle and toil. Tell them also to stand true and bear nothing [illegible]

Carlyle outstripped, in the judgment of serious critics, his only possible rival, Macaulay, and took his place as the first scientific historian of the early Victorian period. His method in this class of work is characteristic of him as an individualist; he endeavours, in all conjunctions, to see the man moving, breathing, burning in the glow and flutter of adventure. This gives an extraordinary vitality to portions of Carlyle's narrative, if it also tends to disturb the reader's conception of the general progress of events. After the publication of the *Friedrich*, Carlyle continued to live for nearly twenty years, writing occasionally, but adding nothing to his intellectual stature, which, however, as time passed on, grew to seem gigantic, and was, indeed, not a little exaggerated by the terror and amazement which the grim old Tartar prophet contrived to inspire in his disciples and the world in general.

An Early Portrait of Carlyle

Engraved by J. C. Armytage, after a Drawing by Samuel Laurence

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) was the eldest of the four sons of James Carlyle and his second wife, Margaret Aitken. The father was a mason, a "pithy, bitter-speaking body, and an awfu' fighter," who was living at Ecclefechan, a village in Dumfriesshire, when his eldest son was born there on the 4th of December 1795. Thomas was taught his rudiments in the village school, and in 1805 was sent to the grammar school of Annan, where he was very unhappy. From 1809 to 1814 he was a student at Edinburgh, but took no degree. He then succeeded Edward Irving as usher to the school at Annan, intending all this while to

Photo] [*Patrick, Edinburgh*

Arch House, Ecclefechan, the Birthplace of Thomas Carlyle

enter the ministry. His father had now moved to Mainhill, a farm near Lockerbie, and here Thomas spent his vacations studying German. In 1816 he again followed Irving as mathematical teacher in a school at Kirkcaldy, where he fell in love with the young lady who passes as "Blumine" in *Sartor Resartus*. Two years later he went to Edinburgh, where he lived until 1821 by taking private pupils, and in attempting very unsuccessfully to get literary work to do. At this point, however, he began to make his force felt, and in 1821 his despondency, which must have almost amounted to insanity, had a crisis, and, though he was always violently hypochondriacal, he was never quite so blackly melancholy again. He received great kindness from the Bullers, whose brilliant son Charles (1806–1848) was now for some time Carlyle's pupil. When they came up to London in 1824, Carlyle followed, and here he soon made the acquaintance of the Basil Montagues. In 1825 he settled at Hoddam Hill, a farm on the Solway, where he stayed a year with his brother Alexander, and whence he sent to press his first book, the *Life of Schiller*. From here, in October 1826, he married JANE WELSH (1801–1866) of Craigenputtock, to whom he had long, after his fashion, been attached. Immediately after the marriage the Carlyles moved to Edinburgh, and he became a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. Here an article on German Literature attracted general remark, secured for Carlyle the friendship of Goethe, and led to other gratifying results. But money was lacking, and it was soon found that Edinburgh was too expensive and too

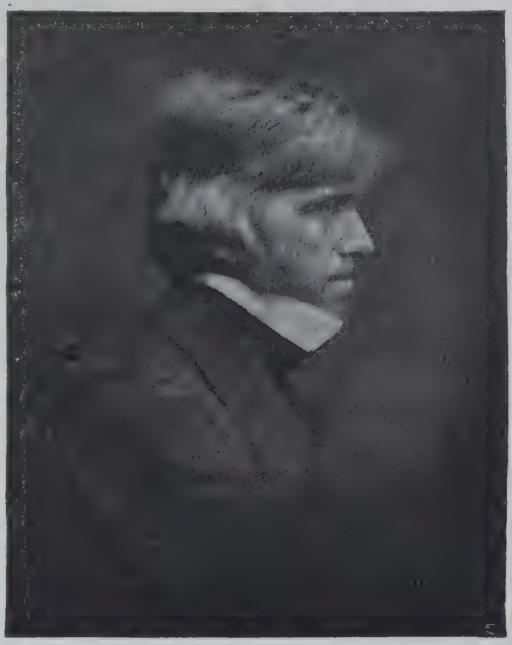
Photo] [*G. G. Napier, Esq.*

Mainhall Farm, where Carlyle lived with his Parents from 1815 to 1825

Photo] [*Patrick, Edinburgh*

Craigenputtock, where Carlyle lived with his Wife from 1828 to 1834, and where "Sartor Resartus" was written

disturbing. In May 1828 the eccentric and unamiable couple—for the marriage had already proved of dubious felicity—removed to Craigenputtock. Here he mainly continued to live until 1834, in an existence which was a sulky dream to him, a long-drawn drudgery to his indignant wife, although looking back, long afterwards, Carlyle was able to say, "perhaps our happiest days were spent at the Craig." Here in 1830 he was writing *Sartor Resartus*, but could get no publisher to accept it, until in 1833–1834 it was printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, to the weary indignation of the subscribers to that periodical. Meanwhile Carlyle was living by contributions to what he called the "mud, sand, and dust magazines," and making such friends as Emerson, Mill, and Leigh Hunt. Still quite obscure and unsuccessful at the brink of forty years, Carlyle came up to London in 1834, and settled at No. 5 (now No. 24) Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he was to reside for the next forty-seven years. In the early part of 1835 Carlyle was "at work stern and grim"; it was necessary that he should do something. For two years he had earned nothing by literature, and he thought that "Providence warns me to have done with it." The first volume of *The French Revolution*, which was to be his final effort, upon which all the future was to hang, was finished in the spring of 1835, but the MS. was burned as waste paper (under mysterious circumstances) by the servant of the Mills, to whom it had been lent. Carlyle behaved well under this terrific blow, and began again; in January 1837 the whole book was finished. He determined to throw it at the feet of the public, "buy a rifle and spade, and withdraw to the Trans-Atlantic wilderness." *The French Revolution*, however, was a success, but brought in little money. But Carlyle stayed in England, and was persuaded to give four courses of lectures, which brought him in a sum of more than £800. *Sartor*



Thomas Carlyle

From a Photograph taken July 31, 1854

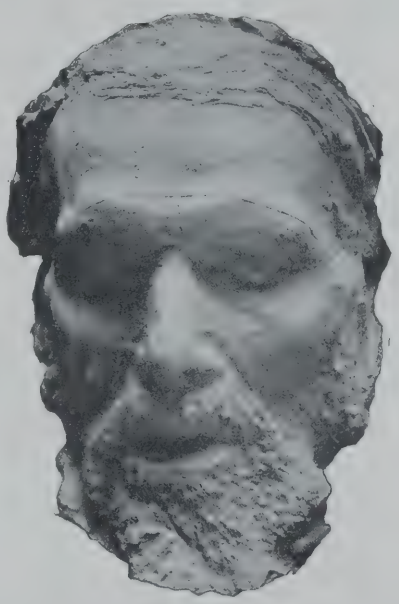
Jane Welsh Carlyle

From an Engraving after the Miniature by K. Macleay

Resartus was now (1838) for the first time published in book form, and though it puzzled readers at first was gradually accepted. Carlyle found a publisher for his miscellaneous criticisms and lectures; and the *Essays* of 1839, *Chartism* of 1840, and *Hero-Worship* of 1841, made him, as he approached fifty years of age, a popular or, at least, established writer at last; although he still described himself as "a man foiled," and poverty still skulked about outside the door in Cheyne Row. It was finally driven away by the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother, Mrs. Welsh, in February 1842, which secured for them a competence of nearly £300 a year. He thought of returning to Craigenputtock, but his wife was wisely averse to it, and he came to see that London was the best place for writing books in. Under the new conditions, Carlyle's earliest publication was *Past and Present* (1843), an attack on orthodox political economy. But he was already engaged on a far more important enterprise, *The Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell*, which appeared in 1845. This is the time when Froude, Milnes, and Ruskin became his disciples, and in some measure took the place of John Sterling (1806–1844), the person whom, it is probable, Carlyle loved best in the course of his life. At this period, also, begins the friendship with Lady Harriet Baring (afterwards Lady Ashburton) which ultimately "churned to froth" the mind of Mrs. Carlyle. Lady Ashburton continued to be a fearful thorn in Jane Carlyle's side until 1857, when she died; Lord Ashburton married again, a lady who won the friendship of both the Carlyles, and retained it to the end. In 1846 he made a tour through Ireland, and another in 1849; in 1850, "after a period of deep gloom and bottomless dubitation," were published *Latter-day Pamphlets*, which finally divided Carlyle from all branches of the Radical party, and displayed him as the pronounced enemy of revolution, and the sensation caused by this book was increased by his polemical *Life of Sterling* (1851), which proved "utterly revolting to the religious people." He went, with the Brownings, to Paris, and saw some interesting public men; he now began to collect materials for his *Friedrich the Great*. His mother died at Scotsbrig on

A Caricature of Thomas Carlyle, 1875

Christmas Day 1853, and this event left him "very lonely, very lame and broken." He buried himself, however, in his historical work; for several years "that tremendous book made prolonged and entire devastation of any semblance of home happiness." The first two volumes appeared in 1858, and enjoyed a great success, with much praise, to Carlyle "no better than the barking of dogs"; it was continued in 1862–1864, and concluded in 1865. After refusing the honour twice, he was now persuaded to become a Scots Lord Rector, and delivered at Edinburgh in 1866 his very remarkable address on *The Reading of Books*. But, on the 21st of April of that year, during his absence in Scotland, Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in her carriage as she was driving round Hyde Park, and Carlyle was stricken with an unavailing agony of remorse for all his bad temper and selfish neglect of her. Mrs. Carlyle was not known as an author during her lifetime, but the publication of her *Correspondence* in 1883, and again in 1903, revealed her as a letter-writer of bitter wit and most penetrating and shrewd observation. The Reform Bill of 1867 was the source of great anger to Carlyle, who was roused by it into publishing his *Shooting Niagara*. In 1868 he saw Queen Victoria at the Deanery of Westminster, and was offered various distinctions, which he declined; his strength began to fail, to become (in 1869) "quite a stranger to me." Still he lived on. His latest book, *The Early Kings of Norway*, was published for him in 1875. He was attended to the last, almost like a son, by Froude, on whose arm the crumpled-up figure might be seen shuffling along the Thames embankment on late afternoons. His mind gradually failed, and he died unconscious, on the 4th of February 1881. He had refused to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and the body was laid in the village churchyard of Ecclefechan. After Carlyle's death, Froude immediately published the *Reminiscences*, which threw a flood of light, some of it lurid, over his early struggles, and the persistent traits of his character. Froude followed this by the *Letters and Memorials* (1882–1884), which removed a good deal of the romance from the popular notion of Carlyle, and for the time being, at all events, awakened no little prejudice against him. Much has been said for and against the personal temperament of Carlyle, but part of it can be explained by the facts that he was dyspeptic and a peasant. Neither in the physical nor in the social world was he ever properly at his ease. His marriage, a singularly unfortunate union, emphasised his faults; it was, as he said, "a sore life-pilgrimage together,



The Death-Mask of Thomas Carlyle

Chelsea Public Library

much bad road." There is no question that his temper was vile, and as uncertain as the mood of a weather-cock, and that it made him harshly inconsiderate of others. The worst trait in his character is his rude ingratitude to the memory of all those who were good to him in his early years; to some of them he was at the time obsequious and flattering, only to insult them after their death. This not even a dyspeptic peasant can be forgiven for doing. But he was not insincere; if we know his faults it is largely because he has confessed them to the world; and there was a certain greatness even in his egotism and his vociferous complaining. In the physical sense, Carlyle was in youth "a loose-made, tawny creature"—to borrow a phrase of his own—moody, rough, and unattractive. With years, the fascinating quality increased, but it stood him in ill stead when it lured Miss Jane Welsh away from her other lovers. His wonderful eyes were the most extraordinary feature of his shaggy countenance, "devouring eyes, thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes," as Emerson said. Carlyle was always, by fits and starts, a talker, and in later life he poured forth an amazing flood of rich paradoxical monologue, full of brilliant images, stirring ideas, and surprisingly bold mis-statements. He could be, on occasion, courteous and even tender, and in the presence of genuine attainment and proved excellence of conduct he was occasionally known to be almost appreciative. In his old age he grew to be a mysteriously awful figure, seldom seen, greatly dreaded, much respected.

Photo] *[Walker & Cockerell*

24 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where Carlyle died

FROM "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"

On the whole, is it not, O Reader, one of the strangest Flame-Pictures that ever painted itself; flaming off there, on its ground of Guillotine-black? And the nightly Theatres are Twenty-three; and the *Salons de danse* are sixty: full of mere *Egalité*, *Fraternité*, and *Carmagnole*. And Section Committee-rooms are Forty-eight; redolent of tobacco and brandy: vigorous with twenty-pence a-day, coercing the suspect. And the Houses of Arrest are Twelve for Paris alone; crowded and even crammed. And at all turns, you need your "Certificate of Civism"; be it for going out, or for coming in; nay without it you cannot, for money, get your daily ounces of bread. Dusky red-capped Baker's-queues; wagging themselves; not in silence! For we still live by Maximum, in

Thomas Carlyle.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY JAMES MACNEILL WHISTLER.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

all things; waited on by these two, Scarcity and Confusion. The faces of men are darkened with suspicion; with suspecting, or being suspect. The streets lie unswept; the ways unmended. Law has shut her Books; speaks little, save impromptu, through the throat of Tinville. Crimes go unpunished: not crimes against the Revolution. "The number of foundling children," as some compute, "is doubled."

How silent now sits Royalism; sits all Aristocratism; Respectability that kept its Gig! The honour now, and the safety, is to Poverty, not to Wealth. Your Citizen, who would be fashionable, walks abroad, with his Wife on his arm, in red wool nightcap, black shag spencer, and carmagnole complete. Aristocratism crouches low, in what shelter is still left; submitting to all requisitions, vexations; too happy to escape with life. Ghastly châteaus stare on you by the wayside; disroofed, diswindowed; which the National House-broker is peeling for the lead and ashlar. The old tenants hover disconsolate, over the Rhine with Condé; a spectacle to men. *Ci-devant* Seigneur, exquisite in palate, will become an exquisite Restaurateur Cook in Hamburg; *Ci-devant* Madame, exquisite in dress, a successful *Marchande des Modes* in London. In Newgate Street you meet M. le Marquis, with a rough deal on his shoulder, adze and jack-plane under arm; he has taken to the joiner trade; it being necessary to live (*faut vivre*).—Higher than all Frenchmen the domestic Stock-jobber flourishes—in a day of Paper-money. The Farmer also flourishes: "Farmer's houses," says Mercier, "have become like Pawn-brokers' shops;" all manner of furniture, apparel, vessels of gold and silver accumulate themselves there: bread is precious. The Farmer's rent is Paper-money, and he alone of men has bread: Farmer is better than Landlord, and will himself become Landlord.

And daily, we say, like a black Spectre, silently through that Life-tumult, passes the Revolution Cart; writing on the walls its MENE, MENE, *Thou art weighed, and found wanting!* A Spectre with which one has grown familiar. Men have adjusted themselves: complaint issues not from that Death-tumbril. Weak women and *ci-devants*, their plumage and finery all tarnished, sit there; with a silent gaze, as if looking into the Infinite Black. The once light lip wears a curl of irony, uttering no word; and the Tumbril fares along. They may be guilty before Heaven, or not; they are guilty, we suppose, before the Revolution. Then, does not the Republic "coin money" of them, with its great axe? Red Nightcaps howl dire approval: the rest of Paris looks on; if with a sigh, that is much; Fellow-creatures whom sighing cannot help; whom black Necessity and Tinville have clutched.

FROM "PAST AND PRESENT."

It is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery World. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of Heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of Heaven's azure overspanning *it* too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeples, as a birth of Heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased.

Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart's-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble fruitful Labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth—the grand sole miracle of Man; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth, very literally, into divine Heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Builders; Prophets, Poets, Kings; Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights; all martyrs, and noble men, and gods are of one grand Host; immeasurable; marching ever forward since the beginnings of the World. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned Host, noble every soldier in it; sacred, and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels

> of Georges ; nor any other contrivance but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavens, will he not bethink himself ; he too is so needed in the Host! It were so blessed, thrice blessed, for himself and for us all ! In hope of the Last Partridge, and some Duke of Weimar among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet a while.

Macaulay

Born after Carlyle, and dying more than twenty years before him, THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY pressed into a short life, feverishly filled with various activity, as much work as Carlyle achieved in all his length of days. The two writers present a curious parallelism and contrast, and a positive temptation to paradoxical criticism. Their popularity, the subjects they chose, their encyclopædic interest in letters, unite their names, but in all essentials they were absolutely opposed. Carlyle, with whatever faults, was a seer and a philosopher ; English literature has seen no great writer more unspiritual than Macaulay, more unimaginative, more demurely satisfied with the phenomenal aspect of life. In Carlyle the appeal is incessant—*sursum corda;* in Macaulay the absence of mystery, of any recognition of the divine, is remarkable. Macaulay is satisfied with surfaces, he observes them with extraordinary liveliness. He is prepared to be entertaining, instructive, even exhaustive, on almost every legitimate subject of human thought ; but the one thing he never reaches is to be suggestive. What he knows he tells in a clear, positive, pleasing way ; and he knows so much that often, especially in youth, we desire no other guide. But he is without vision of unseen things ; he has no message to the heart ; the waters of the soul are never troubled by his copious and admirable flow of sound information.

Yet it is a narrow judgment which sweeps Macaulay aside. He has been, and probably will long continue to be, a most valuable factor in the cultivation of the race. His *Essays* are not merely the best of their kind in existence, but they are put together with so much skill that they are permanent types of a certain species of literary architecture. They have not the delicate, palpitating life of the essays of Lamb or of Stevenson, but taken as pieces of constructed art built to a certain measure, fitted up with appropriate intellectual upholstery, and adapted to the highest educational requirements, there is nothing like them elsewhere in literature. The most restive of juvenile minds, if induced to enter one of Macaulay's essays, is almost certain to reappear at the other end of it gratified, and, to an appreciable extent, cultivated. Vast numbers of persons in the middle Victorian period were mainly equipped for serious conversation from the armouries of these delightful volumes. The didactic purpose is concealed in them by so genuine and so constant a flow of animal spirits, the writer is so conspicuously a master of intelligible and appropriate illustration, his tone and manner are so uniformly attractive, and so little strain to the feelings is involved in his oratorical flourishes, that readers are captivated in their thousands, and much to their permanent advantage. Macaulay heightened the art of his work as he progressed ; the essays he wrote after his return from India in 1838 are particularly excellent. To study the construction and machinery of the two

great Proconsular essays, is to observe literature of the objective and phenomenal order carried almost to its highest possible perfection.

In 1828, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Macaulay laid down a new theory of history. It was to be pictorial and vivid; it was to resemble (this one feels was his idea) the Waverley Novels. To this conception of history he remained faithful throughout his career; he probably owed it, though he never admits the fact, to the reading of Augustin Thierry's *Conquête d'Angleterre*. Macaulay had been a popular essayist and orator for a quarter of a century, when, in 1849, he achieved a new reputation as an historian, and from this date to 1852, when his health began to give way, he was at the head of living English letters. In his history there meet us the same qualities that we find in his essays. He is copious, brilliant, everlastingly entertaining, but never profound or suggestive. His view of an historical period is always more organic than Carlyle's, because of the uniformity of his detail. His architectonics are excellent; the fabric of the scheme rises slowly before us; to its last pinnacle and moulding there it stands, the master-builder expressing his delight in it by an ebullition of pure animal spirits. For half the pleasure we take in Macaulay's writing arises from the author's sincere and convinced satisfaction with it himself. Of the debated matter of Macaulay's style, once almost superstitiously admired, now unduly depreciated, the truth seems to be that it was as natural as Carlyle's was artificial; it represented the author closely and unaffectedly in his faults and in his merits. Its monotonous regularity of cadence and mechanical balance of periods have the same faculty for alternately captivating and exasperating us that the intellect of the writer has. After all, Macaulay lies a little outside the scope of those who seek an esoteric and mysterious pleasure from style. He loved crowds, and it is to the populace that his life's work is addressed.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay (1800–1859), was the eldest child of Zachary Macaulay, the anti-slavery philanthropist, and his wife, Selina Mills. He was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on the 25th of October 1800. The home of his parents was at Clapham, and here he attended a day-school. In 1812 he went to school at Little Shelford, near Cambridge, and had already by this time laid the foundation of a prodigious knowledge of literature. The school was moved to Aspenden Hall, Herts; and in October 1818 he matriculated as a commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge. He distinguished himself at once, and his earliest publication, *Pompeii*, was the prize poem of 1819. At the University he neglected mathematics, but he absorbed all the literature which it had to offer. He failed to secure a place in the Tripos, but in 1824 he gained a fellowship at his college, and before this he had begun to write for the magazines in verse and prose. His father, who had entirely neglected his business, now found himself on the verge of ruin, and Macaulay "quietly took up the burden which his father was unable to bear." He made the paternal house in Great Ormond Street his home, sustained the anxieties of all, paid his father's debts, and placed the business once more on a secure basis. He became a student of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1826 was called to the Bar, but he can scarcely be said to have practised. In April 1825 had appeared the first of his famous

articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, that on "Milton"; he soon became fashionable as a reviewer, and his abilities struck the political no less than the literary world. In 1828 he was made a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and in 1830 he was elected M.P. for Calne. His first speech, on the Reform Bill, showed that Macaulay was an orator of the first class; never, in the prolonged experience of the then Speaker, had the House been seen "in such a state of excitement." His career in the Opposition was most brilliant, and from 1832 he was acting also as Commissioner and then Secretary of the Board of Control; meanwhile his essays were being written one after another, in intervals snatched from official, probationary, and social occupation. Few men have ever worked as Macaulay did in these early years, and the result was that "immense distinction" which Gladstone noted as characteristic of the great critic in his still youthful years. A variety of circumstances—the cessation of his fellowship, the suppression of his commissionership—reduced him for a moment in 1832 to absolute poverty; he "did not know where to turn for a morsel of bread." This difficulty was solved by his appointment to be Secretary to the Board of Control, and still more thoroughly by the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India. He severed all his ties with England (he was now M.P. for Leeds), and sailed for Madras in February 1834. While he was in India he read incessantly, aimlessly, voraciously, and yet his public labours, unremittingly carried out, seemed enough alone to crush an ordinary man. In 1838 he found that he had amassed a small but sufficient fortune, and he returned to England. His first act was to take a prolonged tour in Italy, for he was already beginning his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and wished to see the landscape. Early in 1839 he entered Parliament again as M.P. for Edinburgh, and was almost immediately made Secretary for War, and given a seat in the Cabinet, a post which he held until 1841. This was scarcely a happy moment in his history, for his work in connection with the sinking Whig Ministry was not fortunate, and he was shut off from history and poetry just at the moment when he wished to devote himself to both. The Ministry of Lord

Thomas Babington Macaulay

After the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant

Melbourne fell in the summer of 1841, and Macaulay was liberated from office. It was at this time that he began to be the author of books. In 1841 a publisher in Philadelphia started a collection of Macaulay's *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, which was not concluded until 1844. In 1842 appeared the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and in 1843 a London publisher was emboldened to follow where an American had led two years before, and brought out the *Critical and Historical Essays*. The fame which now tardily but suddenly descended on him as an author was without parallel. Of the *Lays* countless editions were issued, while the *Essays* took their place at once as the most popular work of the kind which the age had produced. But Macaulay, in his great simplicity, was unaffected by laudation; he was now deeply engaged in a different business, and in 1844 he even ceased to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, that he might be able to give his whole time to historical research. He was defeated at Edinburgh, and thus his unbroken attention could be concentrated on his

Rischgitz] [*Collection*

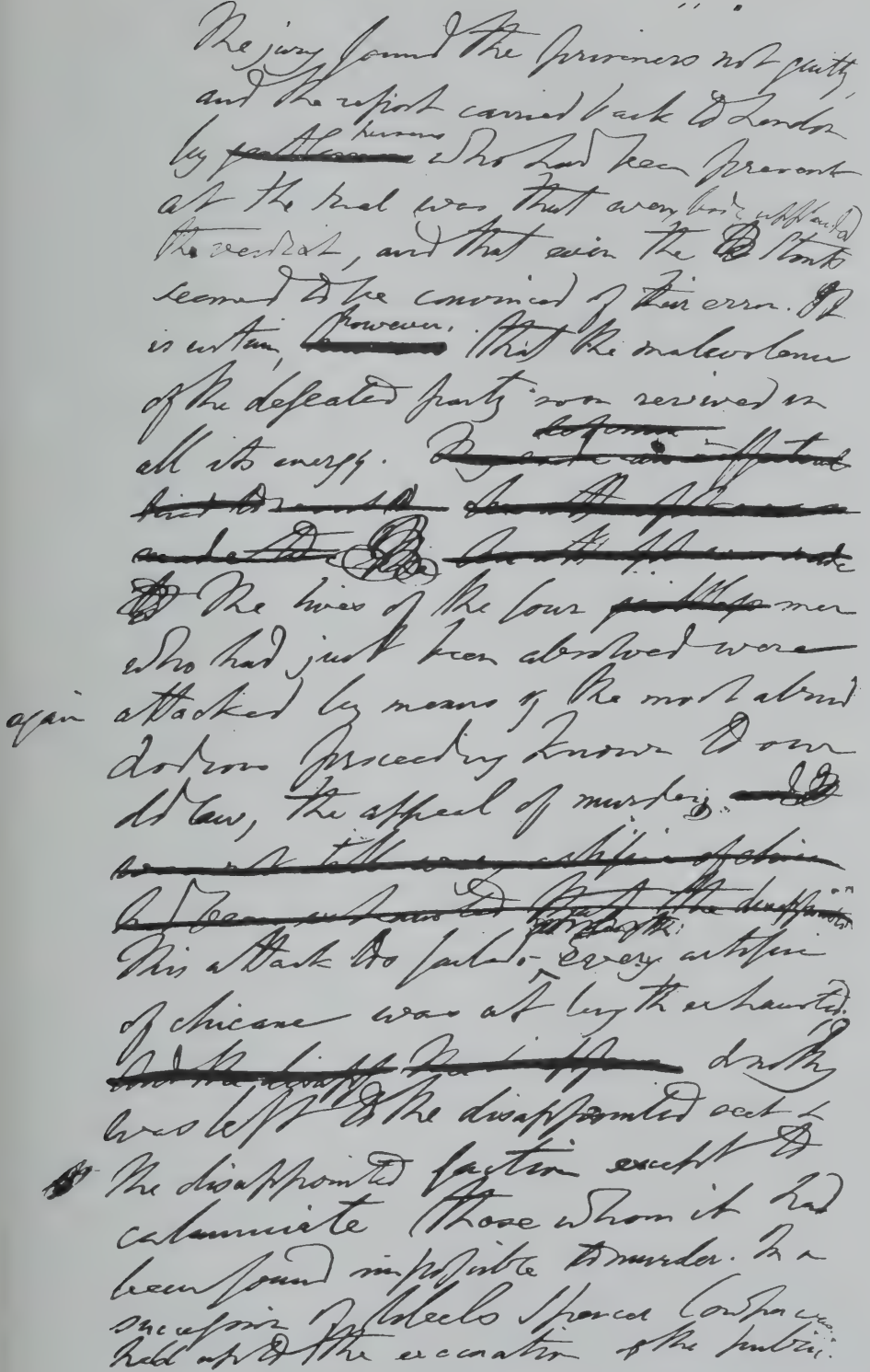
Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, where Macaulay died, December 28, 1859

literary work. The result was the first two volumes of the *History of England*, published in the winter of 1848. The reception of this book was so triumphant that even the philosophical Macaulay was disturbed. "I am half afraid," he said, "of this strange prosperity." He was anxious lest the second instalment should be received with less favour, but nothing could exceed the warmth of the welcome which awaited Volumes III. and IV. in 1855. Before this time, however, Macaulay, although he had seriously withdrawn from political life, had returned in many respects to public affairs. He became, in 1849, Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and he took, until the time of his death, a very special interest in the management of London University. In 1852 he was re-elected M.P. for Edinburgh, but his excessive expenditure of energy had told upon his strength; in this very year he had a sudden attack of heart disease, and "became twenty years older in a week." From this particular complaint he seemed to recover, but he was afflicted from this time forward with a persistent asthma. From this year he spoke in public but seldom, and he was shaken by the Crimean War and by the Indian Mutiny. He was aware that his career as an orator had closed, and he permitted his *Speeches* to be collected in 1853 and 1854. He felt the end coming, and pushed on with his History as well as he might. The fifth and last volume of it was

nearly completed when he died, and was edited by his devoted sister, Lady Trevelyan, in 1861. But in 1857 Macaulay felt himself incapable of further continuance of work in the House of Commons; he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Macaulay in October of that year. He continued to keep fairly well, though with apprehensions ill-disguised from himself, and his death came peacefully and suddenly on the 28th of December 1859 at his house called Holly Lodge. A public funeral in Westminster Abbey was awarded to him, and on the 9th of January 1860 he was buried in Poets' Corner. His uncollected *Miscellaneous Writings* were issued in two volumes in the course of the same year. Macaulay was remarkable for the simplicity and equanimity of his temper, and for his serenity. He never married, but his warm feelings centered themselves in the interests of his sister and her children. One of these children, afterwards Sir George Trevelyan, published in 1876 a life of Macaulay, which is one of the best biographical productions of our time. The personal appearance of Macaulay was not particularly striking. Carlyle's picturesque thumb-nail sketch displays Macaulay's want of picturesqueness: "I noticed the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, 'Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal.'" Even in his great oratorical triumphs it seems to have been rather the splendour of what Macaulay said than anything magnetic in his person or manners which so deeply affected his hearers.

From "Warren Hastings."

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.



Facsimile Page of the MS. of Macaulay's "History of England"

FROM THE PREFACE TO "THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME."

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances: manners change: great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy colouring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is indeed little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of Childe Waters and Sir Cauline, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of The Cid. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world for ever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious relics of the Minstrelsy of the Border. In Germany, the lay of the Nibelungs had been long utterly forgotten when, in the eighteenth century, it was, for the first time, printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilisation, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked—an early grave.
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Newman If the strongly accentuated and opposed styles of Carlyle and Macaulay attracted the majority of lively pens during the early Victorian period, there were not wanting those who were anxious to return to the unadorned practice of an English that should entirely forget its form in the earnest desire to say in clear and simple tones exactly what it wanted to say. Every generation possesses such writers, but from the very fact of their lack of ambition and

their heedlessness of the technical parts of composition they seldom attain eminence. Perhaps the most striking exception in our literature is JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, whose best sermons and controversial essays display a delicate and flexible treatment of language, without emphasis, without oddity, which hardly arrests any attention at first—the reader being absorbed in the argument or statement—but which in course of time fascinates, and at last somewhat overbalances the judgment, as a thing miraculous in its limpid grace and suavity. The style which Newman employs is the more admired because of its rarity in English; it would attract less wonder if the writer were a Frenchman. If we banish the curious intimidation which the harmony of Newman exercises, at one time or another, over almost every reader, and if we examine his methods closely, we see that the faults to which his writing became in measure a victim in later years—the redundancy, the excess of colour, the languor and inelasticity of the periods—were not incompatible with what we admire so much in the *Sermons at St. Mary's Church* and in the pamphlets of the Oxford Movement.

These imperfections in the later works of Newman—obvious enough, surely, though ignored by his blind admirers—were the result of his preoccupation with other matters than form. His native manner, cultivated to a high pitch of perfection in the Common Room at Oriel, was abundant, elegant, polished, rising to sublimity when the speaker was inspired by religious fervour, sinking to an almost piercing melancholy when the frail tenor of human hopes affected him, barbed with wit and ironic humour when the passion of battle seized him. His intellect, so aristocratic and so subtle, was admirably served through its period of storm and stress by the armour of this academic style. But when the doubts left Newman, when he settled down at Edgbaston among his worshippers, when all the sovereign questions which his soul had put to him were answered, he resigned not a little of the purity of his style. It was Newman's danger, perhaps, to be almost too intelligent; he was tempted to indulge a certain mental indolence, which assailed him, with mere refinements and facilities of thought. Hence, in his middle life, it was only when roused to battle, it was in the *Apologia* or in *A Grammar of Assent*, that the Fénelon of our day rose, a prince of religious letters, and shamed the enemies of his communion by the dignity of his golden voice. But on other occasions, taking no thought what he should put on, he clothed his speech in what he supposed would best please or most directly edify his immediate audience, and so, as a mere writer, he gradually fell behind those to whose revolutionary experiments his pure and styptic style had in early days offered so efficient a rivalry. But the influence of the Anglican Newman, now suffused through journalism, though never concentrated in any one powerful disciple, has been of inestimable service in preserving the tradition of sound, unemphatic English.

John Henry Newman (1801–1890) was the son of a London banker, John Newman, and his wife, Miss Fourdrinier, who was of a Huguenot family. He was born in London on the 21st of February 1801, and from an infant was carefully trained in the

principles of a liberal Calvinism. In later life Newman attributed his strong religious tendencies to the evangelical books his mother read with him, and particularly to the *Commentary* of Scott and Law's *Serious Call to the Unconverted.* His father's bank, that of Messrs. Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., failed in the year 1816, and it became necessary for the boy to prepare for a profession. He left the school at Ealing, which he had attended since 1808, and matriculated in December 1816 at Trinity College, Oxford. At this early age, fifteen, he became persuaded that it was God's will that he should lead a celibate life, and from this conviction he never swerved. He was elected a scholar of his college in 1819, and took his degree in 1820. In 1821 he printed two cantos of an anonymous poem, *St. Bartholomew's Eve.* His career at Oxford was distinguished, and in April 1822 he was chosen to a fellowship at Oriel College, which then stood at the head of the University for learning; this fellowship Newman continued to hold until 1845. In 1822 he was very solitary, having formed but few friendships; a little later he was drawn to Pusey, and later still to Hawkins and Keble. His mind and temperament ripened slowly, and he has told us that up to 1827, so far from understanding the real bent of his mind, he was "drifting in the direction of Liberalism." By this time, however, he had been ordained (June 13, 1824), and had become curate of the Oxford parish of St. Clement's. Illness and bereavement, and in 1829 friendship with Hurrell Froude (1803–1836), began to draw Newman powerfully towards the Mediæval Church. For a year Newman was Vice-Principal of Alban Hall, and in October 1828 he received the appointment in which he was to exercise so extraordinary an influence, that of Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. A very important development of Newman's character was brought about by a journey which he undertook in the winter of 1832, in company with Hurrell Froude. The friends went by sea to the Mediterranean, and visited the coasts of Greece, North Africa, and Italy; in April 1833 they parted in Rome, Newman proceeding to Sicily, where he fell ill at Leonforte and nearly died; recovering, he made his way to Palermo, and was back in England by the beginning of July. During this journey Newman composed all the most beautiful of his lyrics; he was in a highly-strung nervous condition during the whole time, and he was being drawn, irresistibly, nearer and nearer to a dogmatic sacerdotalism. His earliest important book was now published, *The Arians of the Fourth Century* (1833); and from the date of Newman's return from Sicily the celebrated "Oxford Movement" may be said to have begun. Twelve years, however, were to elapse before Newman determined to join the Church of Rome; years spent in a fierce attempt to define his position, and to lead the party which gathered about him along a *via media* of High Anglicanism, half-way between Protestantism and Popery. The progress of this movement may be read in Newman's *Tracts for the Times* (1834–1841), in his *Parochial and Plain Sermons* (1834–1842), and in innumerable Tractarian publications by himself and by others. In 1842 he resigned St. Mary's, and retired, for greater seclusion, to Littlemore, where he lived for three years, more and more vainly endeavouring to reconcile his position with Anglican doctrine. Here his disciples flocked to him, until he was openly accused of setting up an Anglo-

E. B. Pusey

Catholic monastery in defiance of the Bishop; he and those who followed him were subjected in consequence to much annoyance. Newman, however, was still on what he called his "Anglican deathbed," and could not die until, in October 1845, his last doubts were removed, and he was received into the Roman Catholic Church by a Passionist Father, who came to Littlemore for that purpose. Newman embodied his long struggle in the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. After a visit to Cardinal Wiseman at Oscott, Newman left Littlemore and Oxford in February 1846, and proceeded to Rome, where he joined the community of St. Philip Neri, "the saint of gentleness and kindness." Returning to England in 1848, he founded the Oratory at Birmingham. In the same year Newman's first Catholic volume, *Loss and Gain*, was published; it is a sort of novel of Oxford undergraduate life in the Tractarian days. Next year he published his *Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations*, marked by a greater joyousness and liberty of speech than any of his previous sermons; and in 1850 he went further still in his *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, delivered in London; the effect of these latter was instant and far-reaching. Newman had now become a great force in English religious life, and was the object of widespread alarm and dislike. These concentrated themselves in the Achilli libel suit, in the course of which an English jury mulcted Newman, by damages and costs together, of £12,000, a sum immediately paid by a subscription of the whole Catholic world. In 1854 he was appointed Rector of the new Roman University in Dublin, and there he published, anonymously, his prose romance of *Callista*. Newman returned in 1858 to Birmingham, and founded a Catholic College at Edgbaston, which continued to be his home for the remainder of his life. For some years his career was now a very quiet one, but his name was in 1864 brought violently before the public by Charles Kingsley, who opened a singularly infelicitous attack upon him. The controversy culminated in Kingsley's boisterous *What then does Dr. Newman mean?* to which the Father replied, with infinite dignity and wit, in the *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ* of the same year; this has been the most popular and most widely influential of all Newman's works. In 1870 he was perhaps less successful with a more ambitious *Grammar of Assent*. In the meantime he had published the longest of his poems, *The Dream of Gerontius*

John Henry Newman

After a Drawing by George Richmond

I had it ayt before me, and I saw
The Judge severe even in the Crucifix,
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy

Angel I It is because th
Thou didst fear, that and now thou dost not fear.
Thou hadst forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is past
Alas, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world,
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipated
Upon his death; and, as the last great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the judge, expressive of thy lot
That calm and joy, uprising in thy soul,
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompence,
And heaven begun.

34
But hark! upon my ear
Soul. Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
Could I be frightened.

(To be continued) I. H. N.

Facsimile Page of the MS. of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius"

Cardinal Newman.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY MISS EMMELINE DEANE.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

(1866), and had collected his *Verses on Various Occasions* (1868). He was long out of favour at the Vatican, but on the accession of Leo XIII. one of the first acts of the Pope was to create Newman a Cardinal (May 12, 1879), on which occasion the new Prince of the Church visited Rome for the second time. After this he wrote but little, residing in the midst of a circle of loving friends and disciples in his oratory at Edgbaston, and rarely leaving it. He retained a wonderful toughness of constitution under an apparent fragility of health, and died at last, without suffering, after a few hours' inflammation of the lungs, in his ninetieth year, on the 11th of August 1890. There was something majestic, and at the same time delicate and shrinking, about the beautiful pale presence as about the intellectual character of the greatest of the English Cardinals.

From "Parochial and Plain Sermons."

Though you cannot deny the claims of religion used as a vague and general term, yet how irksome, cold, uninteresting, uninviting does it at best appear to you! how severe its voice! how forbidding its aspect! With what animation, on the contrary, do you enter into the mere pursuits of time and the world! What bright anticipations of joy and happiness flit before your eyes! How you are struck and dazzled at the view of the prizes of this life, as they are called! How you admire the elegancies of art, the brilliance of wealth, or the force of intellect! According to your opportunities, you mix in the world, you meet and converse with persons of various conditions and pursuits, and are engaged in the numberless occurrences of daily life. You are full of news; you know what this or that person is doing, and what has befallen him; what has not happened, which was near happening, what may happen. You are full of ideas and feelings upon all that goes on around you. But from some cause or other religion has no part, no sensible influence, in your judgment of men and things. It is out of your way. Perhaps you have your pleasure parties; you readily take your share in them time after time; you pass continuous hours in society where you know that it is quite impossible even to mention the name of religion. Your heart is in scenes and places where conversation on serious subjects is strictly forbidden by the rules of the world's propriety.

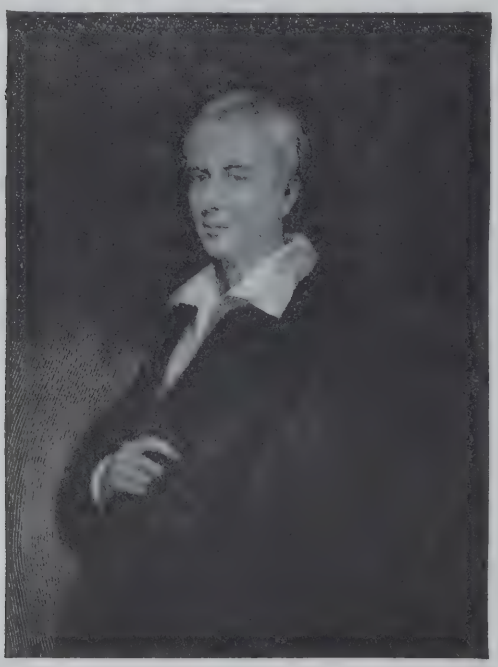
From "Discourses on University Education" (1852).

Even if we could, still we should be shrinking from our plain duty, gentlemen, did we leave out literature from education. For why do we educate except to prepare for the world? Why do we cultivate the intellect of the many beyond the first elements of knowledge, except for this world? Will it be much matter in the world to come whether our bodily health, or whether our intellectual strength, was more or less, except of course as this world is in all its circumstances a trial for the next? If then a University is a direct preparation for this world, let it be what it professes. It is not a convent; it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. Proscribe, I do not merely say particular authors, particular works, particular passages, but Secular Literature as such; cut out from your class-books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and these manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture-room in living and breathing substance. They will meet him there in all the charm of novelty, and all the fascination of genius or of amiableness. To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world; to-day confined to the lives of the Saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel—thrown on Babel without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination having ever been permitted to him, without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him, without any rule given him for discriminating "the precious from the vile," beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is

innocent from what is poison. You have refused him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him, because of their incidental corruption ; you have shut up from him those whose thoughts strike home to our hearts, whose words are proverbs, whose names are indigenous to all the world, who are the standard of the mother tongue, and the pride and boast of their countrymen, Homer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Shakespeare, because the old Adam smelt rank in them ; and for what have you reserved him? You have given him a "liberty unto" the multitudinous blasphemy of his day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University.

George Borrow

During the life-time of that singular adventurer, GEORGE BORROW, no one would have dreamed of admitting him to a place among the principal writers of his time, although his *Bible in Spain* made him prominent for a moment. But since his death the fame of Borrow has steadily increased, and is now firmly grounded on his picturesque and original studies in romanticised autobiography. Much spoiled by their irregularity, their freakishness and their intellectual prejudices, excellent only in parts as the best of his books must always be considered, the really vivid chapters of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* have a masculine intelligence, a breadth and novelty of vision, which make them unique. It is part of the fascination of Borrow that in spite of his vanity in many things,—as pre-eminently in his tiresome and presumptuous airs as a philologist,—when he is really himself, his originality acts unconsciously, with a violence and ardour which carry the reader entirely away for the time being, although they are sure presently to flag and fall.



George Borrow

After the Portrait by Thomas Phillips in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

George Henry Borrow (1803–1881) was the son of a recruiting officer at East Dereham, where he was born on the 5th of July 1803. He was educated, after a fashion, at the Norwich Grammar School. As a lad of twenty-one, without resources, he went to London, and did a little literary hack-work ; when this failed, he took to the roads as a tramp, and fell in with the gypsies. After adventures, the record of which continues vague and contradictory, in 1833 he became agent to the Bible Society, and travelled for some years in Russia, Spain, and Morocco. About 1840

present my best respects to Mrs. Cunningham and all your dear family. I was overjoyed when I saw your Romance advertised and though Paul Jones is not my favourite among the pirates I make no doubt that he will be so when introduced to me by you. I have read your "Songs of Scotland" and I think the introduction is the very best done thing of the kind I ever met with. As for your intended romance I cannot possibly conceive what it will treat upon since it is to be "a new sort of book".

Yours most sincerely

George Borrow

Portion of a letter from Borrow in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

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Borrow settled at Oulton, on the Norfolk Broads, and took to writing. He published *The Zincali* (1841); *The Bible in Spain* (1843); *Lavengro* (1851); *The Romany Rye* (1857); and *Wild Wales* (1862). He died at Oulton on the 26th of July 1881. There was an element of the mysterious about Borrow; it is still entirely unknown how or where he spent many years of his life. He was very tall and remarkably powerful; handsome, with a strange, disquieting expression in his eyes; he was beardless, and his hair was lint-white. His relations with the gypsies, and especially with the noble Isopel Berners, are related in his two principal books; it is difficult to decide how much is fact and how much fiction. His books contain the only classic account existing of the type of the better class of gypsies a hundred years ago. Borrow translated from many languages, like Sir John Bowring (1792–1872), for whom he indulged a fierce hostility; but, indeed, he hated and despised almost all his contemporaries who were neither tinkers, tramps, nor ostlers.

Photo [*Aldous, Norwich*

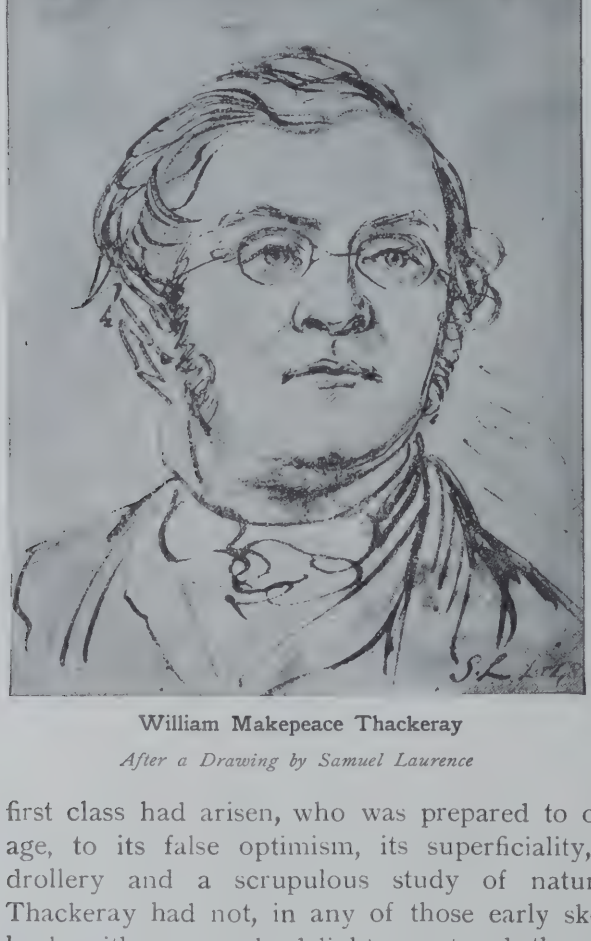
Borrow's House at East Dereham

FROM "THE ROMANY RYE."

The stage-coachmen of England, at the time of which I am speaking [1825], considered themselves mighty fine gentry, nay, I verily believe, the most important personages of the realm, and their entertaining this high opinion of themselves can scarcely be wondered at; they were low fellows, but masters at driving; driving was in fashion, and sprigs of nobility used to dress as coachmen and imitate the slang and behaviour of coachmen, from whom occasionally they would take lessons in driving as they sat beside them on the box, which post of honour any sprig of nobility who happened to take a place on the coach claimed as his unquestionable right; and then these sprigs would smoke cigars and drink sherry with the coachmen in bar-rooms, and on the road; and, while bidding them farewell, would give them a guinea or a half-guinea, and shake them by the hand, so that these fellows, being low fellows, very naturally thought no small liquor of themselves, but would talk familiarly of their friends Lords So-and-So, and the Honourable Mistress So-and-So, and Sir Harry, and Sir Charles, and be wonderful saucy to any one who was not a lord or something of the kind; and this high opinion of themselves received daily augmentation from the servile homage paid them by the generality of the untitled male passengers, especially those on the fore part of the coach, who used to contend for the honour of sitting on the box with the coachman when no sprig was nigh to put in his claim. Oh! what servile homage these common creatures did pay these same coach fellows, more especially after witnessing this or t'other act of brutality practised upon the weak and unoffending—upon some poor friendless woman travelling with but little money, and perhaps a brace of hungry children with her, or upon some thin and half-starved man travelling on the hind part of the coach from London to Liverpool with only eighteenpence in his pocket, after his fare was paid, to defray his expenses on the road; for, as the insolence of these knights was vast, so was their rapacity enormous.

William Makepeace Thackeray

The fifth decade of the century was a period of singular revival in every branch of moral and intellectual life. Although the dew fell all over the rest of the threshing-floor, the fleece of literature was not unmoistened by it. The years 1847–49 were the most fertile in great books which England had seen since 1818–22. It was in the department of the novel that this quickening of vitality was most readily conspicuous. Fiction took a new and brilliant turn; it became vivid, impassioned, complicated; in the hands of three or four persons of great genius, it rose to such a prominent place in the serious life of the nation as it had not taken since the middle career of Scott. Among these new novelists who were also great writers, the first position was taken by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, who, though born so long before as 1811, did not achieve his due rank in letters until *Vanity Fair* was completed. Yet much earlier than this Thackeray had displayed those very qualities of wit, versatility, and sentiment, cooked together in that fascinating and cunning manner which it is so difficult to analyse, that were now hailed as an absolute discovery. *Barry Lyndon* should have been enough, alone, to prove that an author of the first class had arisen, who was prepared to offer to the sickly taste of the age, to its false optimism, its superficiality, the alternative of a caustic drollery and a scrupulous study of nature. But the fact was that Thackeray had not, in any of those early sketches to which we now turn back with so much delight, mastered the technical art of story-telling. The study of Fielding appeared to reveal to him the sort of evolution, the constructive pertinacity, which had hitherto been lacking. He read *Jonathan Wild* and wrote *Barry Lyndon;* by a still severer act of self-command, he studied *Tom Jones* and composed *Vanity Fair.* The lesson was now learned. Thackeray was a finished novelist; but, alas! he was nearly forty years of age, and he was to die at fifty-two. The brief remainder of his existence was crowded with splendid work; but Thackeray is unques-



William Makepeace Thackeray

After a Drawing by Samuel Laurence

Title-page from First Edition of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball."

BY W. M. THACKERAY. PUBLISHED 1847.

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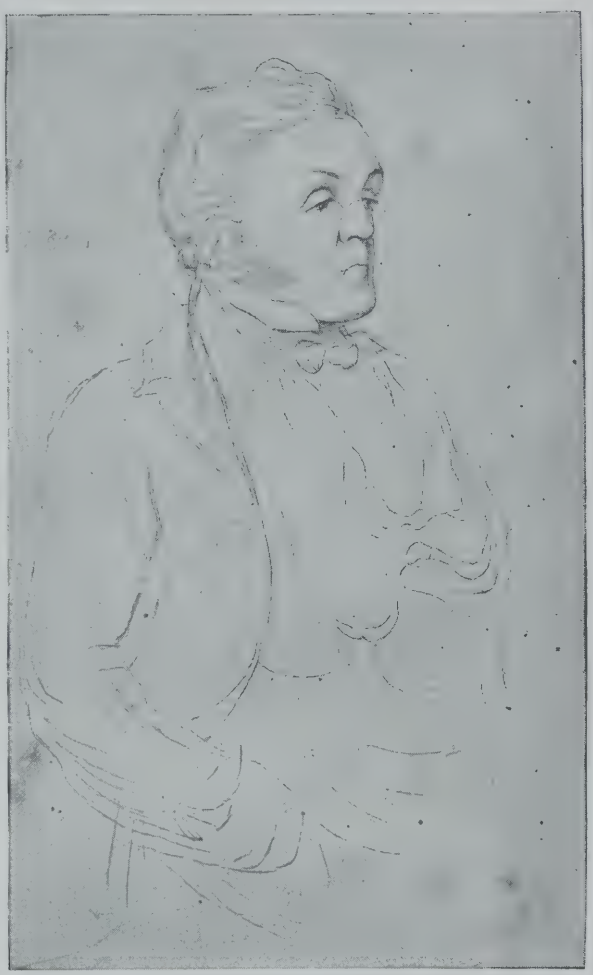
tionably one of those writers who give us the impression of having more in them than accident ever permitted them to produce.

Fielding had escorted the genius of Thackeray to the doors of success, and it became convenient to use the name in contrasting the new novelist with Dickens, who was obviously of the tribe of Smollet. But Thackeray was no consistent disciple of Fielding, and when we reach his masterpieces — *Esmond*, for instance — the resemblance between the two writers has become purely superficial. Thackeray is more difficult to describe in a few words than perhaps any other author of his merit. He is a bundle of contradictions — slipshod in style, and yet exquisitely mannered; a student of reality in conduct, and yet carried away by every romantic mirage of sentiment and prejudice; a cynic with a tear in his eye, a pessimist that believes the best of everybody. The fame of Thackeray largely depends on his palpitating and almost pathetic vitality; he suffers, laughs, reflects, sentimentalises, and meanwhile we run beside the giant figure, and, looking up at the gleam of the great spectacles, we share his emotion. His extraordinary power of entering into the life of the eighteenth century, and reconstructing it before us, is the most definite of his purely intellectual claims to our regard. But it is the character of the man himself—plaintive, affectionate, protean in its moods, like April weather in its changes—that, fused with unusual completeness into his works, preserves for us the human intensity which is Thackeray's perennial charm as a writer.



W. M. Thackeray

From a Pencil Drawing by Richard Doyle

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863) was the only child of an Indian Civil Servant, Richmond Thackeray, and his wife, Anne Becher. He was born at

Calcutta on the 18th of July 1811. When he was five years old his father died, and his mother brought him to England; she presently married again. In 1822 Thackeray was sent to Charterhouse School, "a pretty, gentle, and rather timid boy"; in February 1829 he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left in 1830, without taking a degree; he went to Germany and France, his idea being to become a professional artist. In 1832 Thackeray came into a considerable fortune, of which he contrived to denude himself of every penny within a few months. Forced to face poverty, he withdrew to Paris at the close of 1833, and for some years the struggle for bread was sharp and constant. Until 1836, when he began to contribute regularly to *Fraser's Magazine*,

Rischgitz] [*Collection*

Thackeray among the Fraserians

Drawn by D. Maclise in 1835

he seems to have had no assured employment. He now married and settled in London, but he was very far indeed from being in a confident or comfortable position. From this time until 1846 Thackeray mainly depended upon his connection with *Fraser's*, to which he contributed a long series of stories and sketches under the pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Thackeray's first book of any importance was the anonymous *Yellowplush Correspondence* of 1838. In 1840 appeared *The Paris Sketch Book*, and in this year the pronounced insanity of his wife led to the misfortune of a life-long separation. Thackeray began to be connected with *Punch* in 1842, and here, in 1846–7, *The Book of Snobs* appeared, although not reprinted as a volume until 1848. In *The Irish Sketch Book*, dedicated in 1843 to Lever, the name of the author appears at last; "laying aside the travelling title of Mr. Titmarsh," he subscribes himself "W. M. Thackeray." But not this lively work, nor *Barry Lyndon* in 1844, nor *A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo* in 1846, contributed to make Thackeray really popular or famous

William Makepeace Thackeray.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SAMUEL LAURENCE

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This was achieved by a longer production, the novel of *Vanity Fair*, which appeared in nineteen monthly numbers, and was at last completed in 1848. He now became suddenly a "lion" in society, and he attempted to lighten the load of daily composition by soliciting places in the Civil Service and in diplomacy. But for these he was not found to be eligible, and it is fortunate that his genius was not dissipated upon work

Photo] *[Walker & Cockerell*

16 Young Street, Kensington, where Thackeray lived from 1846 to 1853, and where "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Esmond" were written

not truly suitable to its exercise. He was, however, called to the Bar in the summer of 1848. At this time "his face and figure, his six feet four in height, with his flowing hair, already nearly grey, and his broken nose, his broad forehead and ample chest, encountered everywhere either love or respect; and his daughters to him were all the world." He was now famous and a favourite in the society he loved; and he sat down in high hopes to write another long novel, *Pendennis;* but in 1849 a severe illness gave to his health a shock from which it never perfectly recovered. Yet these

years were full of literary activity. To *Pendennis* (1849–50) followed *Rebecca and Rowena* (1849–50), and *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* (1850–1). In the latter year he began to lecture in London, with very marked success, and he repeated the experiment in the provinces, and on successive occasions in America. The two principal courses of lectures which Thackeray delivered so widely were *The English Humourists of the*

Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, as he appeared at Willis's Rooms in his Celebrated Character of Mr. Thackeray

From a Caricature by John Leech

Eighteenth Century, which he published in 1853, and *The Four Georges*, which he kept in MS. until 1861. He was in the United States upon this lucrative and interesting errand in the winters of 1852 and 1855, and there is no doubt that those public appearances as a lecturer, with his noble appearance and frank manner, greatly increased his popularity, which was at this time second to that of no one but Dickens. Meanwhile Thackeray was engaged in the composition of his great historical novel of *Henry Esmond*, which appeared in 1852. This was printed in the usual form, but in *The Newcomes* (1853–55), and in *The Virginians* (1858–59), Thackeray reverted to the

custom of publication in twenty-four periodical numbers. In the last-named year he became editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*, which he continued to guide until April 1862, and in which he at once began to issue his *Roundabout Papers*. It was ever in Thackeray's mind that he might escape, by some other employment, from the burden of incessant literary work. He was now prosperous, and he thought that it would amuse him to take part in the debates of the House of Commons. In 1857 he stood for the city of Oxford, but he was not elected. In 1863 he built himself a house on Palace Green, Kensington, for he had by this time more than recovered the fortune which had slipped through his fingers in his youth. He was not, however, long to enjoy it; for ten years he had been suffering, although few suspected it, from heart disease. On Christmas Eve, 1862, very early in the morning, the spasms came on as he lay in bed, and he died before they could be relieved. He was buried in Kensal Green, and a bust was afterwards placed in Westminster Abbey. His latest novels were *Lovel the Widower* (1861), and *The Adventures of Philip* (1863). The fragment of another, *Denis Duval*, was published after his death. The character of Thackeray, so lovable and companionable, with something pathetic even in the humour of it, was inexpressibly

W. M. Thackeray

From a Sketch by Sir John Millais in the possession of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. (Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie and of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.)

attractive to those who knew him, and is reflected in the confidential addresses to the readers of his books. He was perhaps a little too emotional to escape pain, and a little too egotistical to avoid the semblance of affectation, but his very faults endeared him to his friends.

From "Vanity Fair."

A few days after the famous presentation, another great and exceeding honour was vouchsafed to the virtuous Becky. Lady Steyne's carriage drove up to Mr. Rawdon Crawley's door, and the footman, instead of driving down the front of the house, as by his tremendous knocking he appeared to be inclined to do, relented, and only delivered in a couple of cards, on which were engraven the names of the Marchioness of Steyne and the Countess of Gaunt. If these bits of pasteboard had been beautiful pictures, or had had a hundred yards of Malines lace rolled round them, worth twice the number of guineas, Becky could not have regarded them with more pleasure. You may be sure they occupied a conspicuous place in the china bowl on the drawing-room table, where Becky kept the cards of her visitors. Lord! lord! how poor Mrs. Washington White's card and Lady Crackenbury's card, which our little friend had been glad enough to get a few months back, and of which the silly little creature was rather proud once—Lord! lord! I say, how soon at the appearance of these grand court cards, did those poor little neglected deuces sink down to the bottom of the pack. Steyne! Bareacres! Johnes of Helvellyn! and Caerlyon of Camelot! we may be sure that Becky and Briggs looked out those august names in the Peerage, and followed the noble races up through all the ramifications of the family tree.

My Lord Steyne coming to call a couple of hours afterwards, and looking about him, and observing everything as was his wont, found his lady's cards already ranged as the trumps of Becky's hand, and grinned, as this old cynic always did at any naïve display of human weakness. Becky came down to him presently: whenever the dear girl expected his lordship, her toilette was prepared, her hair in perfect order, her mouchoirs, aprons, scarfs, little morocco slippers, and other female gimcracks arranged, and she seated in some artless and agreeable posture ready to receive him—whenever she was surprised, of course, she had to fly to her apartment to take a rapid survey of matters in the glass, and to trip down again to wait upon the great peer.

She found him grinning over the bowl. She was discovered, and she blushed a little. "Thank you, Monseigneur," she said. "You see your ladies have been here. How good of you! I couldn't come before—I was in the kitchen making a pudding."

From "Barry Lyndon."

All the journey down to Flackton Castle, the largest and most ancient of our ancestral seats in Devonshire, was performed with the slow and sober state becoming people of the first quality in the realm. An outrider in my livery went on before us, and bespoke our lodging from town to town; and thus we lay in state at Andover, Ilminster, and Exeter; and the fourth evening arrived in time for supper before the antique baronial mansion, of which the gate was in an odious Gothic taste that would have set Mr. Walpole wild with pleasure.

The first days of a marriage are commonly very trying; and I have known couples, who lived together like turtle-doves for the rest of their lives, peck each other's eyes out almost during the honeymoon. I did not escape the common lot; in our journey westward my Lady Lyndon chose to quarrel with me because I pulled out a pipe of tobacco (the habit of smoking which I had acquired in Germany when a soldier in Bülow's, and could

Edinburgh . Monday 30 March

Dear Madam

Allow me to fling up my hat and cry hurray for the member for Dundee . He is so busy with the lawyers agents bailies & the like that he wont care for a shout more or less . but his wife ? they you know are always pleased when good fortune happens to their husbands, and when other folks are pleased at it . Since I saw you I have had an escape of being M P myself & for this place where 2 two parties, I dont exactly know for what reason, wanted to put out one of the sitting members viz. Cowan : but I manfully

Letter of Thackeray's

(*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.*)

said I was for opening the Crustal Palace on Sunday (ad majorem Dei gloriam as I thought) and for the grant to Maynooth, & that I didn't think any Scottish Constituency would take a stranger with those opinions. I had a delightful tour in the North, was charmed with Inverness, and fell in love with old Aberdeen, an elderly decayed mouldering old beauty who lives quietly on the Sea shore near her grand new Granite Sister Quarry. I found old friends of mine. Lord & Lady James Hay there, with a house as hospitable as Baldovan - kindness everywhere - bathes &

provosts at every station and dinners in every town But the pace was and incessant travelling and lecture-ing and dining were too much for me. I broke down on Friday night on my arrival at Edinburgh leaving 50 gentlemen & the Landlord of the hotel aghast who were to give me a dinner on Saturday. The dinner is put off till Tuesday I shall avoid the entrees (of wh. I shall have my suspicions) and eat the simple roast, and go back home on Wednesday, let us trust.

Would you come to London for a little time in the season? I hope very much you may, and think with very great pleasure of the pleasant restful days you gave me at Baldovan. With best regards to Sir John I am always most faithfully yours W. M. Thackeray

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never give it over), and smoked it in the carriage; and also her Ladyship chose to take umbrage both at Ilminster and Andover, because in the evenings when we lay there I chose to invite the landlords of the "Bell" and the "Lion" to crack a bottle with me. Lady Lyndon was a haughty woman, and I hate pride; and I promise you that in both instances I overcame this vice in her. On the third day of our journey I had her to light my pipe-match with her own hands, and made her deliver it to me with tears in her eyes; and at the "Swan Inn" at Exeter I had so completely subdued her, that she asked me humbly whether I would not wish the landlady as well as the host to step up to dinner with us. To this I should have had no objection; for, indeed, Mrs. Bonnyface was a very good-looking woman: but we expected a visit from my Lord Bishop, a kinsman of Lady Lyndon, and the *bien-séances* did not permit the indulgence of my wife's request. I appeared with her at evening service, to compliment our right reverend cousin, and put her name down for twenty-five guineas, and my own for one hundred, to the famous new organ which was then being built for the cathedral. This conduct, at the very outset of my career in the county, made me not a little popular; and the residentiary canon, who did me the favour to sup with me at the inn, went away after the sixth bottle, hiccuping the most solemn vows for the welfare of such a p-p-pious gentleman.

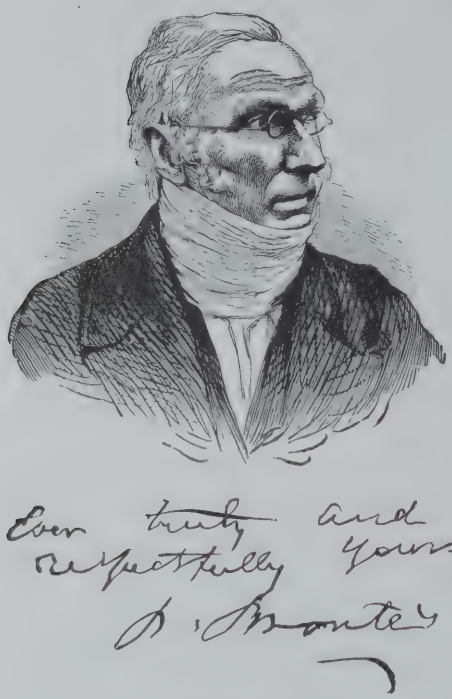
The Brontës

Two women of diverse destiny, but united in certain of their characteristics, share with Thackeray the glory of representing the most vivid qualities of this mid-Victorian school of fiction. In 1847 the world was startled by the publication of a story of modern life named *Jane Eyre*, by an anonymous author. Here were a sweep of tragic passion, a broad delineation of elemental hatred and love, a fusion of romantic intrigue with grave and sinister landscape, such as had never been experienced in fiction before; to find their parallel it was necessary to go back to the wild drama of Elizabeth. Two years later *Shirley*, and then *Villette*, continued, but did not increase, the wonder produced by *Jane Eyre;* and just when the world was awakening to the fact that these stupendous books were written by Miss CHARLOTTE BRONTË, a governess, one of the three daughters of an impoverished clergyman on the Yorkshire Wolds, she died, having recently married her father's curate. The story of her grey and grim existence at Haworth, the struggles which

Charlotte Brontë

After a Drawing by G. Richmond

her genius made to disengage itself, the support she received from sisters but little less gifted than herself, all these, constantly revived, form the iron framework to one of the most splendid and most durable of English literary reputations.



The Father of the Brontës

Neither Charlotte Brontë, however, nor her sisters, Emily and Anne, possessed such mechanical skill in the construction of a plot as could enable them to develop their stories on a firm epical plan. They usually preferred the autobiographic method, because it enabled them to evade the constructive difficulty; and when, as in *Shirley*, Charlotte adopted the direct form of narrative, she had to fall back upon the artifice of a schoolroom diary. This reserve has in fairness to be made; and if we desire to observe the faults as well as the splendid merits of the Brontëan school of fiction, they are displayed glaringly before us in the *Wuthering Heights* of Emily, that sinister and incongruous, but infinitely fascinating tragedy.

The **Brontës** were the daughters of an Ulster clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Brontë (1777–1861), and his wife, Maria Branwell, of Penzance, who were married in 1812. Mr. Brontë held the small living of Thornton in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and there his third daughter, **Charlotte**, was born on the 21st of April 1816. She was succeeded by a son, Patrick Bramwell, and by two more daughters, **Emily Jane** (1818–48), and **Anne** (1819–49). In February 1820 Mr. Brontë brought his wife and six children to the "low, oblong, stone parsonage" of Haworth, "high up, yet with a still higher background of sweeping moors," which was to be identified with their history. The mother died in 1821. In 1824 Charlotte and Emily were sent to a school at Cowan's Bridge, not far from Haworth, where their elder sisters were already; here they were all very unhappy, and early in 1825 the two elder daughters died. The children were henceforth left largely to their own resources. They were all intensely literary, and their amusements took the form of the composition of microscopical criticisms, lays, and romances, many of which remain in existence. In January 1831 Charlotte was sent to school again, this time to the Miss Woolers', at Roe Head, on the way to Huddersfield; she was found, in spite of all her literature, to be ignorant of the elements of common knowledge, but she was a vigorous student, and soon made up for lost time. There, with the Miss

Woolers, Charlotte at last was happy, and she laid up impressions which she afterwards used in *Shirley*. She left Roe Head in 1832, to return to it as a teacher in 1835, when Emily and Anne proceeded there as scholars; the former leaving in a few months, the latter staying till 1837. Charlotte left the Miss Woolers in 1838, and took a situation as a governess. The three sisters now for some years were occupied, when they could obtain situations, in teaching. This labour was extremely irksome to them, and certainly exasperated certain faults of character in Charlotte and Emily, but they seemed unable to devise any means of escaping from it. Charlotte said afterwards of her sister, "Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils: without it she perished." The others had less violent an instinct of independence, but all loved freedom, and all were now failing in health. As early as 1836 Charlotte began to try to obtain recognition for her poems, but she received no encouragement. In 1840, Charlotte and Emily being settled at home in Haworth, the former began seriously to write a novel. In February 1842, after great searchings of heart, Charlotte and Emily made their first excursion into the world by going as pupil-teachers to a *pensionnat* at Brussels, that of Mme. Héger, in the Rue d Isabelle. They stayed here, making rapid progress in French, until October, when they returned together, Charlotte re-entering the school at Brussels, as a teacher, in the following January. Here she remained for a year, weak in health and spirits, very lonely, depressed by the obtuseness of her Flemish pupils, and wilfully cutting herself off from all intercourse with the Hégers, who were disposed to be kind to her. Early in 1844, the sisters, being at home together again, attempted to live at Haworth by taking pupils, but none presented themselves. This was a time when the blackest gloom hung over this brave and unfortunate family. Meanwhile, Charlotte wrote, "I shall soon be thirty; and I have done nothing yet." In 1845, however, the sisters discovered that they had each been

Roe Head School

Gatehouse of the Old Priory, Kirklees Park, a favourite haunt of Charlotte Brontë

writing poems, which, together, would fill a slender volume, and in 1846 they contrived to pay for the publication of *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.* The volume attracted little attention, and the MS. of *The Professor*, Charlotte's first novel, sent round to the London publishers, "found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade her heart." In these depressing circumstances, with her dissipated brother dying and her father stricken with blindness, she had the courage to begin *Jane Eyre.* This novel was at last published, in October 1847, as the work of "Currer Bell," and immediately achieved a great success. Two months later, the *Wuthering Heights* of Emily, and the *Agnes Gray* of Anne Brontë appeared, in a single volume. This was followed by *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, by Anne, in 1848. On the 19th of December 1848 Emily Brontë died at Haworth, and the health of Anne also failing, Charlotte took her to

Haworth Village, the home of the Brontës

Scarborough, where she died on the 28th of May 1849. Charlotte was now the only survivor of the six children, and in her lonely agony she completed *Shirley*, which appeared later in the year. In November 1849 she went up to London, and met Thackeray and Miss Martineau. Charlotte Brontë was now famous, and for the remainder of her unmarried life she was more in touch than she had ever been before with mundane affairs and social interests. In 1853 her third novel, *Villette*, was published, and in June 1854 she married her father's curate, Mr. Arthur Bell Nicholls, who still (1903) survives. She went with him to Ireland, but her health continued to fail. She returned to Haworth, and died there on the 31st of March 1855. Her early story, *The Professor*, was posthumously published in 1857, and a brilliant *Life* of her by Mrs. Gaskell. Our knowledge was increased in 1896 by a *Life* and fresh letters by Mr. Clement Shorter. Charlotte Brontë was small in stature, and prematurely grey and worn; her shining eyes were the notable features of her face. She had soft brown hair, under which lay a full and projecting forehead. All three sisters were excessively reserved, spoke little in company, and bore on their demeanour the stamp of the "extreme intense solitude in the bleak village of grey stone houses" in which they had been brought up.

Sir

My Relations, Ellis and Acton Bell and myself, heedless of the repeated warnings of various respectable Publishers, have committed the rash act of printing a volume of Poems.

The consequences predicted have, of course, overtaken us; our book is found to be a Drug, no man needs it or heeds it; in the space of a year our Publisher has disposed but of two copies, and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of those two, himself only knows

Before transferring the edition to the

trunk-makers, we have decided on distributing as presents a few copies of what we cannot sell - we beg to offer you one in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often and long derived from your works -

I am Sir

Yours very respectfully

Currer Bell.

June 16th 47

T. De Quincey Esqr

FROM "JANE EYRE."

To this house I came, just ere dark, on an evening marked by the characteristics of sad sky, cold gale, and continued small, penetrating rain. The last mile I performed on foot, having dismissed the chaise and driver with the double remuneration I had promised. Even when within a very short distance of the manor-house you could see nothing of it, so thick and dark grew the timber of the gloomy wood about it. Iron gates between granite pillars showed me where to enter, and passing through them, I found myself at once in the twilight of close-ranked trees. There was a grass-grown track descending the forest aisle, between hoar and knotty shafts and under branched arches. I followed it, expecting soon to reach the dwelling; but it stretched on and on, it wound far and farther: no sign of habitation or grounds was visible.

Haworth Church

I thought I had taken a wrong direction and lost my way. The darkness of natural as well as of sylvan dusk gathered over me. I looked round in search of another road. There was none: all was interwoven stem, columnar trunk, dense summer foliage—no opening anywhere.

I proceeded: at last my way opened, the trees thinned a little; presently I beheld a railing, then the house—scarce, by this dim light, distinguishable from the trees; so dank and green were its decaying walls. Entering a portal, fastened only by a latch, I stood amidst a space of enclosed ground, from which the wood swept away in a semicircle. There were no flowers, no garden-beds; only a broad gravel-walk girdling a grass-plot, and this set in the heavy frame of the forest. The house presented two pointed gables in its front; the windows were latticed and narrow; the front door was narrow too, one step led up to it. The whole looked, as the host of the Rochester Arms had said, "quite a desolate spot." It was as still as a church on a week-day: the pattering rain on the forest leaves was the only sound audible in its vicinage.

"Can there be life here?" I asked.

Yes: life of some kind there was: for I heard a movement—that narrow front door was unclosing, and some shape was about to issue from the grange.

It opened slowly: a figure came out into the twilight and stood on the step; a man without a hat: he stretched forth his hand as if to feel whether it rained. Dusk as it was, I had recognised him—it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other.

FROM "SHIRLEY."

This is an autumn evening, wet and wild. There is only one cloud in the sky; but it curtains it from pole to pole. The wind cannot rest; it hurries, sobbing, over hills of sullen outline, colourless with twilight and mist. Rain has beat all day on that church tower; it rises dark from the stony enclosure of its graveyard: the nettles, the long grass, and the tombs all drip with wet. This evening reminds me too forcibly of another evening some years ago: a howling, rainy, autumn evening, too,—when certain, who had that day performed a pilgrimage to a grave new-made in a heretic cemetery, sat near a wood fire on the hearth of a foreign dwelling. They were merry and social, but they each knew that a gap, never to be filled, had been made in their circle. They knew they had lost something whose absence could never be quite atoned for, so long as they lived; and they knew that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth which covered their lost darling; and that the sad, sighing gale was mourning above her buried head. The fire warmed them; Life and Friendship yet blessed them: but Jessy lay cold, coffined, solitary—only the sod screening her from the storm.

STANZAS BY EMILY BRONTË.

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be:

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region;
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

Much more of the art of building a consistent plot was possessed by ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL; indeed, she has written one or two short books which are technically faultless, and might be taken as types of the novel form. Strange to say, the recognition of her delicate and many-sided genius has never been quite universal, and has endured periods of obscuration. Her work has not the personal interest of Thackeray's, nor the intense unity and compression of Charlotte Brontë's. It may even be said that Mrs. Gaskell suffers from having done well too many things. She wrote, perhaps, a purer and a more exquisite English than either of her rivals, but she exercised it in too many fields. Having in *Mary Barton* (1848) treated social problems admirably, she threw off a masterpiece of humorous observation in *Cranford*, returned in a different mood to manufacturing life in *North and*

South, conquered the pastoral episode in *Cousin Phillis*, and died, more than rivalling Anthony Trollope, in the social-provincial novel of *Wives and Daughters*. Each of these books might have sustained a reputation; they were so different that they have stood somewhat in one another's way. But the absence of the personal magnetism—emphasised by the fact that all particulars regarding the life and character of Mrs. Gaskell have been sedulously concealed from public knowledge—has determined a persistent under-valuation of this writer's gifts, which were of a very high, although a too miscellaneous order.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810–1865) was the second child of William tevenson, a civil servant, and was born on the 29th of September 1810, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Her mother, who had been a Miss Holland, died at her birth, and she was adopted at the age of one month by her mother's sister, Mrs. Lamb, who brought her up at Knutsford, in Cheshire. From 1825 to 1827 Elizabeth Stevenson was at school at Stratford-on-Avon, and then for two years she attended on her father, until his death in 1829. From this time forth her home was Knutsford, until in 1832 she married the Rev. William Gaskell, of Manchester. Her married life was active and happy, and she was the mother of seven children, six daughters and a son; of these, however, only four survived, and the death of her little boy affected Mrs. Gaskell's health so severely that she was persuaded by her husband to take to writing as a solace to her grief. Her first work of importance was the novel of *Mary Barton* (1848), which dealt with the problems of working life as she saw them around her in Manchester. After long delays, this book was at length published, and achieved a sensational success. The author became, as a consequence, acquainted with Ruskin, Milnes, Dickens, and, above all, with Charlotte Brontë. She took an active place in the literary life of the age, and was one of those writers who started *Household Words* in March 1850. Her novels

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell

Reproduced by permission of Miss Gaskell from the Portrait by George Richmond

followed in regular succession, *The Moorland Cottage* in 1850, *Ruth* and *Cranford* in 1853, *North and South* in 1855. All these books were anonymous, but no attempt was made to conceal their authorship; in most of them the actual incidents of the writer's life were introduced with great freedom. For instance, *Cranford* is understood to be a close transcript, seen through coloured veils of humour and imagination, of the life in Knutsford when Elizabeth Stevenson was a girl there. *Mary Barton* and *North and South* are exact pictures of what she saw around her in Manchester, the former from the point of view of labour, the latter of capital. In 1857 Mrs. Gaskell published her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, a most successful book with the public, but destined to give the author great annoyance in private life. One of the most popular of her stories was *Sylvia's Lovers*, which appeared in 1863. This was followed by *Cousin Phillis* in 1865, and Mrs. Gaskell was at the very summit of her fame and her powers when her life was suddenly brought to a close. A long novel, *Wives and Daughters*, the most ambitious which she had written for many years, was appearing in a magazine, when Mrs. Gaskell bought a house called Holybourne, in Hants. She went down to stay here with her daughters, meaning to complete her novel, but as she sat at the tea-table on the evening of Sunday, the 12th of November, apparently in the best of spirits, she suddenly died. She was buried at Knutsford. The latest novel, which was, happily, near completion, was published in 1866. A tender wife and faithful mother in her relations to her family, Mrs. Gaskell was scarcely less valued by a wide circle of friends, who never ceased to mourn the untimely loss of such a graceful, cultivated, and entertaining companion.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell
From a Bust done in Edinburgh before her Marriage
(*Reproduced by permission of Miss Gaskell*)

Church House, Knutsford, where Mrs. Gaskell lived as a girl

Meanwhile I trust you will accept a copy of the Memoir, which will be forwarded to you on publication; and with kind compliments, Ever believe me, dear Miss Wheelright
Yours most truly
E. Gaskell

Fragment of a MS. Letter from Mrs. Gaskell to Miss Wheelright

FROM "CRANFORD."

I have often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies—careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction—any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a joint-stock bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank-book; of course the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well, and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money. Envelopes fretted his soul terribly when they first came in; the only way in which he could reconcile himself to such waste of his cherished article was by patiently turning inside out all that were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him casting wistful glances at his

daughters when they send a whole instead of a half sheet of notepaper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. I am not above owning that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel, instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use Indian-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of string, so lightly as they do I cannot imagine. To me an Indian-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new, one that I picked up off the floor, nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

The Grave of Mrs. Gaskell at Knutsford

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost mesmeric) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might bury it out of their sight by popping it into their own mouths and swallowing it down; and they are really made happy if the person on whose plate it lies unused suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste.

Ruskin

It would be impossible, while dealing with these glories of the middle Victorian period, to omit the name of one more glorious still. Full of intellectual shortcomings and moral inconsistencies as is the matter of JOHN RUSKIN, his manner at its best is simply incomparable. If the student rejects for the moment, as of secondary or even tertiary importance, all that Ruskin wrote for the last forty years of his life, and confines his attention to those solid achievements, the first three volumes of *Modern Painters*, the *Stones of Venice*, and the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, he will find himself in presence of a virtuoso whose dexterity in the mechanical part of prose style has never been exceeded. The methods which he adopted almost in childhood—he was a finished writer by 1837—were composite; he began by mingling with

the romantic freshness of Scott qualities derived from the poets and the painters, "vialfuls, as it were, of Wordsworth's reverence, Shelley's sensitiveness, Turner's accuracy." Later on, to these he added technical elements, combining with the music of the English Bible the reckless richness of the seventeenth-century divines perhaps, but most certainly and fatally the eccentric force of Carlyle. If, however, this olla-podrida of divergent mannerisms goes to make up the style of Ruskin, that style itself is one of the most definite and characteristic possible.

John Ruskin

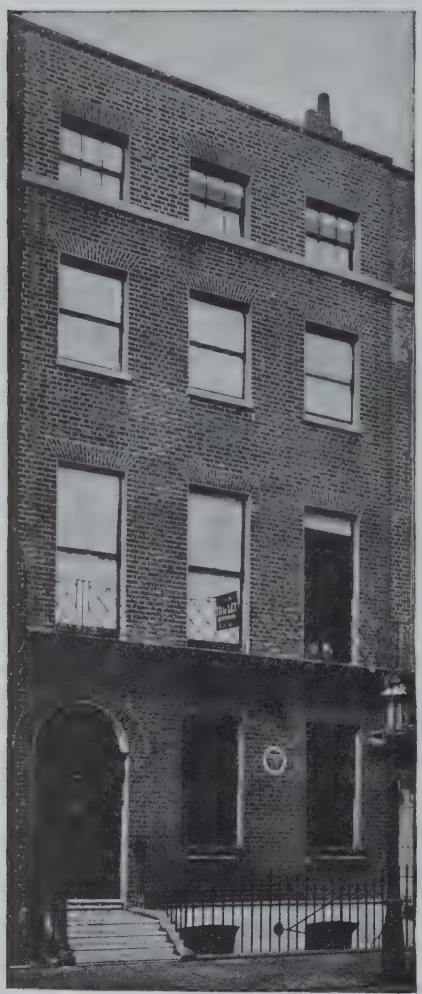
From a hitherto unknown and unpublished Portrait in the possession of Hugh Allen, Esq.

What it was which Ruskin gave to the world under the pomp and procession of his effulgent style, it is, perhaps, too early yet for us to realise. But it is plain that he was the greatest phenomenal teacher of the age; that, dowered with unsurpassed delicacy and swiftness of observation, and with a mind singularly unfettered by convention, the book of the physical world lay open before him as it had lain before no previous poet or painter, and that he could not cease from the ecstasy of sharing with the public his wonder and his joy in its revelations. It will, perhaps, ultimately be discovered that his elaborate, but often whimsical and sometimes even incoherent disquisitions on art resolve themselves into this—the rapture of a man who sees, on clouds alike and on canvases, in a flower or in a missal, visions of illuminating beauty, which he has the unparalleled accomplishment of being able instantly and effectively to translate into words.

The happy life being that in which illusion is most prevalent, and Ruskin's enthusiasm having fired more minds to the instinctive quest of beauty than that of any other man who ever lived, we are guilty of no exaggeration if we hail him as one of the first of benefactors. Yet his intellectual nature was from the start imperfect, his sympathies always violent and paradoxical;

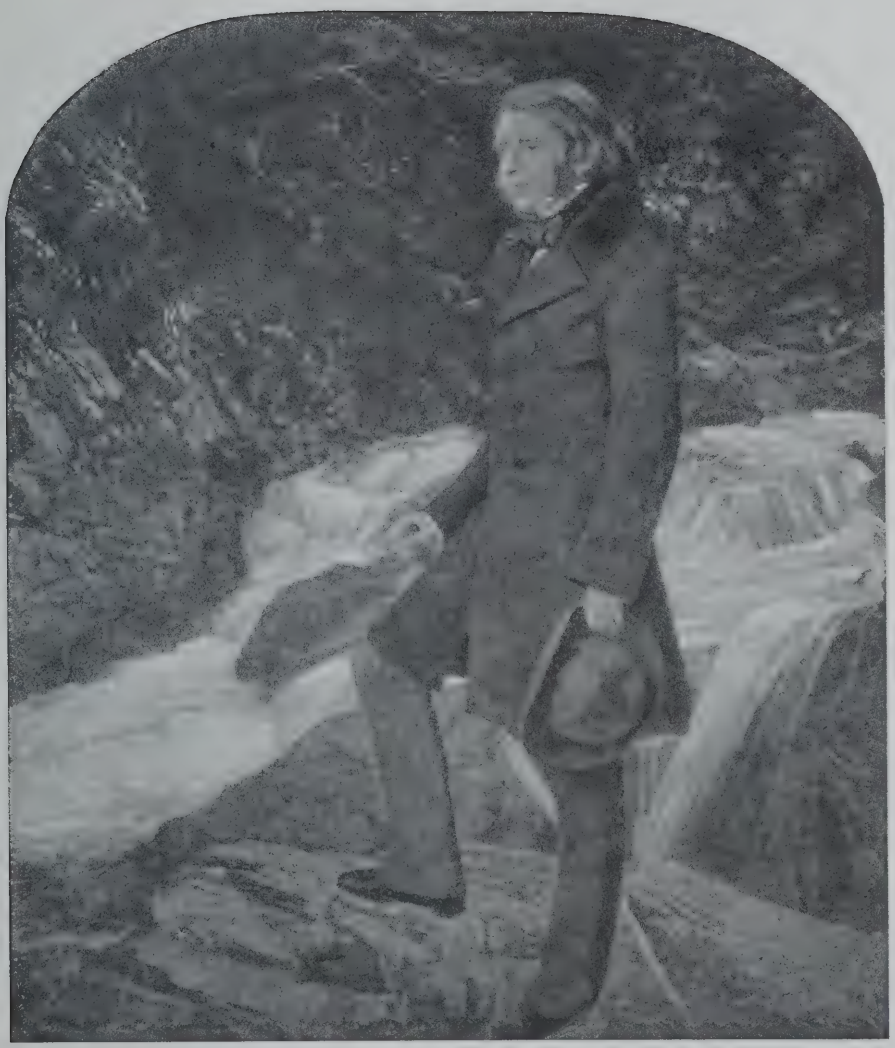
there were whole areas of life from which he was excluded; and nothing but the splendour and fulness of his golden trumpets concealed the fact that some important instruments were lacking to his orchestra. It is as a purely descriptive writer that he was always seen at his best, and here he is distinguished from exotic rivals—at home he has had none—by the vivid moral excitement that dances, an incessant sheet-lightning, over the background of each gorgeous passage. In this effect of the metaphysical temperament, Ruskin is sharply differentiated from Continental masters of description and art initiation—from Fromentin, for instance, with whom he may be instructively contrasted.

John Ruskin (1819–1900) was the only child of a wine merchant in the city of London, John James Ruskin, and of his wife, Margaret Cox. He was born in Hunter Street, on the 8th of February 1819. His mother was a very stern and narrow Calvinist, and she brought up the child with rigid care, neglecting nothing that seemed to her essential to the discipline of his soul. In 1823 the Ruskins moved to a house in Herne Hill, and as the boy grew older he joined his parents on the long driving tours which they were in the habit of taking, partly for pleasure and partly for business; in 1833 he saw the Alps for the first time, and was deeply and permanently affected by their beauty. From the age of seven he wrote copiously and correctly in verse. He was kept apart from other children, immersed in literature, art, and religion, and encouraged in his precocity by the ambition of his parents. He had no regular education, except at home, until he was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, in October 1836, going into residence at the beginning of the following year. Even here his mother would not relax her watch over him, but leaving her husband during term-time, lived in lodgings at Oxford that she might watch her son. Ruskin did not particularly distinguish himself at Oxford, although he won the Newdigate with his poem called *Salsette and Elephanta*, 1839. He took his degree in 1843, and left the university, successive periods of ill-health having dissipated his strength and hindered his progress. He had long been deeply impressed, and even infatuated, with the genius of Turner, and on withdrawing to his father's house at Herne Hill, he determined to publish a panegyric on that painter. This developed into *Modern*



Photo] [*Walker & Cockerell*

The Birthplace of John Ruskin in Hunter Street



John Ruskin.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R.A.

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Painters, I., which appeared anonymously in May 1843, and produced a greater sensation than has perhaps been caused in England by any other work on the principles of fine art. Until 1844 Ruskin had not appreciated the painters of Northern Italy, but *Modern Painters, II.*, published in 1846, dealt largely with these masters. He now turned aside to another art, and issued in 1849 his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. He had at this date recently married Euphemia Gray, under pressure from his inexorable mother. This was a most unhappy union, and in 1854 it was nullified,

John Ruskin in old age

From the Photograph by F. Hollyer

and Ruskin returned to his parents. It was during the strain of these tragic years that he produced the most solid and learned of all his works, *The Stones of Venice*, in three volumes (1851–1853); this placed him in the front rank of European writers on art. He then returned to *Modern Painters*, vols. iii. and iv. of which were issued in 1856 and vol. v. (the last) in 1860. In 1853, in spite of great opposition from his mother, who still treated him as if he were an infant, Ruskin came forward as a lecturer of quite a new type—hortatory, controversial, and garrulous; and a series of these discourses appeared in a volume in 1854. Ruskin had often been "asked by his friends to mark for them the pictures in the exhibitions of the year which appeared to him the most interesting," and in 1855 he began to publish an annual "circular letter," as he called it, for this purpose. These *Notes*, which appeared at intervals until

1875, were among the most daring and brilliantly provocative of his writings. He was now (1855) a great power in the art-world, and he used his growing influence to draw public attention to problems of an industrial character which he considered had been generally neglected. After the completion of *Modern Painters*, when he had attained the age of forty, Ruskin ceased to be exclusively an æsthetic teacher, concerned with the principles of natural and plastic beauty, and undertook the office of a social censor or prophet. In the meantime, however, he published two little books of great value, on the practical manner in which phenomena should

Photo] [*Abraham, Keswick*

Brantwood and Coniston Lake, where Ruskin lived, with few intervals, from 1871 till his death in 1900.

be observed, *The Harbours of England* (1856), and *The Elements of Drawing* (1857). From 1860 onwards Ruskin was mainly occupied with the promulgation of his own opinions on industrial and social questions in their bearing upon morals and education. Into all this the consideration of art entered only in a fitful and capricious manner. These new and didactic tendencies were observable in *The Two Paths* (1859), but still more in *Unto this Last* (1862), a monograph on wealth, which he himself regarded as "the one which will stand (if anything stands) surest and longest of all works of mine," but which was highly disapproved of by his readers. He pushed on without regard to the feelings of the public, and in *Sesame and Lilies* (1865), he regained, and more than regained, his popularity. Ruskin was now a sort of sociological Boadicea, and breathed out his denunciations with a fierce volubility; the year 1866 saw the publication of *The Ethics of the Dust* and *The Crown of Wild Olives*,

Chap. 6th The Lamp of Memory. 1.

among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude - as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy - a clearness of teaching, was one passed - near Turin - at the foot of the broken masses of pine-forest which skirt the course of the Dora above the village of Champfagnole in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth - and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of grey hills, which are the first utterances of those mighty mountain symphonies - soon to be heard loudly and wildly along the battlements of the central Alps. But their strength - as yet restrained - their depth and fulness and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain swell no longer behind the other succeed each other like the long & mighty swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea.

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From Ruskin's MS. of "The Lamp of Memory"

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which *Time and Tide* closely followed. Ruskin now turned to Greek mythology, and published in 1869 his fanciful treatment of legends, called *The Queen of the Air*. Having defined his social Utopia and given free scope to his theories and his prejudices, Ruskin now returned in some measure to the exposition of fine art, being in 1869 elected Slade Professor at the University of Oxford. His lectures, which were delivered in a most unconventional way, were very largely attended, and there is no doubt that they exercised a great influence on opinion; they were collected and printed in nine successive volumes, most of them bearing very fantastic titles. He was elected a Fellow of Corpus, and partly resided in that college from 1871 onwards. His mother now died, and Ruskin bought the property of Brantwood, with a house on Coniston Lake, in a very beautiful situation; he enlarged and improved this place until he had made it a fitting hermitage for the closing scenes of his life. At Oxford and elsewhere, particularly at Sheffield, he now began a series of industrial experiments, many of which he endowed with conspicuous generosity, and he founded the much-talked of "St. George's Guild," a preposterous co-operative attempt to ally commercial industry to art and science, upon which he wasted immense sums of money. In 1872 he was refused in marriage by a young girl, Rose La Touche, for whom he had formed a romantic and extravagant passion which he believed to be mutual; in 1875 she died, having declined, with strange cruelty, to see Ruskin on her deathbed; he never recovered from the violent emotions caused by this double repulse. From 1871 to 1884 Ruskin was occupied in writing and publishing his *Fors Clavigera*, a sort of running open letter addressed to the working-men of England, but chiefly read by a more highly-educated class; this occasional publication was awaited with extraordinary eagerness, and each number opened out fresh fields of controversy. It was during the appearance of *Fors*, perhaps, that Ruskin rose to his greatest height of personal eminence. It was no doubt connected with the excessive labour of correspondence, lecturing, and general public activity, that in 1878 his health broke down; he was obliged in 1879 to resign his

Photo] [*Abraham, Keswick*

John Ruskin's Grave at Coniston

professorship, and he withdrew to Brantwood. After some months of complete retirement he was able to resume work on *The Bible of Amiens*, an ambitious treatise on architecture as applied to the history of Christendom, on which he was busy from 1880 to 1885; and he superintended the collection of his public correspondence in *Arrows of the Chace* (1880). But in 1882 another attack of brain disease prostrated him, and though he was re-elected Slade Professor at Oxford he was not happy there. He withdrew again, and this time finally, out of the world; from 1884 to 1900 he never left Brantwood. Here, in lucid intervals, he wrote and sent forth his autobiographic notes, *Præterita*, the latest important production of Ruskin. He had by this time given away or distributed in Quixotic enterprises the whole of his parental fortune, amounting, it is said, to nearly a quarter of a million—"his pensioners were numbered by hundreds"—his works, however, formed a valuable source of income. He was left, by the death of Tennyson in 1892, unquestionably the most eminent of living English writers, and he received every token of popular respect and esteem. His brain-power, however, though not positively clouded, was greatly enfeebled, and for the last ten years of his life he took no part in affairs. He suffered from no long disease, but towards the close of his eighty-first year, after three days' decline of strength, he passed quietly away at Brantwood on the 20th of January 1900. His intellectual activity and power of literary work had been prodigious, and yet their exercise had left him time to produce innumerable water-colour and pencil drawings of an exquisite finish. He was liable to be torn, all his life through, by conflicting storms of rage and hatred and despair, but found refuge from them in what he held to be "the only constant form of true religion, namely, useful work and faithful love and stintless charity." Ruskin was tall and spare, with a face the serenity and fulness of the upper part of which was injured by something almost cruel in the expression of the mouth; this was rectified in later life by the growth of a magnificent white beard. He lies buried in the churchyard of Coniston, a funeral in Westminster Abbey being refused by his family at his express direction.

From "Modern Painters, I."

But, I think, the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the Slave Ship, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low, broad, heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon

A Water Colour Drawing by John Ruskin.

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the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, guided with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight,—and cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

From "The Elements of Drawing."

It only wastes the time and dulls the feelings of young persons, to drag them through picture galleries; at least, unless they themselves wish to look at particular pictures. Generally, young people only care to enter a picture gallery when there is a chance of getting leave to run a race to the other end of it; and they had better do that in the garden below. If, however, they have any real enjoyment of pictures, and want to look at this one or that, the principal point is never to disturb them in looking at what interests them, and never to make them look at what does not. Nothing is of the least use to young people (nor, by the way, of much use to old ones), but what interests them; and therefore, though it is of great importance to put nothing but good art into their possession, yet, when they are passing through great houses or galleries, they should be allowed to look precisely at what pleases them: if it is not useful to them as art, it will be in some other way; and the healthiest way in which art can interest them is when they look at it, not as art, but because it represents something they like in Nature. If a boy has had his heart filled by the life of some great man, and goes up thirstily to a Vandyck portrait of him to see what he was like, that is the wholesomest way in which he can begin the study of portraiture; if he loves mountains, and dwells on a Turner drawing because he sees in it a likeness to a Yorkshire scar or an Alpine pass, that is the wholesomest way in which he can begin the study of landscape; and if a girl's mind is filled with dreams of angels and saints, and she pauses before an Angelico because she thinks it must surely be like heaven, that is the right way for her to begin the study of religious art."

Mill

The excessive popularity enjoyed by the writings of John Stuart Mill at the time of his death has already undergone great diminution, and will probably continue to shrink. This eminent empirical philosopher was a very honest man, no sophist, no rhetorician, but one who, in a lucid, intelligible, convincing style, placed before English readers views of an advanced character, with the value of which he was sincerely impressed. The world has since smiled at the precocious artificiality of his education, and has shrunk from something arid and adust in the character of the man. Early associated with Carlyle, he did not allow himself to be infected by Carlylese, but carefully studied and imitated the French philosophers. His *System of Logic* and his *Political Economy* placed his scientific reputation on a firm basis. But Mill could be excited, and even violent, in the cause of his convictions, and he produced a wider, if not a deeper impression by his remarkable sociological essays on *Liberty* and the *Subjection of Women*. He is, unfortunately for the durability of his writings, fervid without being exhilarating. Sceptical and dry, precise and plain, his works inspire respect, but do not attract new generations of admirers.

John Stuart Mill (1806–1873) was the eldest son of the philosopher, James Mill (1773–1836), and was born in Rodney Street, Pentonville, London, on the 20th of May 1806; his mother's name was Harriet Burrow. At the time of his birth, his father was engaged on the *History of India*, published, in three volumes, in 1817. James Mill undertook at a preposterously early age the education of his

son, who learned the Greek alphabet at three, and could read some Greek with ease at eight. By this time he had translated under his father's care the whole of Herodotus and much of Plato and Xenophon. He was not less early inducted into the study of logic and history, and a little later of political economy. At the age of fourteen he went to France for fourteen months, adding mathematics and botany to his studies without relaxing them in other directions. He was just seventeen when, after having prepared for the Bar for a short time, he was appointed a junior clerk in the India Office. He was so entered with the understanding that he should be trained to be "a successor to those who then filled the highest departments of the office," and he rose steadily until in 1856 he became at length its chief. Just before he entered the India Office, having formed in his own mind a conception of Bentham's doctrines which was consistent and enthusiastic, and which, as he says, provided him with a religion, he founded the Utilitarian Society, and began to write for the reviews which were open to a young man of his marked opinions. In 1825 he founded the Speculative Society, being, as T. L. Peacock called him, "a very disquisitive youth;" but he was not at first successful as a debater. His characteristic views on representative government began to be formulated in 1830, and in the following year Carlyle and Mill became conscious of one another. "Here is a new mystic," the former said when he met with the latter's articles in the *Examiner*. Mill became editor of several successive reviews, issued in the Radical interest. It was in 1837 that he started his new system of logic, the results of which, after long meditation, he published in two volumes in 1843. This was his first book; it was followed the next year by *Unsettled Questions of Political Economy*. He continued to give his attention to rendering, as Ricardo said, this science "a complete and organised body of knowledge," and finally published in 1848 his epoch-making *Principles of Political Economy*. He had formed, since at least 1830, the acquaintance of a lady, Mrs. Taylor, who exercised an overwhelming influence over him; he married her in 1851, and his inexperience in the emotions has been thought to account for the preposterous terms of eulogy in which

Photo] [*F. Hollyer*

John Stuart Mill

After the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

he speaks in the *Autobiography* of a person who struck others as far from pleasing, and not even particularly gifted. Mill was now almost silent for some years, except for occasional articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1858, when the East India Company was dissolved, Mill was offered a seat in the new Council, but he declined it. He went to Avignon, where he took a house, and here his wife died in 1859. For the rest of his life Mill spent the winter half of the year in Avignon, the summer half at Blackheath. He now began to publish again; to 1859 belong the treatise on *Liberty* and the *Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform;* to 1861, *Representative Government;* to 1863, *Utilitarianism*. He was now a philosophical Radical of great prominence, and as such he was invited to stand for Westminster in 1865. He would neither canvass, nor pay subscriptions, nor, without great reluctance, address a meeting of electors. He was, however, returned, and although his manner was scarcely suitable to the House of Commons, he did useful work there for three years. He had, however, made himself unpopular with "moderate Liberals," and at the general election of 1868 he was unsuccessful. He was glad to return to literary work, and he published *England and Ireland* in 1868, *The Subjection of Women* in 1869, and a volume on the Irish Land Question in 1870. He now lived principally at Avignon, where he had built for himself what he called a "vibratory," a pleasant, covered walk, thirty feet long, "where I can vibrate in cold or rainy weather." His health, however, had long been unsettled—he had suffered from dangerous illnesses in 1839 and 1854—and his strength grew less and less, his mental fire burning undiminished to the very last. On the 8th of May 1873 he died at Avignon, and was buried there. His step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, published his *Autobiography* in 1874, and his *Nature and Theism* in the same year.

From Mill's "Principles of Political Economy."

That the energies of mankind should be kept in employment by the struggle for riches, as they were formerly by the struggle of war, until the better minds succeed in educating the others into better things, is undoubtedly more desirable than that they should rust and stagnate. While minds are coarse, they require coarse stimuli, and let them have them. In the meantime, those who do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the kind of economical progress which excites the congratulations of ordinary politicians; the mere increase of production and accumulation. For the safety of national independence it is essential that a country should not fall much behind its neighbours in these things. But in themselves they are of little importance, so long as neither the increase of population nor anything else prevents the mass of the people from reaping any part of the benefit of them. I know not why it should be matter of congratulation that persons who are already richer than any one needs to be, should have doubled their means of consuming things which give little or no pleasure except as representative of wealth; or that numbers of individuals should pass over, every year, from the middle classes into a richer class, or from the class of the occupied rich to that of the unoccupied. It is only in the backward countries of the world that increased production is still an important object: in those most advanced, what is economically needed is a better distribution, of which one indispensable means is a stricter restraint on population. Levelling institutions, either of a just or of an unjust kind, cannot alone accomplish it; they may lower the heights of society, but they cannot, of themselves, permanently raise the depths.

On the other hand, we may suppose this better distribution of property attained, by the joint effect of the prudence and frugality of individuals, and of a system of legislation favouring equality of fortunes, so far as is consistent with the just claim of the individual to the fruits whether great or small of his or her own industry. We may suppose, for

instance (according to the suggestion thrown out in a former chapter), a limitation of the sum which any person may acquire by gift or inheritance, to the amount sufficient to constitute a moderate independence. Under this twofold influence, society would exhibit these leading features : a well-paid and affluent body of labourers ; no enormous fortunes, except what were earned and accumulated during a single lifetime ; but a much larger body of persons than at present, not only exempt from the coarser toils, but with sufficient leisure, both physical and mental, from mechanical details, to cultivate freely the graces of life, and afford examples of them to the classes less favourably circumstanced for their growth. This condition of society, so greatly preferable to the present, is not only perfectly compatible with the stationary state, but, it would seem, more naturally allied with any other.

Associated with Mill as a philosophical Radical was the banker **George Grote** (1794–1871), who was prominent in the Reform Bill days. Sydney Smith said that "if the world were a chess-board, Grote would be an important politician." He was engaged for forty years on a very elaborate *History of Greece*, published in twelve volumes between 1846 and 1856. Grote was the earliest historian who seriously adopted the ancient spelling of proper names, and insisted upon "Kleanor" and "Alkibiadês." He wrote a rhetorical kind of English with sententious purity, and he was the best of the group of scholars (it included Finlay, Mure, Thirlwall, and Gladstone) who simultaneously attacked the history of Greece in the middle of the nineteenth century. Grote became one of the most prominent personages in London society, refused a peerage, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

George Grote

After the Portrait by Thomas Stewardson

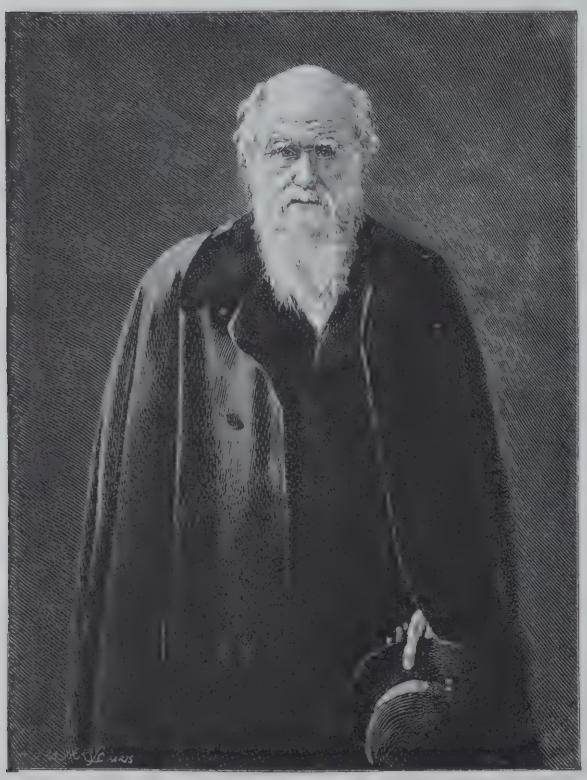
Charles Darwin

The greatest of Victorian natural philosophers, CHARLES DARWIN, was a man of totally different calibre. He had not the neatness of Mill's mind, nor Grote's careful literary training, and he remained rather unfortunately indifferent to literary expression. But he is one of the great artificers of human thought, a noble figure destined, in utter simplicity and abnegation of self, to perform one of the most stirring and inspiring acts ever carried out by a single intelligence, and to reawaken the sources of human enthusiasm. Darwin's great suggestion, of life evolved by the process of natural selection, is so far-reaching in its effects as to cover not science only, but art and literature as well ; and he had the genius to carry this suggested idea, past all objections and obstacles, up to the station of a biological system the most generally accepted of any put forth in recent times. In the years of his youth there was a general curiosity excited among men of science as to the real origins of life ; it became the glory of Charles Darwin to sum up these inquiries in the form

of a theory which was slowly hailed in all parts of the world of thought as the only tenable one. In early maturity he had the inestimable privilege of attending, as collecting naturalist, a scientific expedition in the waters of the southern hemisphere. After long meditation, his famous *Origin of Species* was given to the public, and awakened a furious controversy. It was followed by the *Descent of Man*, which, although more defiant of theological prejudice, was, owing to the progress of evolutionary ideas in the meanwhile, more tamely received. Darwin lived long enough to see the great biological revolution, which he had inaugurated, completely successful, and—if that was of importance to a spirit all composed of humble simplicity—his name the most famous in the intellectual world.

Charles Darwin (1809–1882) was the son of Robert Waring Darwin, a physician of Shrewsbury, and his wife, Susannah Wedgwood. His grandfather was the poet and biologist, Erasmus Darwin, and the whole family, for several generations, had been addicted to intellectual pursuits. Charles was born at the Mount, Shrewsbury, on the 12th of February 1809. He went to the Shrewsbury Grammar School, and in 1825 to Edinburgh University, where his love of natural history already asserted itself. From the Lent term 1828 to 1831 he was an undergraduate at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he came under the influence of the botanist Henslow. He now determined to devote himself to geology. He took a pass degree, and in the autumn of 1831 he had the good fortune to be appointed travelling naturalist on board the *Beagle*, which, under Captain Fitzroy, was starting on a surveying expedition to South America. The vessel did not return till October 1836, and during this long cruise she visited the Cape Verdes, Brazil, Terra del Fuego, and the South American shores of the Pacific. In 1839 Darwin published the results of his zoological observations as an appendix to Fitzroy's report; it has since been known as *A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World.* Already, while in South America, the germ of the idea of the origin of species had occurred to him. Soon after his return he was elected a F.R.S., and was appointed secretary to the Geological Society. In 1839 he married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, and settled in London. He had large private means, and was able to devote himself entirely to scientific investigation. His health had suffered from persistent sea-sickness during his voyage, and it was commonly stated that from the effects of this he never recovered. But his son says—"There is no evidence to support this belief, and he did not himself share it. His ill-health was of a dyspeptic kind, and may probaby have been allied to gout." It was determined that he would probably suffer less in a country life, and in 1842 he took up his residence in Down House, Orpington, Kent, where he spent the forty remaining years of his life. This house in time became, as has been said, "the Mecca of a world-wide scientific and philosophical pilgrimage." Darwin now became a student of the theories of Malthus (1766–1834), and was led more and more steadily towards the idea of natural selection. Meanwhile he published his book on *Coral Reefs* and other technical monographs, and in 1844 he drew into a general sketch, for his own purposes, the conclusions which then seemed to him probable with regard to the origin of species. This he submitted to Dr. Hooker, but it was felt that the time was not yet ripe for publication. Meanwhile Darwin gave to the world in 1844 his *Volcanic Islands*, and in 1846 his *Geological Observa-*

tions on South America, and he was all the time making enormous accumulations of fact subsidiary to his great design. In July 1858 he communicated to the Linnæan Society some of his discoveries, and in November 1859 he published at last his famous *Origin of Species*. The book immediately awakened a storm of controversy, which spread to all the intellectual centres of Europe. The new theory was violently attacked and defended at the British Association of 1860; among its earliest supporters were Lyell and Hooker, Huxley and Wallace. Unobservant of the storm which raged around his name, Darwin busied himself for twelve more years in the work of collecting further and fuller proofs of his development theory. But meanwhile had appeared *The Fertilisation of Orchids* in 1862, and *The Variation of Animals and Plants* in 1867, learned instalments of the vast work on instances of natural selection which he afterwards thought it needless to conclude. The reception of *The Descent of Man*, in 1871, in which Darwin summed up the results of his doctrine of the ancestry of man being common with that of less-developed animals, was far more temperate than might have been expected, for popular opinion had greatly advanced since the wild fanatic days of *The Origin of Species*. In 1872 Darwin published a large volume on *The Expression of the Emotions*, and in 1875 his *Insectivorous Plants*. These and successive treatises, some of them bulky, may all be considered as appendices to, or extended paragraphs of, *The Origin of Species*, embroideries on what Darwin treated as the rough framework of his great theory of natural selection. Of his later monographs the one which attracted most popular attention was that on *The Formation of Vegetable Mould by Earthworms*, 1881. Ceaseless labour had now, however, broken down a constitution which was never strong, and on the 18th of April 1882, after a short but very painful illness, he died at Down. Darwin was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, the pall being carried by the most eminent survivors among Englishmen of science. The character of Charles Darwin was singularly winning; of the most unaffected modesty, he was the last to consider his own deserts or believe that he was famous. He lived the life of a valetudinarian



Charles Darwin

After the Portrait by the Hon. John Collier

Original Draft of the Description of the Sundew, in Darwin's Handwriting

country gentleman, in the midst of a devoted family, constantly but quietly engaged in his researches. His kindness towards younger men was unremitting, and "many even of those who never saw his face loved him like a father."

From "The Fertilisation of Orchids."

The importance of the science of Homology rests on its giving us the key-note of the possible amount of difference in plan within any group; it allows us to class under proper heads the most diversified organs; it shows us gradations which would otherwise have been overlooked, and thus aids us in our classification; it explains many monstrosities; it leads to the detection of obscure and hidden parts, or mere vestiges of parts, and shows us the meaning of rudiments. Besides these practical uses, to the naturalist who believes in the gradual modification of organic beings, the science of Homology clears away the mist from such terms as the scheme of nature, ideal types, archetypal patterns or ideas, &c., for these terms come to express real facts. The naturalist, thus guided, sees that all homologous parts or organs, however much diversified, are modifications of one and the same ancestral organ; in tracing existing gradations he gains a clue in tracing, as far as that is possible, the probable course of modification during a long line of generations. He may feel assured that, whether he follows embryological development, or searches for the merest rudiments, or traces gradations between the most different beings, he is pursuing the same object by different routes, and is tending towards the knowledge of the actual progenitor of the group, as it once grew and lived. Thus the subject of Homology gains largely in interest.

CHAPTER IV

THE AGE OF TENNYSON

1870–1900

THE record of half a century of poetic work performed by ALFRED TENNYSON between 1842, when he took his position as the leading poet after Wordsworth, and 1892, when he died, is one of unequalled persistency and sustained evenness of flight. If Shakespeare had continued to write on into the Commonwealth, or if Goldsmith had survived to welcome the publication of *Sense and Sensibility*, these might have been parallel cases. The force of Tennyson was twofold: he did not yield his pre-eminence before any younger writer to the very last, and he preserved a singular uniformity in public taste in poetry by the tact with which he produced his contributions at welcome moments, not too often, nor too irregularly, nor so fantastically as to endanger his hold on the popular suffrage. He suffered no perceptible mental decay, even in the extremity of age, and on his deathbed, in his eighty-fourth year, composed a lyric as perfect in its technical delicacy of form as any which he had written in his prime. Tennyson, therefore, was a power of a static species: he was able, by the vigour and uniformity of his gifts, to hold English poetry stationary for sixty years, a feat absolutely unparalleled elsewhere; and the result of various revolutionary movements in prosody and style made during the Victorian age was merely in every case temporary. There was an explosion, the smoke rolled away, and Tennyson's statue stood exactly where it did before.

Tennyson in later years

In this pacific and triumphant career certain critical moments may be mentioned. In each of his principal writings Tennyson loved to sum up a movement of popular speculation. In 1847 feminine education was in the air, and the poet published his serio-comic or sentimentalist-satiric educational narrative of the *Princess*, the most artificial of his works, a piece of long-drawn exquisite *marivaudage* in the most softly gorgeous blank verse. In 1850, by inevitable selection, Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as Laureate, and published anonymously the monumental elegy of *In Memoriam*. This poem had been repeatedly taken up since the death, seventeen years before, of its accomplished and beloved subject, Arthur Hallam. As it finally appeared, the anguish of bereavement was toned down by time, and an atmosphere of philosophic resignation tempered the

whole. What began in a spasmodic record of memories and intolerable regret, closed in a confession of faith and a repudiation of the right to despair. The skill of Tennyson enabled him to conceal this irregular and fragmentary construction; but *In Memoriam* remains a disjointed edifice, with exquisitely carved chambers and echoing corridors that lead to nothing. It introduced into general recognition a metrical form, perhaps invented by Ben Jonson, at once so simple and so salient, that few since Tennyson have ventured to repeat it, in spite of his extreme success.

The Crimean War deeply stirred the nature of Tennyson, and his agitations are reflected in the most feverish and irregular of all his principal compositions, the *Maud* of 1855. This volume contains ample evidence of a hectic condition of feeling. It is strangely experimental; in it the poet passes on occasion further from the classical standards of style than anywhere else, and yet he rises here and there into a rose-flushed ecstasy of plastic beauty that reminds us of what the statue must have seemed a moment after the breath of the Goddess inflamed it. The volume of 1855 is an epitome of all Tennyson in quintessence—the sumptuous, the simple, the artificial, the eccentric qualities are here; the passionately and brilliantly uplifted, the morbidly and caustically harsh moods find alternate expression; the notes of nightingale and night-jar are detected in the strange antiphonies of this infinitely varied collection.

For the remainder of his long life Tennyson concentrated his talents mainly on one or two themes or classes of work. He desired to excel in epic narrative and in the drama. It will be found that most of his exertions in these last five-and-twenty years took this direction. From his early youth he had nourished the design of accomplishing that task which so many of the great poets of England had vainly desired to carry out, namely, the celebration of the national exploits of King Arthur. In 1859 the first instalment of *Idylls of the King* was, after many tentative experiments, fairly placed before the public, and in 1872 the series closed. In 1875 Tennyson issued his first drama, *Queen Mary;* and in spite of the opposition of critical opinion, on the stage and off it, he persisted in the successive production of six highly elaborated versified plays, of which, at length, one, *Becket*, proved a practical success on the boards. That the enforced issue of these somewhat unwelcome dramas lessened the poet's hold over the public was obvious, and almost any other man in his seventy-sixth year would have acquiesced. But the artistic energy of Tennyson was unconquerable, and with a juvenile gusto and a marvellous combination of politic tact and artistic passion the aged poet called the public back to him with the four irresistible volumes of ballads, idyls, songs, and narratives of which the *Tiresias* of 1885 was the first, and the *Death of Œnone* of 1892 the fourth. It would be idle to pretend that the enchanting colours were not a little faded, the romantic music slightly dulled, in these last accomplishments; yet, if they showed something of the wear and tear of years, they were no "dotages," to use Dryden's phrase, but the characteristic and

still admirable exercises of a very great poet who simply was no longer young. When, at length, Tennyson passed away, it was in the midst of such a paroxysm of national grief as has marked the demise of no other English author. With the just and reverent sorrow for so dear a head, something of exaggeration and false enthusiasm doubtless mingled. The fame of Tennyson is still, and must for some years continue to be, an element of disturbance in our literary history. A generation not under the spell of his personal magnificence of mien will be called upon to decide what his final position among the English poets is to be, and before that happens the greatest of the Victorian luminaries will probably, for a moment at least, be shorn of some of his beams.

Browning

The long-drawn popularity of the mellifluous and polished poetry of Tennyson would probably have resulted, in the hands of his imitators, in a fatal laxity and fluidity of style. But it was happily counteracted by the example of ROBERT BROWNING, who asserted the predominance of the intellect in analytic production, and adopted forms which by their rapidity and nakedness were specially designed not to cover up the mental process. If the poetry of the one was like a velvety lawn, that of the other resembled the rocky bed of a river, testifying in every inch to the volume and velocity of the intellectual torrent which formed it. So, a couple of centuries before, the tumultuous brain of Donne had been created to counterpoise and correct the voluptuous sweetness of the school of Spenser. If any mind more original and powerful than Browning's had appeared in English poetry since Donne, it was Dryden, in whose masculine solidity, and daring, hurrying progression of ideas, not a little of the author of *The Ring and the Book* may be divined. But if Donne had subtlety and Dryden weight, in Browning alone can be found, combined with these qualities, a skill in psychological analysis probably unrivalled elsewhere save by Shakespeare, but exerted, not in dramatic relation of character with character, but in self-dissecting monologue or web of intricate lyrical speculation.

In Browning and Tennyson alike, the descent from the romantic writers of the beginning of the century was direct and close. Each, even Browning with his cosmopolitan tendencies, was singularly English in his line of descendence, and but little affected by exotic forces. Each had gaped at Byron and respected Wordsworth; each had been dazzled by Shelley and given his heart to Keats. There is no more interesting object-lesson in literature than this example of the different paths along which the same studies directed two poets of identical aims. Even the study of the Greeks, to which each poet gave his serious attention, led them further and further from one another, and we may find what resemblance we may between *Tithonus* and *Cleon*, where the technical form is, for once, identical. Tennyson, loving the phrase, the expression, passionately, and smoothing it and caressing it as a sculptor touches and retouches the marmoreal bosom of a nymph, stands at the very poles from Browning,

to whom the verbiage is an imperfect conductor of thoughts too fiery and too irreconcilable for balanced speech, and in whom the craving to pour forth redundant ideas, half-molten in the lava turmoil, is not to be resisted. There have been sculptors of this class, too—Michelangelo, Rodin—hardly to be recognised as of the same species as their brethren, from Praxiteles to Chapu. But the plastic art embraces them all, as poetry is glad to own, not the *Lotus-Eaters* only, but *Sordello* also, and even *Fifine at the Fair*.

The course of Browning's fame did not run with the Tennysonian smooothness any more than that of his prosody. After early successes, in a modified degree—*Paracelsus* (1835), even *Strafford* (1837)—the strenuous epic narrative of *Sordello* (1840), written in a sort of crabbed shorthand which even the elect could hardly penetrate, delayed his appreciation and cast him back for many years. The name of Robert Browning became a byword for wilful eccentricity and inter-lunar darkness of style. The successive numbers of *Bells and Pomegranates* (1841–46) found him few admirers in a cautious public thus forewarned against his "obscurity," and even *Pippa Passes*, in spite of its enchanting moral and physical beauty, was eyed askance. Not till 1855 did Robert Browning escape from the designation of "that unintelligible man who married the poet"; but the publication of the two volumes of *Men and Women*, in which the lyrical and impassioned part of his genius absolutely culminated, displayed, to the few who have eyes to see, a poet absolutely independent and of the highest rank.

Then began, and lasted for fifteen years, a period in which Browning, to a partial and fluctuating degree, was accepted as a power in English verse, with his little band of devotees, his wayside altars blazing with half-prohibited sacrifice; the official criticism of the hour no longer absolutely scandalised, but anxious, so far as possible, to minimise the effect of all this rough and eccentric, yet not "spasmodic" verse. In *Dramatis Personæ* (1864), published after the death of his wife, some numbers seemed glaringly intended to increase the scandal of obscurity; in others, notably in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, heights were scaled of melodious and luminous thought, which could, by the dullest, be no longer overlooked; and circumstances were gradually preparing for the great event of 1868, when the publication of the first volume of *The Ring and the Book* saw the fame of Browning, so long smouldering in vapour, burst forth in a glare that for a moment drowned the pure light of Tennyson himself.

From this point Browning was sustained at the height of reputation until his death. He was at no moment within hailing distance of Tennyson in popularity, but among the ruling class of cultivated persons he enjoyed the splendours of extreme celebrity. He was, at last, cultivated and worshipped in a mode unparalleled, studied during his lifetime as a classic, made the object of honours in their very essence, it might have been presupposed, posthumous. After 1868 he lived for more than twenty

Matthew Arnold.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLYER, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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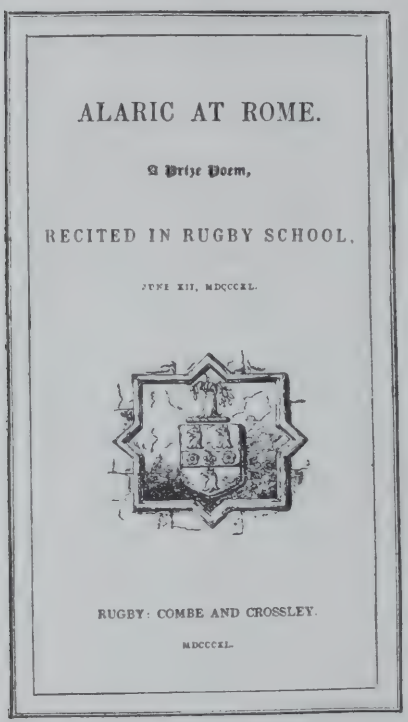
years, publishing a vast amount of verse, contained in eighteen volumes, mostly of the old analytic kind, and varying in subject rather than in character. In these he showed over and over again the durable force of his vitality, which in a very unusual degree paralleled that of Tennyson. But although so constantly repeating the stroke, he cannot be said to have changed its direction, and the volume of the blow grew less. The publication of these late books was chiefly valuable as keeping alive popular interest in the writer, and as thus leading fresh generations of readers to what he had published up to 1868.

Matthew Arnold

As a poet and as a prose writer MATTHEW ARNOLD really addressed two different generations. It is not explained why Arnold waited until his thirty-eighth year before opening with a political pamphlet the extensive series of his prose works. As a matter of fact it was not until 1865 that, with his *Essays in Criticism*, he first caught the ear of the public. But by that time his career as a poet was almost finished. It is by the verses he printed between 1849 and 1855 that Matthew Arnold put his stamp upon English poetry, although he added characteristic things at intervals almost until the time of his death in 1888. But to comprehend his place in the history of literature we ought to consider Arnold twice over—firstly as a poet mature in 1850, secondly as a prose-writer whose masterpieces date from 1865 to 1873. In the former capacity, after a long struggle on the part of the critics to exclude him from Parnassus altogether, it becomes generally admitted that his is considerably the largest name between the generation of Tennyson and Browning and that of the so-called pre-Raphaelites. Besides the exquisite novelty of the voice, something was distinctly gained in the matter of Arnold's early poetry—a new atmosphere of serene thought was here, a philosophical quality less passionate and tumultuous, the music of life deepened and strengthened. Such absolute purity as his is rare in English poetry; Arnold in his gravity and distinction is like a translucent tarn among the mountains. Much of his verse is a highly finished study in the manner of Wordsworth, tempered with the love of Goethe and of the Greeks, carefully avoiding the perilous Tennysonian note. His efforts to obtain the Greek effect led Matthew Arnold into amorphous choral experiments, and, on the whole, he was an indifferent metrist. But his devotion to beauty, the composure, simplicity, and dignity of his temper, and his deep moral sincerity, gave to his poetry a singular charm which may prove as durable as any element in modern verse.

The Arnold of the prose was superficially a very different writer. Conceiving that the English controversialists, on whatever subject, had of late been chiefly engaged in "beating the bush with deep emotion, but never starting the hare," he made the discovery of the hare his object. In other words, in literature, in politics, in theology, he set himself to divide faith from superstition, to preach a sweet reasonableness, to seize the essence of things, to war against prejudice and ignorance and national self-conceit. He was

full of that "amour des choses de l'esprit" which Guizot had early perceived in him; he was armed with a delicious style, trenchant, swift, radiantly humorous; but something made him inaccessible, his instincts were fine and kindly without being really sympathetic, and he was drawn away from his early lucidity to the use of specious turns of thought and sophisms. We live too close to him, and in an intellectual atmosphere of which he is too much a component part, to be certain how far his beautiful ironic prose-writings will have durable influence. At the present moment his prestige suffers from the publication of two posthumous volumes of letters, in which the excellence of Matthew Arnold's heart is illustrated, but which are almost without a flash of genius. But his best verses are incomparable, and they will float him into immortality.


ALARIC AT ROME.

A Prize Poem,

RECITED IN RUGBY SCHOOL,

JUNE XII, MDCCCXL.

RUGBY: COMBE AND CROSSLEY.

MDCCCXL.

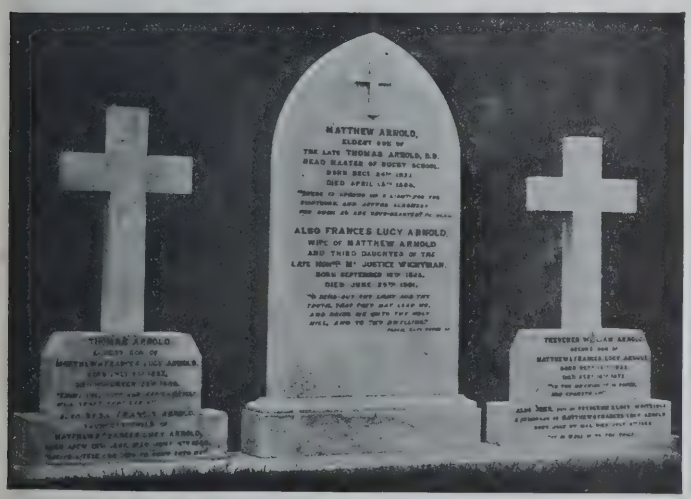
Title-page of "Alaric at Rome," Arnold's Rugby Prize Poem

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888) was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold (1795–1842), afterwards Head-master of Rugby, and of his wife, Mary Penrose. He was born on Christmas Eve, 1822, at Laleham, on the Thames, whence the whole family moved in 1828 to Rugby. When he was eight, Matthew Arnold returned to Laleham, to be under the teaching of his uncle, the Rev. John Buckland; and in his fourteenth year he proceeded to Winchester, but only for a year. In August 1837 he entered Rugby School, the school-house being his home. In 1840 he published anonymously his poem called *Alaric at Rome*, and was elected to a scholarship at Balliol. He went up to Oxford in October 1841. In 1843 he won the Newdigate Prize with his poem, *Cromwell*. Arnold was elected a Fellow of Oriel in 1845, and went back as a master to Rugby, but in 1847 he was appointed by Lord Lansdowne his private secretary, and came up to London to reside. During his Oxford days he had been occupying himself much with poetry, and the result was seen in the slender volume, *The Strayed Reveller*, which he published in 1849. In 1851 Matthew Arnold settled down to what was to prove the humdrum occupation of the remainder of his life, being appointed an inspector of schools; in the same year he married. In 1852 was published his second collection of poems, *Empedocles on Etna*, but this was withdrawn from circulation before fifty copies were sold. Some of the pieces already published, with many others, were given to the world in the two-volume collection of Matthew Arnold's *Poems* (1853–55). Engaged in "fighting the battle of life as an Inspector of Schools," Arnold did little literary work for several years. His silence was hardly broken by the tragedy of *Merope*, and by one or two pamphlets, but in 1861 he began his career as a critic by issuing his first treatise

On Translating Homer. Meanwhile, he had been making himself well acquainted with the movement of cultivated thought on the Continent, both by reading French and German books and by repeated visits to European centres of education. Among those with whom he formed personal relations were Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Prosper Merimée, and Guizot. His *French Eton* appeared in 1864, and it seemed likely that Matthew Arnold might remain known to the general public as a brilliant, but rather paradoxical and "jaunty" occasional writer on educational questions. But in May 1857 he had been elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and his remarkable influence had begun to radiate further and further in a semi-private way.

Matthew Arnold's House at Cobham

In 1865, however, he was at length persuaded to publish a volume of selected lectures, under the title of *Essays in Criticism*, and this book placed him, at the age of forty-three, suddenly in the front rank of living English critics. From this time forth the interest of his literary utterances far outbalanced those of his educational. In 1867 he published *New Poems* (in which "Thyrsis" appeared for the first time), and in 1869 collected his poetical works. In prose the most remarkable of his utterances at this time was the treatise *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, 1867. Matthew Arnold was directed on several successive occasions to investigate the systems of education which prevailed in France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. This had involved, particularly in 1865 and 1866, much interesting Continental travel; the results were published in his *Schools and Universities on the Continent* of 1868. Arnold now began to turn more and more to controversial topics, in which pure literature gave way to the consideration of religion and politics. Of this new direction given to his talent, the first-fruits were seen in


MATTHEW ARNOLD,
ELDEST SON OF
THE LATE THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.
HEAD MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL,
BORN DEC. 24TH, 1822.
DIED APRIL 15TH, 1888.
ALSO FRANCES LUCY ARNOLD,
WIFE OF MATTHEW ARNOLD
AND THIRD DAUGHTER OF THE
RIGHT HON. SIR JOSIAH WILLIAM
BORN SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1824.
DIED JUNE 29TH, 1901.

The Grave of Matthew Arnold at Laleham

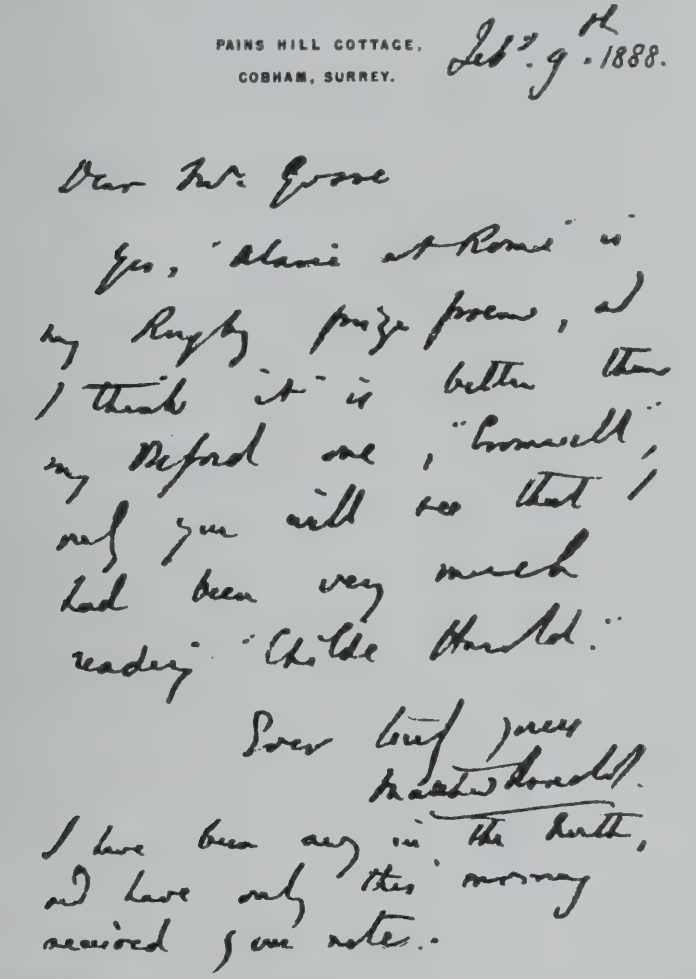
Culture and Anarchy, 1869, followed by *St. Paul and Protestantism*, 1870. One of the most brilliant but, at the time, least appreciated of his books was *Friendship's Garland*, 1871. *Literature and Dogma* followed in 1873, in which year Matthew Arnold left Harrow, where he had long resided, and took a house at Pains Hill, Cobham, which was his home during the remainder of his life. He now began a period of strenuous and smooth progress, in his official work, in controversy, in literature, the course of which is scarcely marked except by the dates of publication of his successive volumes—*God and the Bible*, 1875; *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, 1877; *Mixed Essays*, 1879; *Irish Essays*, 1882—in all of which his aim was to lead a revolution against "the sombreness and narrowness of the religious world" in modern England, "and the rigid hold it has so long had upon us." He showed a return of thought to poetry in two little volumes of selection and criticism of Wordsworth (1879) and Byron (1881). During these years Matthew Arnold

Rugby School

From a Photograph by Dean, Rugby

travelled very frequently on the Continent, where he kept up his literary and educational connections; and in 1883–84 and 1886 he visited the United States, on the former occasion lecturing extensively. Matthew Arnold suffered from constitutional and perhaps hereditary tendency to heart disease, which had long been postponed by the excellent general health which he enjoyed. He had been warned, however, to avoid violent exertion, but on the 15th of April 1888, as he was at Liverpool in expectation of the arrival of his elder daughter from America, he is said to have vaulted lightly, so well did he feel, over a railing. This was probably the cause of his abrupt death an hour or two afterwards. He was buried at Laleham. Matthew Arnold was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a marked manner which was somewhat unjustly mistaken for affectation. He was genial and humane, an enemy to priggishness and presumption, easily pleased with the world's good things, "yet, with all this, agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond," as the editor of his *Letters* (1895) puts it. He had a singular combination of effusion and reserve, appearing

in the midst of agreeable acquaintances to be one of the most courteous, and even the most playful, but persevering under all conditions, and taking with him to the grave the secret of his innermost beliefs and aspirations.


PAINS HILL COTTAGE,
COBHAM, SURREY.

Feb.y 9th. 1888.

Dear Mr. Gosse

Yes, "Alaric at Rome" is my Rugby prize poem, and I think it is better than my Oxford one, "Cromwell"; and you will see that I had been very much reading "Childe Harold."

Ever truly yours
Matthew Arnold.

I have been away in the South, and have only this morning received your note.

Facsimile of Letter from Matthew Arnold to Mr. Edmund Gosse, admitting the authorship of "Alaric at Rome"

FROM "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog: for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal:
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

—But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon : he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large : then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents ; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer :—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

To Marguerite.

Yes : in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone.*
—The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing,
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour ;

Oh then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent ;
—For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh might our marges meet again !

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?
—A God, a God their severance rul'd ;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Shakspeare.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality :

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

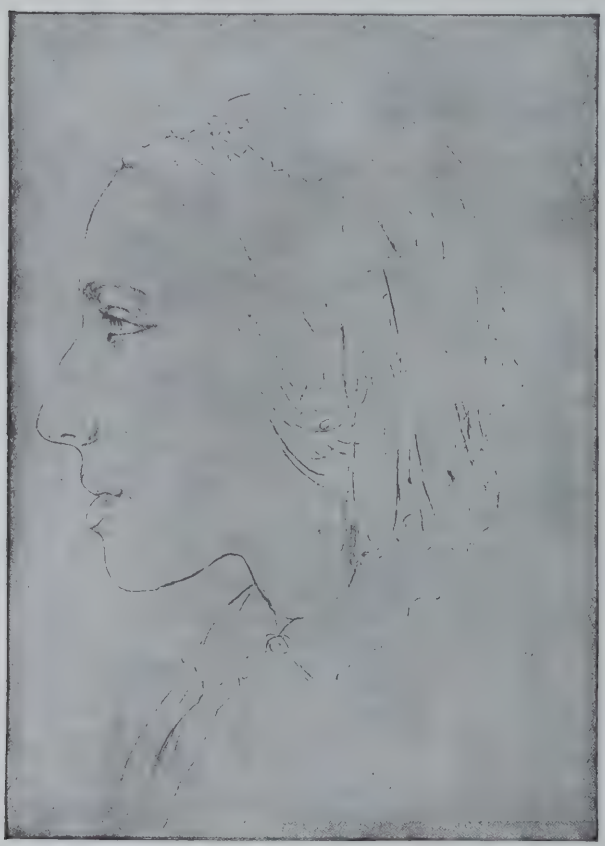
FROM "THE CHURCH OF BROU."

So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair!
And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby;—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—"*What is this? we are in bliss—forgiven—*
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!"—
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The moon through the clerestory windows shines,
And the wind washes in the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliag'd marble forest where ye lie,
"*Hush*—" ye will say—"*it is eternity!*
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces."
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

George Eliot

Charlotte Brontë died in 1855, Thackeray in 1862, Elizabeth Gaskell in 1865. GEORGE ELIOT, although born in the same decade, began to write so late in life and survived so long that she seemed to be part of a later generation. From the death of Dickens in 1870 to her own in 1880, she was manifestly the most prominent novelist in England. Yet it is important to realise that, like all the other Victorian novelists of eminence until we reach Mr. George Meredith, she was born in the rich second decade of the century. It was not until some years after the death of Charlotte Brontë that *Scenes of Clerical Life* revealed a talent which owed much to the bold, innovating spirit of that great woman, but which was evidently exercised by a more academic hand. The style of these short episodes was so delicately brilliant that their hardness was scarcely apparent.

The *Scenes* certainly gave promise of a writer in the first rank. In *Adam Bede*, an elaborate romance of bygone provincial manners, this promise was repeated, although, by an attentive ear, the undertone of the mechanism was now to be detected. In the *Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* a curious phenomenon appeared—George Eliot divided into two personages. The close observer of nature, mistress of laughter and tears, exquisite in the intensity of cumulative emotion, was present still, but she receded; the mechanician, overloading her page with pretentious matter, working out her scheme as if she were building a steam-engine, came more and more to the front. In *Felix Holt* and on to *Daniel Deronda* the second personage preponderated, and our ears were deafened by the hum of the philosophical machine, the balance of scenes and sentences, the intolerable artificiality of the whole construction.



George Eliot

From a Pencil Drawing in the possession of Warwick H. Draper, Esq., done about 1847. The outline traced round a shadow thrown by a cast and filled in by Miss Sara Hennell.

George Eliot is a very curious instance of the danger of self-cultivation. No writer was ever more anxious to improve herself and conquer an absolute mastery over her material. But she did not observe, as she entertained the laborious process, that she was losing those natural accomplishments which infinitely outshone the philosophy and science which she so painfully acquired. She was born to please, but unhappily she persuaded herself, or was persuaded, that her mission was to teach the world, to lift its moral tone, and, in consequence, an agreeable rustic writer, with a charming humour and very fine sympathetic nature, found herself gradually uplifted until, about 1875, she sat enthroned on an educational tripod, an almost ludicrous pythoness. From the very first she had been weak in that quality which more than any other is needed by a novelist, imaginative invention. So long as she was humble, and was content to reproduce, with the skilful

George Eliot.

FROM AN ETCHING BY RAJON AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR FREDERICK BURTON.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

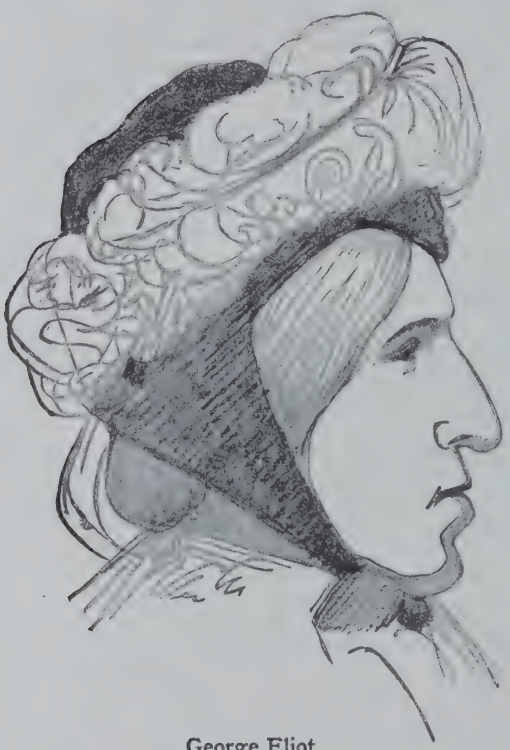
subtlety of her art, what she had personally heard and seen, her work had delightful merit. But it was an unhappy day when she concluded that strenuous effort, references to a hundred abstruse writers, and a whole technical system of rhetoric would do the wild-wood business of native imagination. The intellectual self-sufficiency of George Eliot has suffered severe chastisement. At the present day scant justice is done to her unquestionable distinction of intellect or to the emotional intensity of much of her early work.

Mary Ann Evans (1819–1880), who is commonly known by her pen-name as GEORGE ELIOT, was the third child of Robert Evans, a Methodist estate agent, and his

Arbury in Warwickshire, the Birthplace of George Eliot

wife, Christina Pearson. She was born at Arbury Farm, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, on the 22nd of November 1819. Four months later the family moved to a house in the same parish, called Griff, where all her childhood and youth were spent. George Eliot's early novels are full of transcripts of her life in these "our midland plains." In 1832 to 1835 she was at the school of some Baptist ladies at Coventry, and in 1836, after the death of her mother and the marriage of her elder sister, Mary Ann took charge of the household at Griff, becoming, we are told, what she continued to be through life, an exemplary housewife. She was solitary, but she read with extreme voracity, mainly in the direction of theology and history. Early in 1841 her father and she took a house in the town of Coventry, and Mary Ann formed for the first time some intellectual companionships, particularly in the family of Charles Bray, a philanthropical ribbon-manufacturer. Under their influence she rapidly lost her evangelical faith, and in 1842 definitely separated herself from all forms of worship. In 1846 she published anonymously a translation of Strauss's

Life of Jesus, the expenses of which were paid by some Radical enthusiasts: this work occupied Mary Ann Evans for two years. The next three years were mainly devoted to tending her aged father, whose constitution was now breaking up; he died in 1849. She was so much exhausted by nursing him, that the Brays took her forcibly away for a long rest on the Continent, and she remained in Geneva until the spring of 1850. Always strenuously desirous of mental improvement, she devoted herself in Switzerland to the study of experimental physics. After her return to England, she was induced to write for the *Westminster Review*, which published her first article in January 1851; later in the year she became assistant editor of this periodical, and came up to live in London. She now met **George Henry Lewes** (1817–1878), a brilliant miscellaneous writer of that day, "a man of heart and conscience, wearing the mask of flippancy." Their tastes coincided, and in 1854 Mary Ann, or as she now called herself Marian Evans, consented, as he was precluded from marriage, to join his life. They lived together for some time at Weimar and in Berlin, while Lewes was composing the most durable of his many productions, his *Life of Goethe*, 1855; in Germany Mary Ann Evans formed many valuable acquaintances among men of art, science, and philosophy. She and Lewes returned to England, and settled together at Richmond in the autumn of 1855. Under the pseudonym of George Eliot she now, at the age of thirty-seven, adopted the profession of literature She had long entertained the "vague dream" of writing stories. Her first experiment was *Amos Barton*, which appeared in 1857, and was followed by other short novels, collected as *Scenes of Clerical Life* in 1858. These attracted some favourable notice, the secret of their authorship being most jealously guarded. But George Eliot had already begun a far more ambitious work, and in 1859 appeared her novel of *Adam Bede*. This placed her, at one bound, among the principal writers of her time; one or two friends now discovered her identity, but from the general public it was still concealed. In 1860 *The Mill on the Floss* and in 1861 *Silas Marner* continued and increased the fame of the concealed "George Eliot." She travelled in Italy, and formed the "great project" of composing a vast romance on a crisis of renaissance history. This marks, no doubt, a dangerous turn in the chronicle of her own genius, for she was now to abandon for the first time the personal experience in the English Midland Counties which had hitherto supported her so bravely. The result was *Romola*, a laborious, ambitious, but slightly disappointing effort of the imagination,



George Eliot

From a hitherto unpublished Pencil Drawing taken from life by Lady Alma Tadema in 1877. In the possession of Edmund Gosse, Esq.

which appeared in 1863, the year in which she and Lewes settled at the house in North Bank, Regent's Park, which was to be closely identified with her. The next of George Eliot's novels was *Felix Holt, the Radical*, which appeared in 1866; this was a return to English scenes in a story of the elections of 1832, but it has never been considered very successful. Still less happy were George Eliot's excursions into poetry, the drama of *The Spanish Gypsy*, of 1868, which resulted on a tour in Spain made the preceding year, and *Agatha*, 1869. In this latter year she began to project a novel which was finally called *Middlemarch*, and was not completed until 1872. The sale of this book was very large, and its welcome from the critics unprecedented; it was a complex and highly-finished study of several lives interwoven into a single plan. The mental labour it involved, and the conscious apparatus of the whole, were scarcely, however, rewarded by the charm of the result. George Eliot's hand, in fact, was now becoming heavy, and it proved weighty indeed in *Daniel Deronda*, her "big book" of 1876; this was a study of Jewish idealism. In this year Lewes and Miss Evans settled in a house at Witley, near Godalming, where they saw a good deal of pleasant intellectual society. Here Lewes died on the 28th of November 1878. George Eliot was severely stricken by this bereavement, but in 1879 she published *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, which is not a novel, but a collection of essays and apophthegms. In May 1880 Miss Evans married an old friend, Mr J. W. Cross, and with him visited Italy. In September of the same year she was taken ill, and, although she rallied, she was never strong again. She died, in consequence of a chill, on the 22nd of December 1880, at a house she and her husband had recently taken, 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. George Eliot was a woman of unusual intellectual power, witty, sensible, penetrating, but she laboured under the effects of imperfect early training. It can hardly be denied that her seriousness degenerated into ponderosity, that she was little at ease with life, and that she was touched with the blighting spirit of pedantry. The lifelessness of her correspondence is extraordinary; to read her private letters is an affliction hardly to be borne. She reflected too much and saw too little, at all events in later years. But she was a woman full of fine native qualities, tender, tolerant, *au fond* beautifully simple, devoid of all affectation and grimace. Her heavy, solid countenance, which resembled to a strange degree the great mask of Savonarola, was indicative both of her strength of character and of her limitations.

4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where George Eliot died

From a Drawing by W. W. Burgess

From "Adam Bede."

Poor Molly's tears were dropping fast by this time, and in her desperation at the lively movement of the beer-stream towards Alick's legs, she was converting her apron into a mop, while Mrs. Poyser, opening the cupboard, turned a blighting eye upon her.

"Ah," she went on, "you'll do no good wi' crying an' making more wet to wipe up. It's all your own wilfulness, as I tell you, for there's nobody no call to break anything if they'll only go the right way to work. But wooden folks had need ha' wooden things t' handle. And here must I take the brown-and-white jug, as it's niver been used three times this year, and go down i' the cellar myself, and belike catch my death, and be laid up wi' inflammation. . . ."

Mrs. Poyser had turned round from the cupboard with the brown-and-white jug in her hand, when she caught sight of something at the other end of the kitchen: perhaps it was because she was already trembling and nervous that the apparition had so strong an effect on her; perhaps jug-breaking, like other crimes, has a contagious influence. However it was, she stared and started like a ghost-seer, and the precious brown-and-white jug fell to the ground, parting for ever with its spout and handle.

"Did ever anybody see the like?" she said, with a suddenly lowered tone, after a moment's bewildered glance round the room. "The jugs are bewitched, *I* think. It's them nasty glazed handles—they slip o'er the finger like a snail."

"Why, thee'st let thy own whip fly i' thy face," said her husband, who had now joined in the laugh of the young ones.

"It's all very fine to look on and grin," rejoined Mrs. Poyser; "but there's times when the crockery seems alive, an' flies out o' your hand like a bird. It's like the glass, sometimes, 'ull crack as it stands. What is to be broke *will* be broke, for I never dropped a thing i' my life for want o' holding it, else I should never ha' kept the crockery all these 'ears as I bought at my own wedding. And, Hetty, are you mad? Whativer do you mean by coming down i' that way, and making one think as there's a ghost a-walking i' th' house?"

A new outburst of laughter, while Mrs. Poyser was speaking, was caused, less by her sudden conversion to a fatalistic view of jug-breaking, than by that strange appearance of Hetty, which had startled her aunt. The little minx had found a black gown of her aunt's, and pinned it close round her neck to look like Dinah's, had made her hair as flat as she could, and had tied on one of Dinah's high-crowned borderless net-caps. The thought of Dinah's pale grave face and mild grey eyes, which the sight of the gown and cap brought with it, made it a laughable surprise enough to see them replaced by Hetty's round rosy cheeks and coquettish dark eyes. The boys got off their chairs and jumped round her, clapping their hands, and even Alick gave a low ventral laugh as he looked up from his beans. Under cover of the noise, Mrs. Poyser went into the back kitchen to send Nancy into the cellar with the great pewter measure, which had some chance of being free from bewitchment.

From "Silas Marner."

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned

as I sit in this chair. Master Burge ~~may~~ is in the right on't
to want him to go partners & marry his daughter, if it's true
what they say; ~~[illegible]~~ the woman as marries him 'ull have a good take
~~[illegible]~~ he 'll ~~[illegible]~~ of Michaelmas or Lady Day." A remark which
Mrs Poyser always followed up with her cordial assent. "Ah;" she
would say, "it's all very fine having a ready made rich man,
but mayhappen he 'll be a ready made fool; & it's no use filling
your pocket full o' money if you've got a hole in the corner.
It 'll do you no good to sit in a spring cart o' your own, if you've
got a soft to drive you; he 'll soon turn you over into the ditch.
I allys said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains
for where's the use of a woman having brains of her own if she's
~~[illegible]~~ tackled to a geck as every body's
a laughing at? She might as well dress herself fine to sit
back'ards on a donkey."

These expressions, though figurative, sufficiently indicated the
bent of Mrs Poyser's mind with regard to Adam, & though she
might have viewed the subject differently if Hetty had been of
a daughter of their own, it was clear that they would have welcomed
the wealth with Adam for a penniless niece who must have been
a servant elsewhere. if her uncle had not taken her as a domestic help in her aunt whom Hetty cried on the birth of Tony had not been good
But Hetty had never given Adam any steady encouragement.
Even in the moments when she was most thoroughly conscious

Page of the MS. of "Adam Bede"

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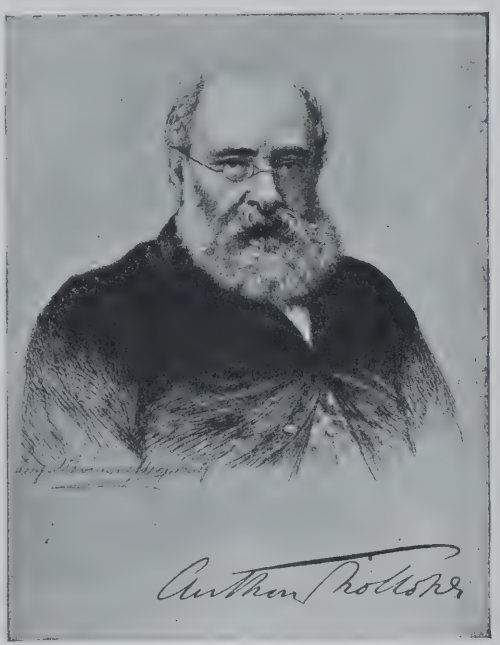
forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door.

The Trollopes

Two writers of less pretension exceeded George Eliot as narrators, though neither equalled her in essential genius at her best. In ANTHONY TROLLOPE English middle-class life found a close and loving portrait-painter, not too critical to be indulgent nor too accommodating to have flashes of refreshing satire. The talent of Trollope forms a link between the closer, more perspicuous naturalism of Jane Austen and the realism of a later and coarser school. The cardinal merit of the irregular novels of CHARLES READE was their intrepidity; the insipid tendency of the early Victorians to deny the existence of instinct received its death-blow from the sturdy author of *Griffith Gaunt*, who tore the pillows from all armholes, and, by his hatred of what was artificial, sacerdotal, and effeminate, prepared the way for a freer treatment of experience. His style, although not without serious blemishes, and ill sustained, has vigorous merits. Through the virile directness of Charles Reade runs the chain which binds Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Hardy to the early Victorian novelists.



Anthony Trollope
From a Drawing by L. Lowenstam.

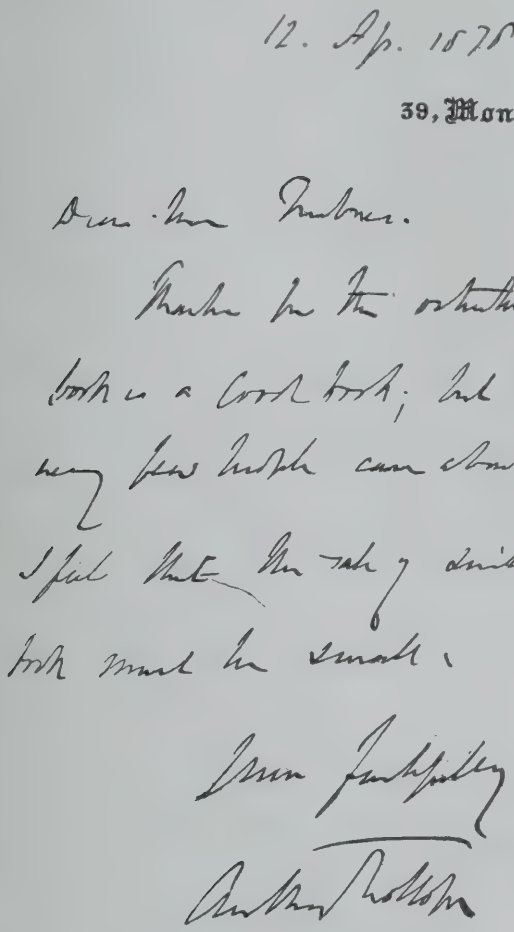
Anthony Trollope (1815–1882) was born in Keppel Street, Russell Square, in April 1815. His father was an unsuccessful and unamiable barrister, but his mother, **Frances [Milton] Trollope** (1780–1863) was a genial woman of high capacity, and herself the writer of some very entertaining books. Anthony was the third son of

this couple; an elder brother, **Thomas Adolphus Trollope** (1810–1892), also achieved distinction as a novelist. In spite of their father's pecuniary straits, the elder children were well educated; but Anthony, although he went to Harrow in 1822, to Winchester in 1827, and back to Harrow in 1830, could not be sent to a university. After leaving school in 1833 he was a tutor at Brussels for some time, but entered the service of the English Post Office in 1834. He held this appointment, now in London, now in Ireland, until 1867. Anthony Trollope was over thirty before his thoughts turned to literature. He had been living a shabby, reckless kind of existence in Ireland, at a place called Banagher in King's County. Here he became familiar with amusing types of character, which he at length, having in the meanwhile been transferred to Clonmel, depicted in his first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, 1847. He wrote, however, a good many stories before he hit upon his real vein. It may be said that his career begins, in the true sense, with *The Warden* of 1855, followed by a still more admirable novel, *Barchester Towers*, 1857. His long apprenticeship in Ireland came to a close in 1859, when he was transferred to London, after a trip on post-office business to the West Indies. This was a fortunate year in the life of Anthony Trollope, for he was asked to write a novel for the newly-established *Cornhill Magazine*, and produced *Framley Parsonage* under pressure from Thackeray. The opening number was full of brilliant contributions, but Trollope's novel came first; as he said, "at this banquet the saddle of mutton was served before the delicacies." This made Trollope, who was hitherto little known, universally famous, and from this moment until the end of his life he never paused in the incessant and highly lucrative production of novels. After his retirement from the Civil Service, Trollope visited America, Australia, South Africa, and Iceland: he was an indomitable traveller. But his home was London, and wherever he was he performed his mechanical quota of penmanship every day. Perhaps the best of all his novels was *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, 1867, but he produced many books which were read with ecstasy by thousands, and which it will always be a pleasure to read. His biographies, histories, and books of travel were less interesting. Anthony Trollope, who had overtaxed his apparently limitless vitality, suffered a stroke of paralysis in November 1882, and died on the 6th

Rischgitz] [*Collection*

Trollope's House in Montague Square

of December. He was a large, hearty, bearded man, with a loud voice, who loved two things better than all others—foxhunting and whist. He left an *Autobiography* which was printed in 1883; this is a very honest book, but it took the public too naïvely into the author's confidence as to his methods of composition, and he lost



Facsimile Letter from Anthony Trollope to Mr. Trübner

his *clientèle* rather suddenly in consequence. It is a mistake to explain in too matter-of-fact a way how these things are done.

Charles Reade (1814–1884) was born at Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, on the 8th of June 1814. He was educated mainly at home, until in 1831 he proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford, with which he continued to be connected for the rest of his career, first as Fellow from 1835, as Vinerian Reader from 1842, and finally as Vice-President from 1851. He practised at the Bar, and in middle life he began to write. His earliest productions were plays, and his first success *Masks and*

Charles Reade

Faces in 1852. By this time, however, he had begun to publish fiction, and after two agreeable and well-constructed novels, *Peg Woffington*, 1853, and *Christie Johnstone* (a story of Scotch fishing life), 1853, Reade published *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, 1856, a book which thrilled all classes of the public by its romantic force and the novelty of its prison and convict scenes. *The Cloister and the Hearth*, 1861, has been called the most fascinating of all historical novels, and in *Hard Cash*, 1863, Reade touched the conscience of the British nation by his exposure of the way in which lunatic asylums were conducted. But *Griffith Gaunt*, 1866, a novel of magnificent virility, stands unquestionably at the summit of Reade's work. From this period his art sensibly declined, and his sensational romances became exaggerated and stagey. The best of the novels of his decline was perhaps *A Terrible Temptation*. He had a persistent belief in his powers as a playwright, and when he could not get a play accepted, he would engage a theatre and hire a company of actors for himself. Reade was a prodigious worker, fiery and indomitable, and he collected "documents" for his work in great abundance, somewhat as Zola did later on. His irascible temper and outspokenness were always involving him in public and private quarrels, and from these he did not always emerge unscathed. Charles Reade died in London on the 11th of April 1884, and was buried at Willesden.

Charles Reade

From Coleman's "Charles Reade as I Knew Him." Messrs. A. Treherne & Co., Ltd.

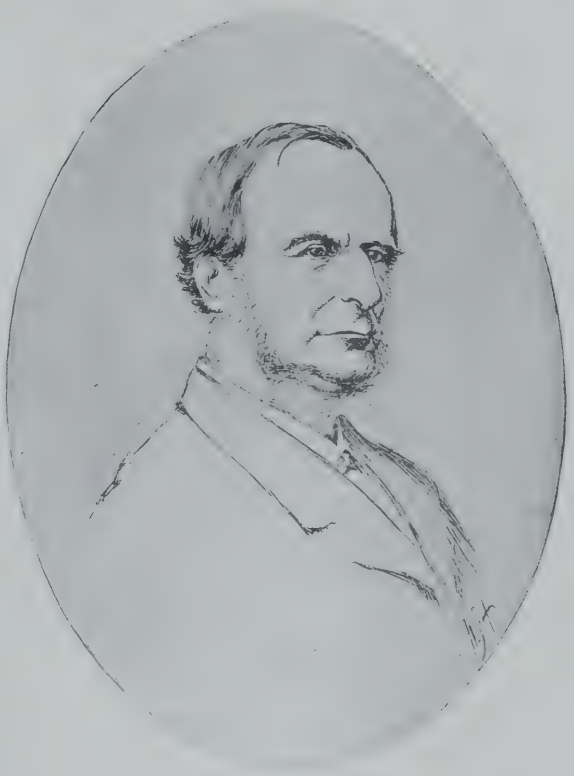
Ipsden, Oxfordshire, the Birthplace of Charles Reade

From Coleman's "Charles Reade as I Knew Him." Messrs. A. Treherne & Co., Ltd.

The Kingsleys

A certain tendency to the chivalric and athletic ideals in life, combining a sort of vigorous Young Englandism with enthusiastic discipleship of Carlyle,

culminated in the breezy, militant talent of CHARLES KINGSLEY. He was full of knightly hopes and generous illusions, a leader of "Christian Socialists," a tilter against windmills of all sorts. He worked as a radical and sporting parson in the country, finding leisure to write incessantly on a hundred themes. His early novels, and some of his miscellaneous treatises, written half in jest and half in earnest, enjoyed an overwhelming success. But Kingsley had no judgment, and he over-estimated the range of his aptitudes. He fancied himself to be a controversialist and an historian. He engaged in public contest with a strong man better armed than himself, and he accepted a professorial chair for which nothing in his training had fitted him. His glory was somewhat tarnished, and he died sadly and prematurely. But his best books have shown an extraordinary tenacity of life, and though he failed in many branches of literature, his successes in one or two seemed permanent. In verse, his ballads are excellent, and he made an experiment in hexameters which remains the best in English. If his early socialistic novels begin to be obsolete, *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* have borne the strain of forty years, and are as fresh as ever. The vivid style of Kingsley was characteristic of his violent and ill-balanced, but exquisitely cheery nature.



Charles Kingsley

After a Pen and Ink Drawing from Photograph by W. H. Hunt

Charles Kingsley (1819–1875) was a son of the vicar of Holne, in South Devon, where he was born on the 12th of June 1819. He wandered from school to school in his childhood, to the Fen Country, to North Devon, to Clifton, to Cornwall, and these aspects of English scenes deeply impressed his memory. His father became rector of Chelsea, and Charles was a student at King's College, London, from 1836 to 1838. He then matriculated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and in 1842 took his degree. He was now appointed curate of Eversley, in Hampshire, and rector in 1844; he retained this living until the end of his life. From a very early date poetry and sociology, as it was then understood, began to fill the thoughts of Kingsley. His first

book of verse was *The Saint's Tragedy*, 1848; in theology, *Twenty-Five Village Sermons*, 1849; in prose fiction, *Alton Locke*, 1850. In the last-mentioned novel, and in *Yeast*, 1851, Kingsley poured forth with fiery eagerness his reflections and observations on the social conditions of the time, disturbed as they had then lately been by the breath of revolution blown across the world. His writings now became extremely numerous, and both his qualities and his defects were clearly in such diatribes in modified Carlylese as *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, 1850. His study of late Greek antiquity gave purity to his manner in two interesting treatises, the study in dialectic called *Phaethon*, 1852, and the volume of lectures on *Alexandria and Her Schools*, 1854. The same sources of inspiration are visible in what is probably the finest of his books, the glowing Alexandrian romance of *Hypatia*, 1854. His poems, some of them of great vividness

Photo] [*F. Mason Good*

Eversley Vicarage, with Kingsley on the Lawn

and freshness, were collected in 1858, in a volume with *Andromeda*, his admirably sustained effort in hexameters. Kingsley aimed at the exercise of considerable politico-ecclesiastical influence, and would have called himself a Christian Socialist and a Radical. One of those who was most intimately associated with him has defined him, on the other hand, as at heart "a Tory aristocrat tempered by sympathy." His effect on his readers was highly quickening and exciting, although, when we look back, it is hard to see that Kingsley had much to offer except stimulus. His later books were too abundant, too rapidly written and too fortuitous to retain the serious attention of future generations, yet they include an enchanting moral and scientific fairy-tale, *The Water Babies*, 1863, which the world will not willingly let die. He published many volumes of sermons, but the youngest remain the best and the most characteristic. Early in middle life the amazing brightness and breeziness began to decline, and his later years were saddened by disappointment, disillusion, and consciousness of failure. He was an inglorious professor of

modern history at Cambridge from 1860 to 1869; he dashed into disastrous controversy with Newman in 1864; he found no promotion in the Church until, too late, he was made a Canon of Westminster in 1873. He sought to recover his shattered health in the West Indies, but came back no better, and died at Eversley on the 23rd of January 1875. The personal appearance of Charles Kingsley was very striking; he was very tall and wiry, with a dark complexion, fiery and hawk-like eyes, and very abrupt and decisive movements. He was a delightful companion, the soul of wit and capricious humour, and bubbling over with enthusiastic information. The youngest of Charles's brothers, **Henry Kingsley** (1830-1876), was a producer of novels for nearly twenty years, and his two earliest books, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, 1859, and *Ravenshoe*, 1862, raised hopes which his later, and too facile, stories only served to disappoint. But the picturesqueness and fun of the novels we have mentioned still preserve their life within a narrowing circle of readers.

THE PROCESSION OF THE NEREIDS, FROM "ANDROMEDA."

Onward they came in their joy, and before them the roll of the surges
Sank, as the breeze sank dead, into smooth green foam-flecked marble,
Awed; and the crags of the cliff, and the pines of the mountain were silent.
Onward they came in their joy, and around them the lamps of the sea-nymphs,
Myriad fiery globes, swam panting and heaving; and rainbows
Crimson and azure and emerald, were broken in star-showers, lighting
Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,
Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.
Onward they came in their joy, more white than the foam which they scattered,
Laughing and singing, and tossing and twining, while eager, the Tritons
Blinded with kisses their eyes, unreproved, and above them in worship
Hovered the terns, and the seagulls swept past them on silvery pinions
Echoing softly their laughter; around them the wantoning dolphins
Sighed as they plunged, full of love; and the great sea-horses which bore them
Curved up their crests in their pride to the delicate arms of the maidens,
Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall, unharming,
Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the nymphs, and the coils of the mermen.
Onward they went in their joy, bathed round with the fiery coolness,
Needing nor sun nor moon, self-lighted, immortal: but others,
Pitiful, floated in silence apart; in their bosoms the sea-boys,
Slain by the wrath of the seas, swept down by the anger of Nereus;
Hapless, whom never again on strand or on quay shall their mothers
Welcome with garlands and vows to the temple, but wearily pining
Gaze over island and bay for the sails of the sunken; they heedless
Sleep in soft bosoms for ever, and dream of the surge and the sea-maids.

AIRLY BEACON.

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to me!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
Courting through the summer's day!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!

FROM "HYPATIA."

Philammon was aroused from his slumbers at sunrise the next morning by the attendants who came in to sweep out the lecture-rooms, and wandered, disconsolately enough, up and down the street; longing for, and yet dreading, the three weary hours to be over which must pass before he would be admitted to Hypatia. But he had tasted no food since noon the day before: he had but three hours' sleep the previous night, and had been working, running, and fighting for two whole days without a moment's peace of body or mind. Sick with hunger and fatigue, and aching from head to foot with his hard night's rest on the granite-flags, he felt as unable as man could well do to collect his thoughts or brace his nerves for the coming interview. How to get food he could not guess; but having two hands, he might at least earn a coin by carrying a load; so he went down to the Esplanade in search of work. Of that, alas! there was none. So he sat down upon the parapet of the quay, and watched the shoals of sardines which played in and out over the marble steps below, and wondered at the strange crabs and sea-locusts which crawled up and down the face of the masonry, a few feet below the surface, scrambling for bits of offal, and making occasional fruitless dashes at the nimble little silver arrows which played round them. And at last his whole soul, too tired to think of anything else, became absorbed in a mighty struggle between two great crabs, who held on stoutly, each by a claw, to his respective bunch of seaweed, while with the others they tugged, one at the head and the other at the tail of a dead fish. Which would conquer? . . . Ay, which? And for five minutes Philammon was alone in the world with the two struggling heroes. . . . Might not they be emblematic? Might not the upper one typify Cyril?—the lower one Hypatia?—and the dead fish between, himself? . . . But at last the deadlock was suddenly ended—the fish parted in the middle; and the typical Hypatia and Cyril, losing hold of their respective seaweeds by the jerk, tumbled down, each with its half-fish, and vanished head over heels into the blue depths in so undignified a manner, that Philammon burst into a shout of laughter.

A. P. Stanley

With Kingsley's should be mentioned a name which, dragged down in the revulsion following upon an excessive reputation, is now threatened by an equally unjust neglect. With Kingsley there came into vogue a species of descriptive writing, sometimes very appropriate and beautiful, sometimes a mere shredding of the cabbage into the pot. To achieve success in this kind of literature very rare gifts have to be combined, and not all who essay to "describe" present an image to our mental vision. In the more gorgeous and flamboyant class Mr. Ruskin had early been predominant; in a quieter kind, there was no surer eye than that of ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY. Quite early in his career he attracted notice by an excellent *Life of Dr. Arnold;* but the peculiar phenomenal faculty of which we are here speaking began to be displayed much later in his *Sinai and Palestine*—where, save in the use of colour, he may be compared with M. Pierre Loti—and in his extremely vivid posthumous correspondence. It will be a pity if, in the natural decay of what

Dean Stanley
From a Miniature

was ephemeral in Stanley's influence, this rare visual endowment be permitted to escape attention.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815–1881) was the third child of Edward Stanley (1779–1849), ornithologist and Bishop of Norwich. He was born at Alderley Park, Cheshire, on the 13th of December 1815. He went to school at Rugby, and proceeded in 1833 to Balliol College, Oxford. From earliest childhood he showed an aptitude for literature, but his first publication was a striking prize poem, *The Gypsies*, 1837. Next year he was elected a Fellow of University College, and took holy orders in 1839. Stanley's first important publication was the *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold*, 1844. He now began to take a prominent part in the social and ecclesiastical life of Oxford in those troubled times, and his office was invariably that of a peacemaker and moderator; his sympathies grew more and more emphatically liberal. He left Oxford for seven years in 1851 to become a Canon of Canterbury, and during this period his pen was active; among other things, he published his masterpiece, *Sinai and Palestine*, 1856. Honours of every description crowded upon him, with the intimate favour of Queen Victoria. In the midst of theological controversy, which sometimes raged very hotly around Stanley's name, he never lost the confidence of the sovereign, at whose desire he had conducted the Prince of Wales through Egypt and Palestine. In 1863 he was made Dean of Westminster, and married one of Queen Victoria's most honoured companions, Lady Augusta Bruce, who died in 1876. Stanley was highly successful as Dean of Westminster, his interest in the monument and his knowledge and care of its contents exceeding that of any of his recent predecessors. The great popular feeling for the Abbey, as the historic centre of our national memories, is a sentiment mainly created by Stanley. He died in the Deanery, after a very brief illness, on the 18th of July 1881. He was a man of remarkable conversational gifts, passing with easy grace from the playful to the strenuous mood and back again; his manners were those of the accomplished courtier, but they were merely the polished surface of a true and liberal kindliness. Perhaps, in later life, his universal sweetness took slightly finicking forms, but the genuineness of his sympathy and ardour were unquestioned. He was always delicate in health, and he assumed early the frail and silver look of an old man.

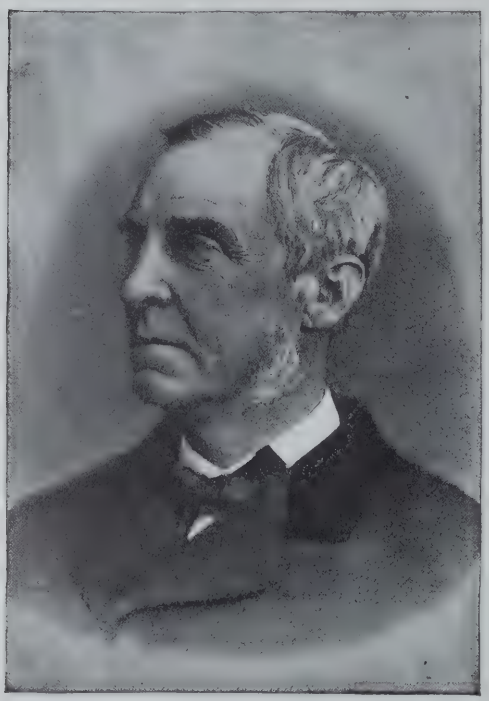
Photo] [*W. H. Taunt & Co.*

University College, Oxford

The Historians

A group of historians of unusual vivacity and merit gave to the central Victorian period a character quite their own. Of these writers—warm

friends or bitter enemies in personal matters, but closely related in the manner of their work—five rose to particular eminence. Of the group, JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was the oldest, and he was at Oxford just at the time when the Tractarian Movement was exciting all generous minds. Greatly under the influence of Newman in the forties, Froude took orders, and was closely connected with the High Church party. With this group Freeman also, though less prominently, was and remained allied, and his anger was excited when Froude, instead of following Newman to Rome, or staying with the agitated Anglican remnant, announced his entire defection from the religious system by the publication of the *Nemesis of Faith*. From this time forth the indignation of Freeman was concentrated and implacable, and lasted without intermission for more than forty years. The duel between these men was a matter of such constant public entertainment that it claims mention in a history, and distinctly moulded the work of both these interesting artists.



Photo] [*Elliot & Fry*

James Anthony Froude

In the line taken up by Froude he owed something to the advice of Carlyle, more to the spirit of close and sympathetic research inculcated by Sir Francis Palgrave. He set himself to a *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Destruction of the Spanish Armada*, and this huge work, in twelve volumes, was completed in 1870. Attacked by specialists from the very first, this book was welcomed with ever-increasing warmth by the general public. Froude had an extraordinary power of holding the interest of the reader, and he appealed directly, and with seldom-failing success, to the instincts of the average man. He was curiously unaffected by those masters of popular history who held the ear of the world during his youth ; he bears little trace of Macaulay and none of Carlyle in the construction of his sentences. He considered history to be an account of the actions of men, and he surpassed all his English predecessors in the exactitude with which he seemed to re-embody the characters and emotions of humanity, blowing the dust away from the annals of the past. That he was a partisan, that he was violently swayed (as pre-eminently in his daring rehabilitation of Henry VIII.) not so much by a passion for facts as by philosophical prejudices,

took away from the durable value of his writing, but not from its immediate charm. Froude possessed in high degree that faculty of imaginative and reproductive insight which he recognised as being one of the rarest of qualities; unhappily, it cannot be said that he possessed what he himself has described as "the moral determination to use it for purposes of truth only."

But if it is impossible to admit that Froude had the infatuation for veracity which may co-exist with an inveterate tendency to blunder about details, there are yet very sterling merits in Froude's work which the attacks of his enemies entirely fail to obscure. If we compare him with Hallam and Macaulay, we see a regular advance in method. With all his judicial attitude, Hallam seldom comprehends the political situation, and never realises personal character; Macaulay, though still unable to achieve the second, accurately measures the first; Froude, with astonishing completeness, is master of both. It is this which, together with the supple and harmonious beauty of his periods, gives him the advantage over that estimable and learned, but somewhat crabbed writer, EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, whose great *History of the Norman Conquest* was completed in 1876. It is said that Froude worked up his authorities, inflamed his imagination, and then, with scarcely a note to help his memory, covered his canvas with a flowing brush. Freeman, on the other hand, is never out of sight of his authorities, and in many instances, through pages and pages, his volumes are simply a cento of paraphrases from the original chroniclers. He gained freshness, and, when his text was trustworthy, an extreme exactitude; but he missed the charm of the fluid oratory of narrative, the flushed and glowing improvisation of Froude. In consequence, the style of Freeman varies so extremely that it is difficult to offer any general criticism of it. In certain portions of the *Harold*, for instance, it reaches the very nadir of dreariness; while his famous "night which was to usher in the ever-memorable morn of Saint Calixtus" suggests how finely he might have persuaded himself to see and to describe.

The cardinal gift of Freeman, however, was certainly not his painstaking treatment of authorities, but the remarkable breadth of his historic view. I have heard that he once said that he never could decide whether modern history should begin with Napoleon I. or with the patriarch Abraham. In one or the other case he saw the great map of history outrolled before his mental vision as perhaps no other man has seen it; and when to a portion of the vast subject so sanely comprehended he applied his rare analytical genius, the result was surprisingly convincing. The utterances of Freeman on the large trend of historical philosophy are therefore of particular value, and it is regrettable that they are comparatively few. It is on this side of his genius that his influence on younger historians has been so great. In JOHN RICHARD GREEN a poet in history combined the picturesqueness of Froude with something of the industry and breadth of Freeman. The *Short History of the English People* produced a sensation such as is rarely

effected in these days by any book that is not a masterpiece of imaginative art. It treated history in a new vein, easily, brightly, keenly, sometimes with an almost jaunty vivacity. The danger of Green lay in his excess of poetic sensibility, his tendency to be carried away by his flow of animal spirits, to confound what was with what must or should have been; but he was a delightful populariser of history, a man of strongly emphasised character who contrived to fascinate a world of readers by charging his work with evidences of his own gay subjectivity.

Froude

James Anthony Froude (1818–1894) was the son of R. H. Froude, archdeacon of Totnes, Devon, and was born at Dartington in that county on the 23rd of

Photo] [*W. H. Taunt & Co.*

Exeter College, Oxford

April 1818. He was at Westminster School from 1830 to 1833, and matriculated at Oriel College in December 1835. He arrived in Oxford just at the opening of the Tractarian controversy, in which his elder brother, Hurrell, was to take a prominent part. J. A. Froude took his degree and became a Fellow of Exeter College in 1842, and was deeply moved by Newman's retirement to Littlemore. In 1844 Froude was ordained deacon, but he proceeded no further in the Church, with whose tenets soon after this he began to feel dissatisfaction. Under the pseudonym of "Zeta," he published a volume of theological tales, *Shadows of the Clouds*, in 1847, and in 1849, *The Nemesis of Faith*, a very remarkable autobiography, in which he recounted the steps which led him to reject High Church doctrine. Froude's existence at Oxford now became impossible; he resigned his fellowship and determined to live by his pen. He became more and more attracted to the *History of England*, of which he published twelve successive volumes between 1856 and 1870. He deals with the introduction and results of the Reformation, from the fall of Wolsey to the

defeat of the Spanish Armada. As the Rev. William Hunt has pointed out, the keynote of Froude's entire historical attitude is contained in his statement that the Reformation "was the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over the globe." His volumes were more widely read than those of any other historian since Macaulay, although, from the first, voices were raised in appeal against his partisanship and his inexactitude. While his great work was progressing, Froude wrote a large number of essays and studies on collateral subjects, and these he collected in five volumes, as *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, between 1867 and 1883. He conceived a very violent prejudice against Irish demagogy, and in 1872–74 he published, in three volumes, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, a work in which all the innocent lights are English and all the guilty darknesses are Celtic. Froude was singularly unfitted to appreciate the qualities of the Irish temperament, and his brilliant exposures and diatribes merely exasperated race-feeling. In 1872 he ceased to be a deacon, and had thoughts of entering political life, and the House of Commons, but this he never achieved. But from the winter of 1874 to the spring of 1875 he was in South Africa on a mission of inquiry from the British Government. He travelled in the United States, in Australia, and through the West Indies. But he was pre-eminently a writer, and shone more characteristically in two short critical biographies, of *Bunyan* in 1878, and of *Cæsar* in 1879. When Carlyle died (February 4, 1881) a fresh field of exertion and controversy opened before Froude, who had been appointed his literary executor. He had Carlyle's *Reminiscences* actually ready in print, and he issued them in 1881 with undue haste and without that "fit editing" that the author of them had been conscious that they required. Froude was much censured, but, imperatively, he persisted, with two lives of Carlyle, 1882 and 1884, and *Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, which last contained still more burning material for anger and scandal. For twenty years more this bitter controversy raged. Froude's own latest writings were of a miscellaneous character. In *Oceana*, 1886, and *The English in the West Indies*, 1888, Froude posed, tactlessly enough, as a colonial politican. His novel, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, 1889, was a miracle of dulness. But he was himself again, in the merits and the faults of his peculiar matter, in his *Divorce of Catharine of Arragon*, 1891, and his *Spanish Story of the Armada*, 1892. Froude's life was made wretched to him at intervals by the inveterate hatred of Freeman, who, a firm High Churchman, could never forgive him for abandoning the party in the old Oxford days. But when Freeman died, Froude enjoyed a tardy revenge in being appointed to succeed him in 1892 as Regius Professor of Modern History. He lectured with considerable success on Erasmus and other cognate themes. But he was perhaps old to undertake such labours, and his health began to fail; he died on the 20th of October 1894. Two posthumous volumes of his lectures appeared, *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*, in 1895, and *The Council of Trent* in 1896. Froude was ironic and remote in manner, and essentially unsympathetic; this was partly due, no doubt, to sensitiveness, for he was greatly valued by the few friends whom he cultivated. He was tall and spare in figure, with a beardless face which became deeply scored with lines and wrinkles. His curious shifting eyes, under shaggy eyebrows, were brilliantly lighted, but did not always inspire confidence or comfort.

HENRY VIII.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament, except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing by comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery and new constructions in shipbuilding, and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with a thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury, as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed, and perhaps unfortunate, interest in the subject itself.

Photo] [*Elliot & Fry*

Edward Augustus Freeman

Edward Augustus Freeman (1823–1892) was born on the 2nd of August 1823 at Harborne, in Staffordshire. He was deprived from infancy of the advantages of parental discipline, and was brought up by a grandmother. From 1831 to 1837 he was trained, a precocious boy, at a private school at Northampton, and was afterwards in the care of a private tutor. He matriculated as a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841; took his degree and was made a Fellow of his college in 1845, and Reader in Rhetoric in 1846. His earliest writings deal with church restoration, a subject which occupied his thoughts in connection with his warm sympathy for the Tractarian movement; his *History of Architecture* appeared in 1849. He married in 1847, and resided successively in Gloucestershire and in Glamorgan, settling finally in the neighbourhood of Wells in Somerset. The life of Freeman was

spent in incessant literary labour, for, besides composing his learned and elaborate contributions to history, he was travelling about England almost constantly on archæological excursions while being an unwearied writer for the press. For a great many years, until 1878, he was one of the mainstays of the *Saturday Review*, and he contributed to most of the leading monthly and quarterly reviews. In 1852 he took a prominent part in calling public attention to the importance of preserving and restoring ancient monuments in this country. After several literary undertakings which failed to excite general interest—he began, in 1863, a *History of Federal Government* on a large scale, but abandoned it — Freeman settled down to his first great work, *The History of the Norman Conquest*, which appeared in six volumes between 1867 and 1879. F ur series of *Historical Essays* were published from 1871–92

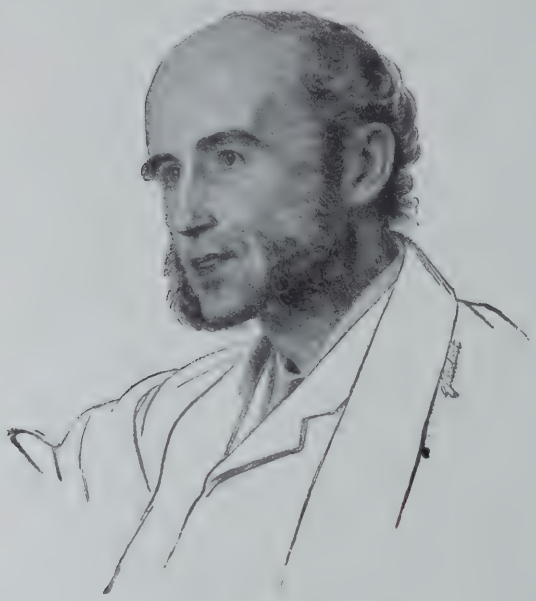
[*Photo*] *Taunt & Co.*

Trinity College, Oxford

The Old Durham Hall Library

An admirable *General Sketch of European History*, which some critics have thought the most perfect of Freeman's compositions, is dated 1872. His next work of cardinal importance was *The Reign of William Rufus*, 1882. Two years after this he was appointed Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and elected a Fellow of Oriel. In advancing life Freeman took a great interest in politics, local as well as national. Much of his time was occupied in the duties of a county magistrate, and he was prominent as a Radical speaker on extremely advanced platforms; he was very anxious to be returned for Parliament, but this ambition was never gratified. He had two objects of unflagging hatred—the one was the "unspeakable Turk," the other was Mr. James Anthony Froude. In 1886 his health began to give way, and he was obliged to spend much of his time abroad. He occupied himself a great deal with the early history of the Mediterranean, and in 1891 he published the first volume of that *History of Sicily* of which the fourth appeared posthumously in 1894. He was travelling in Spain when he fell sick of the small-pox, and died at

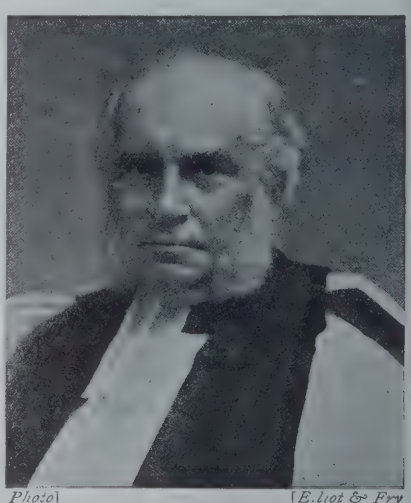
Alicante on the 16th of March 1892. The character of Freeman was intemperate, and his manners singularly rough; he had, as one of his kindest friends has put it, "a child-like inability to conceal his feelings." But these feelings were warm and generous when his peculiar susceptibilities were not provoked. He was too savage in his exposures of error, and himself not so impeccable as he believed. His attacks on Froude led to a revulsion in Froude's favour, and since his death Freeman has himself been subjected to an examination scarcely less hostile. This does not prevent Freeman from continuing to hold his place as the most learned and exact of our political historians.



John Richard Green

Engraved after the Drawing by Frederick Sandys

John Richard Green (1837–1883) was born at Oxford on the 12th of December 1837. He was educated at Magdalen College School and at Jesus College; he took his degree in 1860 and immediately took orders. He held three successive curacies in the East of London until 1869, when he was made Librarian of Lambeth Palace, and devoted himself to historical work. His *Short History of the English People* appeared in 1874, and achieved instant popularity. Green's health failed early, but he was sustained under the exhaustion of a slow consumption by his indomitable courage and vivacity. He was a brilliant talker and a most lively and sympathetic companion. In 1877 he married Miss Alice Stopford, who wrote his memoir, continued his work, and is herself a distinguished historian.



Photo] *[E. Hoit & Fry*

Bishop Stubbs

William Stubbs (1825–1901), was another familiar Oxford figure, where he was educated at Christ Church and long a Fellow of Trinity College. His great work was *The Constitutional History of England*, in three volumes, published between 1874 and 1878. He was an eminently capable and accurate editor of historical and ecclesiastical chronicles and charters. Stubbs was Bishop of Chester from 1884 to 1888, when he was translated to the see of Oxford. He died on the 22nd of April 1901.

Peers, learned, and energetic as the Archbishop and of the Conqueror's appointment had mainly been born and English hearts. Still Becket's time he English occupied the see of Canterbury; little English had been occupied the see of Wells. In language, manners, in sympathy the higher clergy now came formed from the lower priesthood and the people and the influence of the Church constitutional and religious was paralysed by the severance. Lanfranc indeed exercised a personal power over William but Anselm stood alone against Rufus, and a of ecclesiastical freedom broke the silence of the early years of Henry the First. But see the of the Archbishop revived in the new class of scholars which rose to the surface of the State. The worldliness that had been so scandal in Roger Salisbury became a scandal in Henry of Winchester, Thurstan and Richard and Theobald and John of Salisbury, even Thomas of Canterbury himself, despite whatever weight they possess from their holiness of life and aim.

From the MS. of Green's "Short History of the English People"

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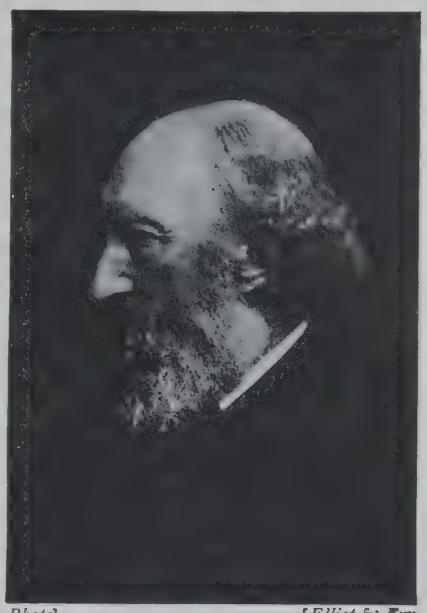
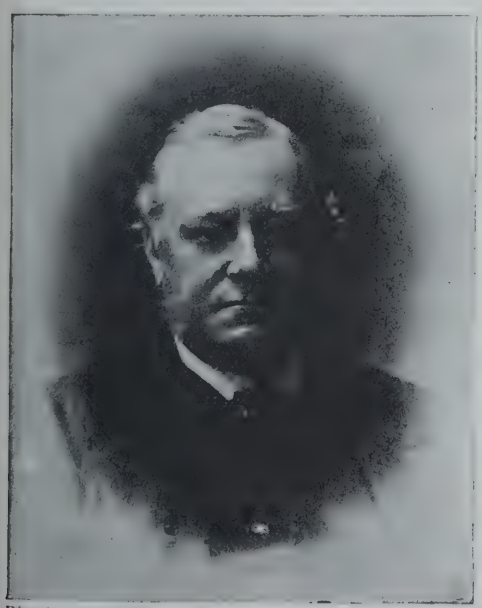
Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1829–1902) was born at Alresford in Hampshire on the 4th of March 1829. He was educated at Winchester (1841–1847) and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1851. He early determined to devote his life to historical investigation, and something in his temperament drew him irresistibly to the records of Puritanism. He pursued an even course, placable and friendly, taking no part in the rancorous disputes which disturbed the historical world around him, and he was patiently absorbed for nearly fifty years in his work, the publications of successive volumes of which formed the only public features of his life. When Freeman died in 1894, Lord Salisbury offered Gardiner the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, but he refused it, anxious to push on with his *Commonwealth and Protectorate*. His central history deals, in extraordinary minuteness, with the period from 1603 to 1660; he left it not quite finished. In accuracy, loyalty, and philosophical rectitude, Gardiner is unsurpassed; but he is neither a persuasive nor a vigorous writer. He has been widely followed, and his example is sometimes used to prove that dulness is in itself a merit.



Photo] [*Elliot & Fry*

Samuel Rawson Gardiner



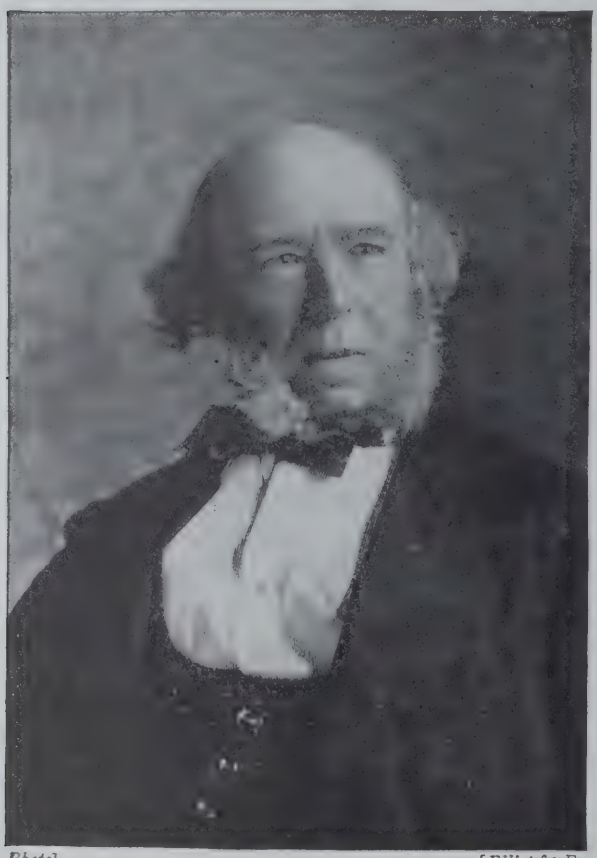
Photo] [*Elliot & Fry*

Sir John Seeley

Sir John Seeley (1834–1895) belonged to Cambridge no less completely than the historians already mentioned belonged to Oxford. He was a City of London boy, born on the 10th of September 1834. His early university life, as scholar and fellow, was connected with Christ's College. He became for a short time schoolmaster, and then professor, in London; but returned to Cambridge as Professor of Modern History in 1869, and remained there until his death on the 13th of January 1895. His *Ecce Homo*, a study of the character of Christ, strictly anonymous, made a great sensation in 1866. Of his purely historical works the most famous is the epoch-making *Expansion of England*, 1883, in which the germ of the modern imperialistic movement is to be found.

The Philosophers

A tradition, handed down, perhaps, from the practice of the schoolmen, encourages philosophy to dispense with all æsthetic aids to expression. The names of Berkeley and Hume are sufficient to remind us that these barren and rigid forms of technical language are not obligatory, but Locke and Butler are almost excluded from mention in the history of style by the repulsive bareness of their diction. Nor is the greatest philosopher of these latest times in any way solicitous about the form of his address, which is yet at times, and when he warms to his subject, sympathetic and persuasive. But there are two reasons, among many, why the name of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER must not be omitted from such a summary as ours: firstly, because no Englishman of his age has made so deep an intellectual impression on foreign thought, or is so widely known throughout Europe; and, secondly, because of the stimulating effect which his theories have exercised over almost every native author of the last twenty years.



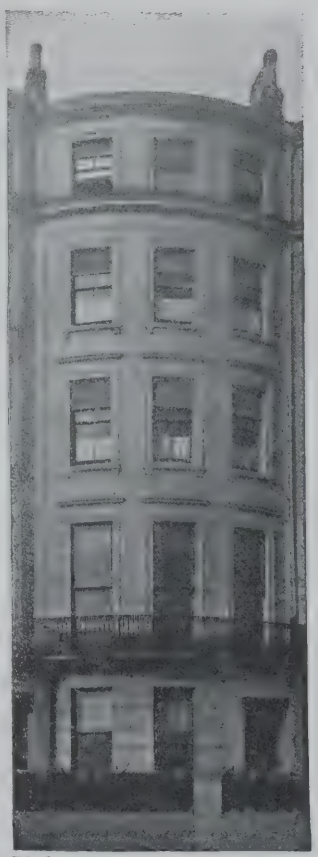
Photo] [*Elliot & Fry*

Mr. Herbert Spencer

Mr. Spencer adopted from Auguste Comte, who invented the term, the word "sociology," which implies a science of politics and society. He started from the position of Comte, but he soon went much further. His central theory is that society is an organism, a form of vital evolution, not to be separated from the general growth of Man. It follows that Mr. Spencer is an ultra-individualist, who brings, not biology only, but all precedent forces of knowledge to the aid of his ideas. He summons us to witness, in all phases of existence, the vast cosmical process of evolution proceeding. His admirers have not failed to point out that in his *Principles of Psychology* the theory of Darwin was foreseen. But Mr. Spencer did not become a power in thought until long after that time. His most famous works appeared between 1872 and 1884. The world, unable to grasp his grander conceptions, has been greatly entertained by his lighter essays, in which his personal

style appears to most advantage. He warns us of the perils the individual runs in the extension of the responsibilities of the State. He fights against the coming slavery of socialism. He sharply distinguishes the duty of the family from the charge of the State, and has even dared to attack the divine rights of Parliaments. But these are but straws floating on the flood of his enormous theory of sociological phenomena.

Mr. Herbert Spencer (born 1820) is the son of a schoolmaster at Derby, where he was born on the 27th of April 1820. His parents were Nonconformists, and the seeds of resistance to ordinary opinion were early sown in his bosom. He refused to be educated at Cambridge, and he owes the basis of his knowledge to his own resolute study. At the age of seventeen he became a civil engineer, and remained for nine years in this profession. After 1846 he ceased to occupy himself with the active part of life, and devoted his whole attention to speculative thought. His earliest work, *Social Statics*, appeared in 1851, and some of his most characteristic ideas were suggested in *Over-Legislation*, 1854. Mr. Spencer's career as a philosopher properly began, however, in 1855, when he issued his *Principles of Psychology*, a work afterwards much enlarged. His vast system of *Synthetic Philosophy*, begun in 1860, occupied ten volumes, and was not completed until 1898. Mr. Spencer, who has never married, has lived a life carefully detached from all sources of social or academical disturbance; no one, perhaps, has ever contrived so completely as he to sever himself from the impact of others' views, experience, and conditions. Of late years he has resided at Brighton, where his latest work, the *Facts and Comments* of 1902, was completed and given to the world. Although he has expressed regret that "the Doctrine of Evolution has not furnished guidance to the extent I had hoped," yet it is unquestionable that Mr. Spencer's contributions to philosophy were the most powerful in Europe during the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century.



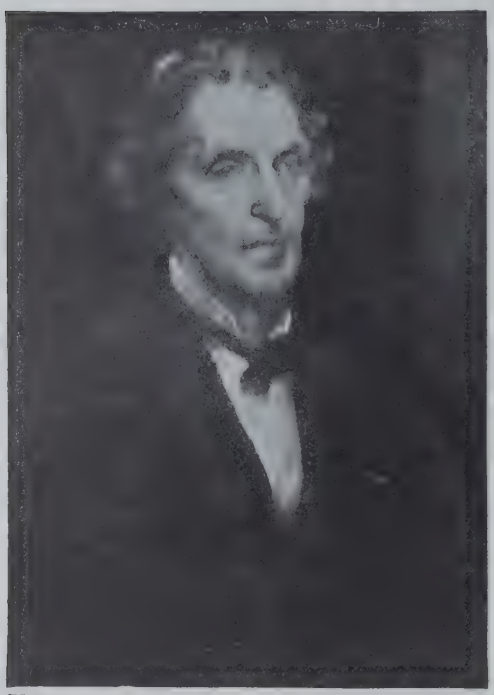
Rischgitz] *[Collection*

Mr. Spencer's House at Brighton

The other notable contributors to the study of ethics in the second half of the century were more solicitous than Mr. Spencer about the literary form of their lucubrations. Green, it is true, was an abstruse and difficult writer, but both Martineau and Sidgwick were careful to cultivate the graces. THOMAS HILL GREEN, with his theory of the eternal consciousness manifesting itself in human intelligence, was our most persuasive English Hegelian. JAMES MARTINEAU elaborated a system of rationalistic theism,

and applied it to conduct. HENRY SIDGWICK, less potent in the world of speculation than either of them, surpassed them both in the lucidity of his keen and fine criticism of philosophic thought. It may be said of them all, with the inclusion of Mr. Spencer, that, divergent as their results might seem, they combined in a whole some manner to keep English ethical philosophy balanced between the two dangers of eclecticism and dogmatism.

Thomas Hill Green (1836–1882) was born at Birkin, in Yorkshire, on the 7th of April 1836. He went to Balliol College in 1855, and for the remainder of his career he was wholly identified with Oxford, where from 1872 onwards he was Professor of Moral Philosophy. His peculiar position and influence in the university are depicted, closely enough to form a trustworthy portrait, in the Mr. Gray of his friend Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. During his lifetime he practically published nothing. He fell into a decline, and died at Oxford on the 26th of March 1882. His contributions to Neo-Hegelianism were thereupon issued to the world, *Prolegomena to Ethics* in 1883, his complete works in 1885–88. **Henry Sidgwick** (1838–1900) was identified with Cambridge as closely as Green with Oxford. He became a Fellow of Trinity College in 1859, but very shortly resigned his position for conscientious reasons. His *Methods of Ethics* appeared in 1874, and showed him to be much under the influence of Mill. In 1882 he began to be greatly interested in psychical research. Sidgwick was Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge from 1883 until his death in August 1900.



Photo] [*F. Hollyer*

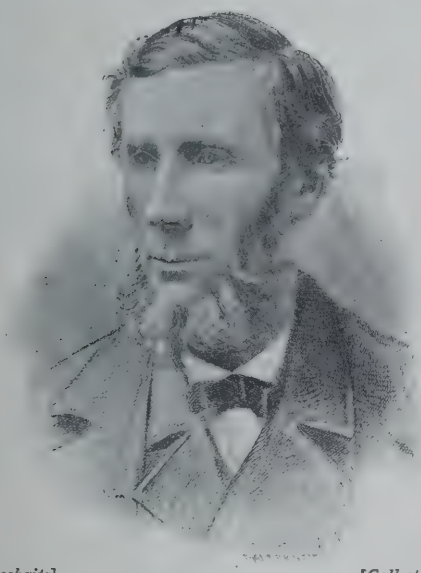
James Martineau

After the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

James Martineau (1805–1900), long prominent as a Unitarian divine, was born at Norwich, and was the brother of the writer Harriet Martineau (1802–1876). He was an admirable orator, and no less effective as a preacher than as a teacher.

From the large class who have adorned and enriched the natural sciences with their investigations and observations, there project two men whose gift for elegant and forcible expression was so great as to win for them a purely literary reputation also. Such men grow rare and rarer, as the statement of scientific fact tends to become more and more abstruse and algebraic. JOHN TYNDALL, the physicist, conciliated critical opinion by the boldness with which he insisted on the value of the imagination in the pursuit of scientific inquiry. He had remarkable rhetorical gifts, and in

his early publications on mountain structure he cultivated a highly coloured style, influenced by Ruskin, and even by Tennyson. Perhaps the best written of his philosophical treatises is the *Forms of Water*, where his tendency to polychromatic rhodomontade is kept in some check. A purer and manlier style was that of THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, the biologist, whose contributions to controversy, in which he showed a remarkable courage and adroitness, were published as *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*. It was Huxley's passion to wage "war upon the lions in the wood," and his whole life through he was attacking the enemies of thought, as he conceived them, and defending the pioneers of evolution. In the arena of a sort of militant philosophical essay, the colour of which he borrowed in measure from his beloved Hume, Huxley was ready for all comers, and acquitted himself with unrivalled athletic prowess. Of his morphological and physiographical work this is no place to speak.



Rischgitz] [*Collection*

John Tyndall

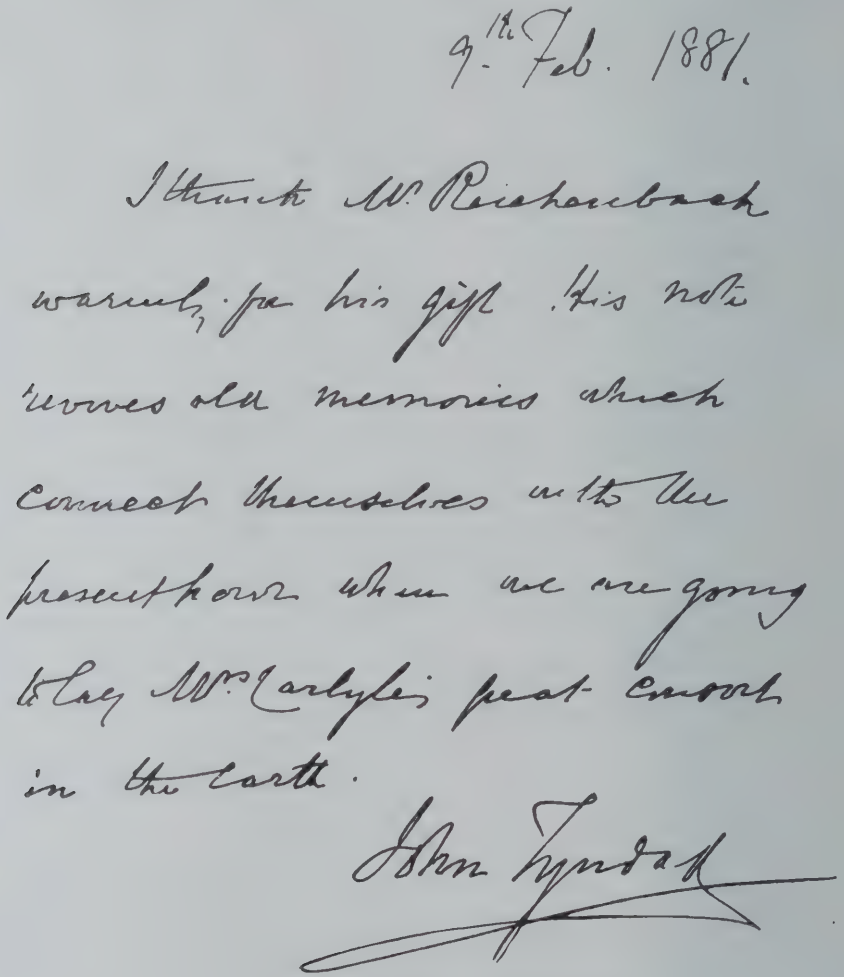
After an Engraving by C. H. Jeens from a Photograph

John Tyndall (1820–1893) was the son of a yeoman-farmer at Leiglinbridge, County Carlow, where he was born on the 2nd of August 1820. He was taught by the village schoolmaster, and by his own father, a man of considerable merit. He devoted himself as well as he could to the study of literature and science, and at the age of nineteen received an appointment in the Irish Ordnance Survey, which he held for five years; after that he became a railway engineer in England and an usher in a school. He found, however, that he was making no progress, and in the face of extreme poverty he contrived to go in 1848 to the University of Marburg in Germany, where he completed his education, returning in 1851 with the degree of doctor. He now formed a friendship with Huxley, and the two young men determined to try for colonial professorships: by a most happy fate,

Photo] [*Frith & Co*

Tyndall's House at Haslemere

each was unsuccessful. Tyndall suddenly leaped to fame in February 1853, when, through the medium of Dr. Bence Jones, who had become deeply impressed by his genius, he was called upon to lecture at the Royal Institution. The result was an evening historic in its brilliancy, and Tyndall was invited to become professor of natural philosophy. Next year the phenomena of slaty cleavage drew his



9th Feb. 1881.

I thank M. Reichenbach warmly for his gift. His note revives old memories which connect themselves with the present hour when we are going to lay Mrs Carlyle's peat-mould in the earth.

John Tyndall

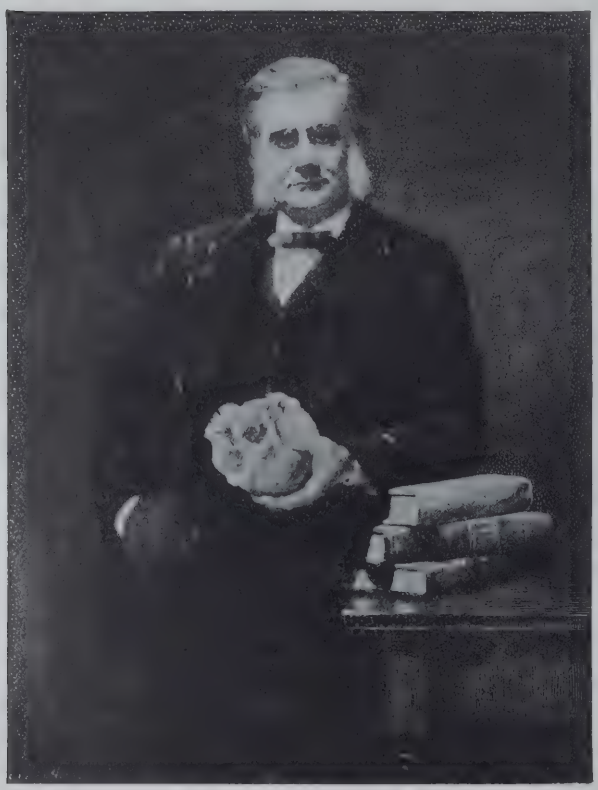
Facsimile Note from John Tyndall

attention to mountain formations, and he began to study the Alps. He proved himself an agile and daring climber, and one of the pioneers of mountaineering. On his first visit to Switzerland, made ostensibly to study glaciers, Huxley was his companion; Tyndall was presently involved in a stormy controversy with Agassiz, and particularly with James David Forbes (1809–1868), about glacier movement. He brought together his observations and arguments in the first important book he wrote, *The Glaciers of the Alps*, 1860, a work which attracted wide interest. But Tyndall had by this time turned his attention to another theme, the conduct of light through the gases and vapours involved in radiant heat. *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, 1863, and *Radiation*, 1865, embodied, in a lively and graceful form, some of

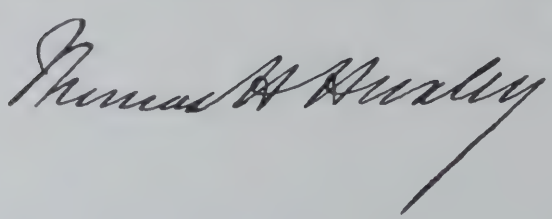
his discoveries. Michael Faraday (1791–1867) had long been his colleague at the Royal Institution, and Tyndall succeeded him as resident director, and as scientific adviser to the Board of Trade and to the Trinity House. His *Faraday as a Discoverer*, 1868, is a charming tribute to a master and a friend. Tyndall's next important work was *The Scientific Use of the Imagination*, 1870, a book by which he definitely claimed a place among men of letters of the higher class. In 1873 this was followed by *The Forms of Water*. Tyndall's health became uncertain, and he found his strength revived by the glacier air; he therefore spent part of every year in the Bernese Oberland, and in 1877 bought some land and built a house above the Bel Alp, where he spent his summer months. He had been a Liberal in politics, but he parted from Mr. Gladstone over Home Rule, and his polemical pamphlets exceeded those of the bluest Tories in violence. He resigned his posts under Government, in indignant protest, in 1883, and shortly afterwards retired to Haslemere, where he died, from the results of a dose of medicine incorrectly administered, on the 4th of December 1893. Tyndall was one of the great popularisers of science. Sir Oliver Lodge, in summing up his career, has said: "His scientific achievements were none of them of the very first magnitude; it is not so much what he did as what he was that is of permanent interest;" he shone as a beacon-light in the pursuit of pure philosophy for its own sake, and his enthusiasm was infectious.

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895) was the seventh child of George Huxley, a master in a school at Ealing, where he was born on the 4th of May 1825. His mother's maiden name had been Rachael Withers. From his father he inherited "a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy." His school-training at Ealing was very brief, and he continued his education at home, during the intervals of his apprenticeship, at the age of thirteen, to his brother-in law, Dr. Salt, a physician. In 1842 he entered as a medical student at Charing Cross Hospital, and almost immediately began to distinguish himself in anatomical science. He took his degree in 1845, and was appointed in the next year to be surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, on her voyage to survey the Torres Straits. He was absent, mainly in the Southern hemisphere, four years, and all this time, under frequent difficulties and discouragements, he was pushing on his biological investigations. He sent home many communications to the Linnæan Society, but heard nothing of them; at length, in 1849, he drew up a more elaborate paper, on *The Anatomy of the Medusæ*, which was published by the Royal Society. In November 1850 the *Rattlesnake* brought Huxley back to England. He had to live for the next three years on the very small pay of an assistant-surgeon, but his talents were rapidly recognised. In 1851 he was elected an F.R.S., and received in 1852 the gold medal of the society. He formed close friendships with Hooker, Tyndall, and Edward Forbes. In 1854 Huxley's financial position was at length assured by his succeeding the last-mentioned friend as Lecturer on Natural History to the School of Science, and to this was added the post of Naturalist to the Geographical Survey. He intended to give up fossils as soon as he could get a physiological post, but he held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of his work was always palæontological. He was now able to marry (in 1855) a lady in Australia to whom he had become attached eight years before, and he settled down in London to an active and prosperous professional career. He was one of those who accepted with most generous warmth the Darwinian theory of natural selection, and he stood by the author of it, in controversy, as an ardent

henchman. In 1860 Huxley's name was prominently brought before the world in connection with his out-spoken defence of Darwin against the attacks of Owen and Wilberforce. In 1863 he delivered a series of Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, which were published as a volume in the following year; these produced a sensation in the biological world. Huxley became more and more determined not to shirk full zoological discussion of the place taken by Man in the classification of forms. His *Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature* appeared in 1863. Later, Huxley became prominent in the movement for extending and improving the methods of teaching science in schools, and in urging on the country the educational value of natural history, accurately and simply taught. He was largely occupied upon societies and commissions in a variety of scientific capacities, in all of which he showed to advantage his great activity of mind and earnestness of purpose. Among his numerous later publications his *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*, of 1870, his *Physiography*, of 1877, and his admirable treatise on *The Crayfish*, of 1880, are perhaps the best known. His *Essays* were collected in nine volumes shortly before his death. Almost all his life, after his return from the South Seas, was spent in London. He had never enjoyed robust health, and in 1872 a very serious illness forced him to take a long holiday in Egypt. He was still more ill in 1885, and after this he was obliged to retire more and more from his official work. He built himself, in 1890, a country house at Eastbourne, and began to rest from his labours. Early in 1895 he was attacked by influenza, and never recovered his strength; he died on the 29th of June of that year. Huxley was "grave, black-browed, and fiercely earnest," with long and copious black hair which in old age turned silver-white; his speech and manner were marked with great persistency and resolution.

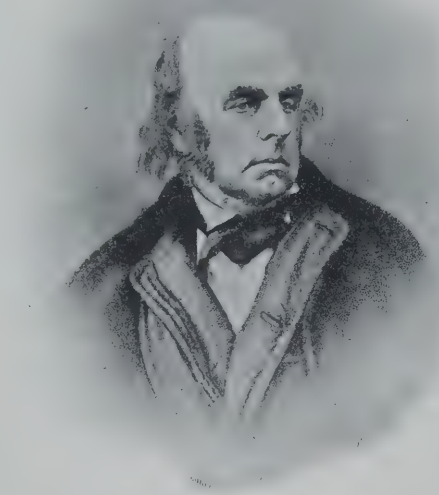


Photo] *[Walker & Cockerell*



After the Portrait by the Hon. John Collier

The wealth of secondary verse in the central Victorian period was great, but it is not possible to preserve the proportion which regulates this volume and yet record its features here in detail. Certainly, on the face of things, no poet (except Arnold) between Browning and the pre-Raphaelites constrains our attention. The tendency to be affected by the polished amenity of Tennyson's style was successively experienced by generations, not one of which found itself strong enough to rise in successful revolt. In the middle of the century a group of writers, inspired by the study of Goethe's *Faust*, and anxious to enlarge the emotional as well as the intellectual scope of British verse, attempted a revolution which preserves some historical interest. Both Tennyson and Browning were violently affected by their experiments, which closely resembled those of the much later Symbolists in France. The more impressionist and irregular passages of *Maud* are, in fact, the most salient records in English literature of "spasmodic" poetry, of which Philip James Bailey was the actual pioneer. *Poetic Revival*



Edward Fitzgerald

The Tennysonian tradition, however, put a great strain on the loyalty of young writers, and at length a movement was organised which involved no rebellion against the Laureate, but a very valuable modification of the monotony of his methods. The emergence of a compact body of four poets of high rank between 1865 and 1870 is a fact of picturesque importance in our literary history. The impulse seems to have been given to them, in the first instance, by the writings and the personal teachings of Mr. Ruskin; on their style may be traced the stamp of a pamphlet, long disdained, which becomes every year more prominent in its results. It would be difficult to say what was exactly the effect on the pre-Raphaelites of the paraphrase of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* published by EDWARD FITZGERALD, but the melody of this translation, and its peculiar fragrance, were the most original elements introduced into English verse for forty years. The strange genius of FitzGerald, so fitfully and coyly revealed, has given a new quality to English verse, almost all recent manifestations of which it pervades.

Edward FitzGerald (1809–1883), whose birth-name was Edward Purcell, was born at Bredfield House, in Suffolk, on the 31st of March 1809. His father in 1818 assumed his wife's name, FitzGerald. Edward was sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds, *Edward FitzGerald*

and proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1826. His friends at college were Thackeray, Spedding, and Thompson; although he saw Tennyson occasionally, his intimacy with him did not occur till later. On leaving Cambridge, FitzGerald adopted no profession, but settled down in Suffolk as an unoccupied country gentleman. In 1835 he went to Boulge—a hamlet near Woodbridge, which was his home until 1853—and he devoted his leisure to an exhaustive study of the Greek poets; afterwards he "entered into a decidedly agricultural course of conduct." Occupied with these pursuits, and with the occasional conversation of his friends, FitzGerald vegetated without ambition, until, in 1851, he was tempted to issue, anonymously, his Platonic dialogue in prose entitled *Euphranor*. To the following year belongs *Polonius*, a collection of "saws and modern instances." In 1853 FitzGerald began the study of Persian with Professor E. B. Cowell (1826–1903), who had introduced him to the literature of Spain some years earlier. Under these influences, the Suffolk poet produced his *Six Dramas of Calderon* in 1856, and his *Salámán and Absál* of Jámi in 1857. All this was leading up to the great event of his life, the shy and almost invisible publication, on the 15th of January 1859, of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. This poem attracted no attention at first, and sank to the penny box on the book-stalls. From this retreat it was presently and accidentally withdrawn by Rossetti, Lord Houghton, and Mr. Swinburne, and its name was long a sort of shibboleth among the pre-Raphaelites. Many years, however, passed before the little book became generally famous. Meanwhile FitzGerald somewhat dispiritedly published a paraphrase of the *Agamemnon* in 1865, two more plays from Calderon, and the two Œdipus tragedies in 1880–81. But after 1860 his interest in literature became vague; his best thoughts were given to the sea. He bought a yacht, he became part-owner of a herring-lugger, and until 1871 he spent the better part of every year out on the North Sea, "knocking about somewhere outside of Lowestoft." After that, he still corresponded with Tennyson, Carlyle, and Pollock; he came in to the town of Woodbridge to live, and still "dabbled about in the river" in his boat, though he more rarely went to sea. His indolent and innocent career closed in sleep on the 14th of June 1883, and he was buried in the churchyard of Boulge. He loved flowers and music and fine verses and

Rischgitz] [*Collection*

The Grave of Edward FitzGerald at Boulge

I forgot if I wrote you that
I had got Nall's Suffolk
Vocabulary for you; such an
Union of Moor & Sailor as
I contemplated, with the
Addition of some of the
Sea-board words which I
also spoke of. A little more of
Moor's Suffolk Humour; and a
few more Quotations; would have
been all that I wished. As it is
the Book is far better than
either of it's Predecessors —

Yours always E. FG.

Portion of a letter from Fitzgerald. In the possession of Clement K. Shorter, Esq.

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small recurrent doses of the companionship of old friends; above all, he loved an easy life. He was in all things an epicure, and when fame took him by storm at last it was in violent opposition to his wishes. No one in our literature has risen higher with so slight an effort of ambition.

FROM THE "RUBÁIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM."

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
  And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
  As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
  Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
  And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour— well,
  I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
  The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Ah Love? could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.

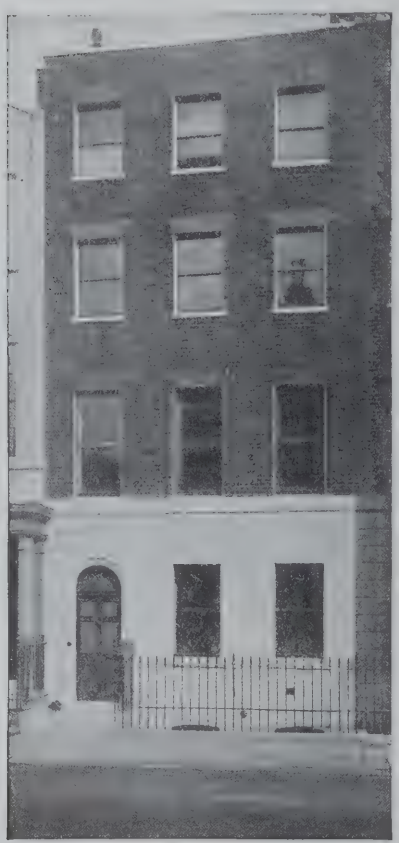
Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
  How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me—in vain!

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
  And in the joyous errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

If, however, the quickening effect of the frail leaf of intoxicating perfume put forth by FitzGerald is manifest on the prosody of the poets of 1870, far different influences are to be traced in the texture of their style. Their genius was particularly open to such influences, for their charm was the composite charm of a highly elaborated and cultivated product, by the side of which even the polish of Tennyson at first appeared crude and primitive. The attraction of the French romances of chivalry for WILLIAM MORRIS, of Tuscan painting for D. G. ROSSETTI, of the spirit of English Gothic architecture for CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, of the combination of all these with Greek and Elizabethan elements for Mr. Swinburne, were to be traced back to start-

words given by the prophetic author of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. In each case, finding that the wine of imaginative writing had become watered in England, their design was to crush anew in a fiery vintage what Keats had called "joy's grape."

These poets were all mediæval in their spirit, but with a mediævalism that swept them on, not to asceticisms of an intellectual species, but to a plastic expansion in which they achieved a sort of new renaissance. In them all, even in the saintly Christina, the instinct of physical beauty was very strongly developed; each of them was a phenomenal and sensuous being, dried up in the east wind of mere moral speculation, and turning to pure, material art, with its technical and corporeal qualities, for relief and satisfaction. They found the texture of those species of poetry in which they desired to excel much relaxed by the imitation of imitations of Tennyson. That great poet himself was in some danger of succumbing to flattery of what was least admirable in his talent. The date of their first books—the *Defence of Guenevere*, *Goblin Market*, the *Early Italian Poets*, and the *Queen Mother and Rosamund* (all between 1858 and 1862)—gives a false impression of the place the four poets occupy in the history of influence, for these volumes hardly attracted even the astonishment of the public, and the publication of *Atalanta in Calydon* (1865) really marked the beginning of a sensation which culminated in the overwhelming success of D. G. Rossetti's *Poems* in 1870.

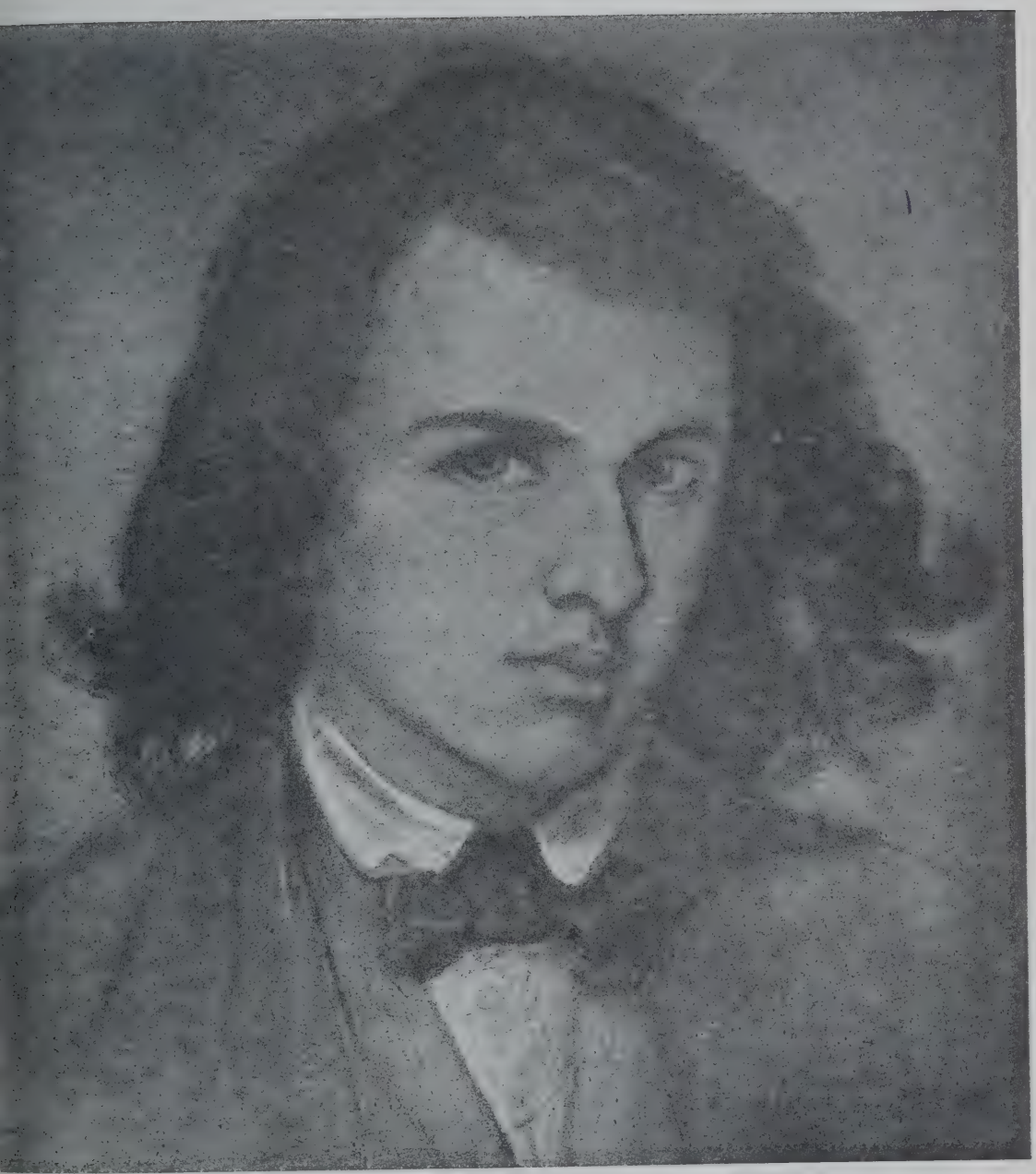


Rischgitz [*Collection*

38 Charlotte Street, the birthplace of D. G. Rossetti

The Rossettis

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882) was the eldest of the four children of Gabriele Rossetti, the Italian patriot and scholar, who escaped from Naples in 1822 and settled in 1825 in London, where he married Frances Polidori. The baptismal names of the future poet were Gabriel Charles Dante; he was born at 38 Charlotte Street on the 12th of May 1828. He was educated, from 1837 to 1843, at King's College School. From his fifth year he had a strong leaning to literature, but when he was about fifteen he became anxious to be a painter, and began to study at Cary's Art Academy; in 1846 he was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy, where he remained two years, leaving it to paint in the studio of Madox Brown. In 1849, in company with Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, and others, Rossetti established the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; he was now composing some of his most famous poems.



Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

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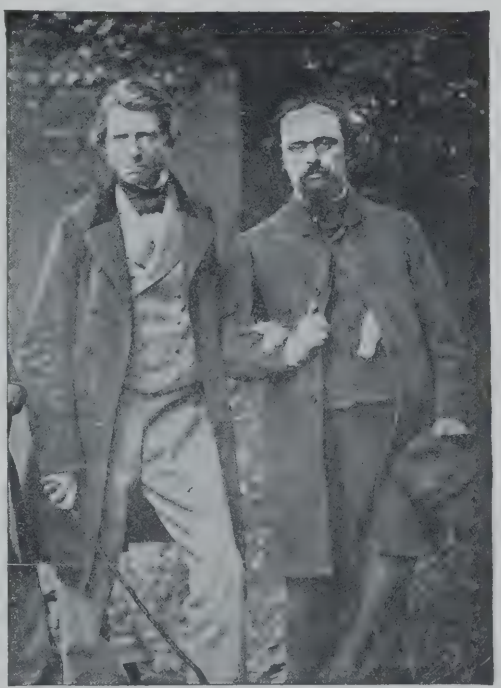
In 184[illegible] the exhibition of the earliest of the much-contested P. R. B. pictures made a great [illegible]ir around the names of the bold young associates in art, and, with a view to projec[illegible]g their heretical views into literature also, the friends started, on New Year's Day, 1850, a periodical called *The Germ*, the purpose of which was "to encourage and enforce an entire adherence to the simplicity of nature." To this magazine, of which only four numbers appeared, Rossetti contributed twelve pieces, including, in verse, "The Blessed Damozel," and, in prose, "Hand and Soul." To a small but very ardent circle these contributions revealed a poet of the highest originality, but the critics of the day completely ignored *The Germ*. In this same year Rossetti left the rooms which he shared with Mr. Holman Hunt, in Cleveland Street, and took lodgings alone at 14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars' Bridge; here he worked hard both at poetry and painting, but made no attempt to address the public in either art. Of the next ten years not much distinct record has been preserved. About 1850 Rossetti met, and about 1853 became engaged to, Elizabeth Siddall, the beautiful daughter of a tradesman, herself a milliner's assistant, who was willing to sit to him as a model. It was long impossible for them to marry, and Lizzie Siddall, who under Rossetti's training had shown a curious aptitude for painting, began to suffer seriously in health. At last, in May 1860, they were married at Hastings, and, after a trip to Paris, settled in Chatham Place. Mrs. Rossetti, under very painful and mysterious circumstances, died on the 11th of February 1862. During his brief married life Rossetti had made his first appearance as the writer of a book by publishing *The Early Italian Poets*, a volume of paraphrases, in 1861. At the close of this he announced a collection of his original poems, but on the day of his wife's funeral he slipped the only MS. of these into her coffin. After these events Rossetti went through a period of intense depression; in company with Mr. Swinburne and Mr. George Meredith (neither of whom stayed long) he took the house with which he is most identified, 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in October 1862. Here he worked hard at his painting, which was now beginning to be greatly admired under the rose, and he surrounded himself with a menagerie of amusing pet animals; he gradually regained his serenity of mind. But his temperament was extremely neurotic, and his manner of work and his acquired habits of life were not calculated to support his constitution. He was threatened with blindness, and in 1867 general strain of the nervous system resulted in insomnia. The state of his eyes, although they slowly improved, cut him off from painting and recalled him to poetry, which he had for some time past neglected.



Photo] [*W. & D. Downey*

John Ruskin and D. G. Rossetti

He went for a long visit to a friend at Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, and there wrote a number of important poems. He became eager to publish, but the majority of the best of his pieces existed only in his wife's coffin. In October 1869 Lord Aberdare (as Home Secretary) gave permission for the disinterment of the MS., and in 1870, after many delays caused by Rossetti's excessive fastidiousness, the *Poems* were at last published. They created a sensation, and Rossetti took his place at once as one of the leading poets of the day. His undiluted satisfaction, however, lasted but a few months; towards the end of 1871 a writer of the day, under a false signature, attacked the poetry of Rossetti with extraordinary fury and some little wit. "These monstrous libels," Rossetti wrote, "cause me great pain;" other attacks followed, the importance of which the poet vastly overrated. He was suffering greatly at this time from insomnia, he was beginning to take chloral; and in 1872, upon a renewal of the attacks, he fell into a state of melancholia, and attempted suicide. He was taken to Scotland, and soon recovered to a certain extent, but he was never really well again. He shunned most of his friends, and lived a more and more eccentric life in his house in Cheyne Walk, the abuse of chloral now having become very serious indeed. It is said that for four years he never quitted his house except in the middle of the night, and then rarely venturing outside of the garden. In 1881 the very respectful and even enthusiastic reception of his second collection, *Ballads and Sonnets*, gave him temporary pleasure, but his naturally vigorous constitution was now completely undermined. He was struck down by paralysis, from which he partly recovered, and was moved to Birchington-on-Sea, where he died on Easter Sunday, 1882. D. G. Rossetti was short, swarthy, in early middle life somewhat stout, with very fiery eyes, sensuous mouth, and high-domed forehead. He had an element of the mysterious which fascinated those who touched the outer ring of his acquaintance, and a manner which was extremely winning before disease tinctured it with moroseness. He was far too vigorous not to court the buffeting of life, and far too sensitive not to suffer exquisite pain from it.

Rischgitz] [*Collection*

Rossetti's House, 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

BROKEN MUSIC.

The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
  Her nursling's speech first now articulate;
  But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
  Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till the song,
  A central moan for days, at length found tongue
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.

But now, whatever while the soul is fain
  To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain,—
  No breath of song, thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
  Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

THE LAST THREE STANZAS FROM "THE PORTRAIT."

Last night at last I could have slept,
  And yet delayed my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept:
  For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walked with me:
And as I stood there suddenly,
  All wan with traversing the night,
  Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears
  The beating heart of Love's own breast,—
Where round the secret of all spheres
  All angels lay their wings to rest,—
How shall my soul stand rapt and awed,
When, by the new birth borne abroad
  Throughout the music of the suns,
  It enters in her soul at once
And knows the silence there for God!

Here with her face doth memory sit
  Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
  Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer:
While hopes and aims long lost with her
  Stand round her image side by side,
  Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894), the second daughter and youngest child of Gabriele Rossetti, was born at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, on the 5th of December 1830. Her education was simple, and she owed it mainly to her mother; she never went to school. At the age of about twelve she began to write, and her effusions were so much noticed that, as early as 1847, her uncle, Gaetano Polidori, printed privately a collection of her *Verses*. She is said to have sat frequently at this time as a model to her brother, Dante Gabriel, to Ford Madox

Brown and to Mr. Holman Hunt, and her sad face became the type of a certain anæmic ideal of pre-Raphaelite female beauty. Her health was never good, and about 1852 she was dangerously ill with what was supposed to be angina pectoris. Before this, in 1850, she had contributed to *The Germ*, under the pseudonym of Ellen Alleyn, seven of the most beautiful of her lyrics, and at the age of twenty her style as a poet was completely formed. From a timid humility, however, always characteristic of her, she allowed her brother, William Morris, and Mr. Swinburne

Photo] *[Walker & Cockerell*

Christina Rossetti and her Mother

After the Crayon Drawing done in 1877 by D. G. Rossetti

to push ahead of her, and it was not until 1862 that she ventured on the publication of a volume of lyrics, written since 1848, and entitled *Goblin Market, and other Poems*, which at once gave her a high position among the poets of her age. In 1861 she had, for the first time, made a brief excursion abroad, to Normandy, and in 1865 she paid her solitary visit to Switzerland and Italy: the latter with deep emotion, since, as she says, "all things there waxed musical." Christina Rossetti published in 1866 a volume of lyrics, entitled *The Prince's Progress*, and began to move at last with freedom in a circle of literary and artistic friends. This was, however, put a stop to in April 1871, by her being attacked, rather suddenly, by a

Roses and Roses.

Where shall I find a white rose blowing?—
Out in the garden where all sweets be.—
But out in my garden the snow was snowing
And never a white rose opened for me.
Nought but snow and a wind were blowing
And snowing.

Where shall I find a blush rose blushing?—
On the garden wall or the garden bed.—
But out in my garden the rain was rushing
And never a blush rose reared its head.
Nothing glowing, flushing or blushing:
Rain rushing.

Where shall I find a red rose budding?—
Out in the garden where all things grow.—
But out in my garden a flood was flooding
And never a red rose began to blow.
Out in a flooding what should be budding?
All flooding!

Now is winter and now is sorrow,
No roses but only thorns today:
Thorns will put on roses tomorrow
Winter and sorrow dwindling away.
No more winter and no more sorrow
Tomorrow.

Christina G. Rossetti

MS. of poem by Christina Rossetti

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terrible and rare complaint, exophthalmic bronchocele, which kept her life in constant danger for two years, and from the distressing effects of which she never recovered. From this time forth she was almost entirely sequestered, becoming more and more arely seen, even by intimate friends of earlier days. But her literary activity was considerable, and after 1873, steady. In 1872 her poems for children, called *Sing Song*, appeared, and in 1874 the forerunner of her purely devotional works, *Annus Domini*. A fourth collection of lyrics, *A Pageant*, in 1881, offered less for the enjoyment of her readers than its predecessors. A very interesting collection, however, in prose and verse, *Time Flies*, belongs to 1885; a curious and ingenious commentary on the Apocalypse, *The Face of the Deep*, to 1892. In 1876 Mrs. Rossetti, with her daughter Christina, and her sister, Miss Polidori, settled at 30 Torrington Square. The poet outlived each of the older ladies, and the close of her career was not merely isolated, but darkened by much physical suffering and spiritual gloom. Her pathetic life came at length to a dissolution on the 29th of December 1894. Her last twenty years had been spent as in a hermitage, from which she scarcely emerged, except to attend the services of the Anglican church close at hand; nevertheless the announcement of her death was received with wide-spread public emotion, as that of the most eminent contemporary poetess of the Anglo-Saxon race. Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham (1825–1901), with whose theological metaphysics she had been deeply in sympathy, officiated at her funeral, Mr. Swinburne composed her elegy, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones raised a monument to her in Christ Church, Woburn Square, where it had been her habit to worship.

Dream Land.

Where sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep
She sleeps a charmèd sleep:
    Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
    Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
    And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
    That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
    The purple land.

She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain.
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest, at the heart's core
Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

ECHO.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting, longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath;
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

William Morris

William Morris (1834–1896) was the son of a wealthy discount-broker of Walthamstow, where he was born on the 24th of March 1834. He was educated at Marlborough and at Exeter College, Oxford. The university work did not interest him very much, but he formed a friendship with Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), afterwards the celebrated painter, who was then an undergraduate at the same college, and he formed his taste in mediæval poetry and art. In 1856 D. G. Rossetti was added to the companionship, and these artists, with others, painted the debating-hall of the Oxford Union. In 1858 Morris published *The Defence of Guenevere*, the forerunner of a school of neo-Gothic verse; he married in 1859, and began to make the laws of ornament, as applied to domestic art, his particular study. In 1862 he started in business, with other friends, for the purpose of encouraging the use of beautiful furniture, and introducing "art in the house"; the firm settled in 1865 in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, where Morris resided with his family, and where he now started writing

with great abundance. The results were seen, and widely appreciated, in *The Life and Death of Jason*, 1867, *The Earthly Paradise*, a conglomerated romance in various forms of verse, 1868–70, and the mystery-play of *Love is Enough*, 1873. During this period Upper of vehement poetic productiveness, he, together with Rossetti, made Kelmscott on the Thames his country-house; and in 1871 a journey in Iceland directed the mind of Morris strongly to Icelandic saga and history. This first stage in the poet's busy career closed in 1875, when the firm of decorators was dissolved, and re-constructed with Morris as sole manager and proprietor. In 1877 his Icelandic studies resulted in the noble epic poem of *Sigurd the Volsung*. About this time he became graduall separated from all his old pre-Raphaelite acquaintances, except from Burne-Jones, with whom to the very last he remained on terms of affectionate intimacy. He had learned to be a practical carpet-weaver and dyer; he grew identified with public movements, founding the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in 1877, and becoming Treasurer of the National Liberal League in 1879. He had always been a Radical in politics, and circumstances were now drawing him further and further towards the extreme left. In 1883 he joined, and soon became the leader of, the Social Democratic Federation; for a while he neglected everything else in his zeal for the socialistic propaganda. The Federation broke up in 1884, and Morris led the seceders from it, who formed a new body of extreme socialists, calling itself the League. His career in politics, however, was a series of heart-breaking disappointments. Among those to whom he brought, and in whose cause he so lavishly expended, his treasures of enthusiasm and benevolence, he met little but deception. After the Trafalgar Square riots in 1886, when Morris distinguished himself by his reckless and generous self-abandonment, he refused to follow the baser elements of his party into anarchism, and he became an object of jealous suspicion to them. In 1889 he was rudely deposed from his leadership, and in the following year he reluctantly abandoned his political Utopia, and returned, alas! too late, to the

Photo [*Walker & Cockerell*

William Morris

wholesome fields of art and literature. The effusions, in prose and verse, which mark the period of Morris's political obfuscation are almost wholly valueless. His fantastic *Dream of John Ball*, 1888, however, shows a return of talent, and in 1889 he published two important prose romances called *The House of the Wolfungs* and *The Story of the Glittering Plain*. These were wild and fantastic tales, very elaborate in construction, and permeated with that rich colour of the Middle Ages in which the imagination of Morris had been steeped since his boyhood. Of these curious books, entirely unallied to anything else produced anywhere in Europe at the same time, Morris had composed at the time of his death no fewer than seven, among the most remarkable of which were *The Wood Beyond the World* and *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*. In 1891 he started the Kelmscott Press, on which he printed these romances and many other books of beauty and durable worth, producing a series of works which are among the first glories of English typography. In 1895 his health began steadily to decline, and a voyage which he took, in the following summer, to the Arctic part of the coast of Norway, wearied rather than revived him. He returned home to London, only to sink and die on the 3rd of October 1896. William Morris was a short, thick-set man, with a very noble head; his copious brown hair and beard turned grey before his end, and gave him in repose a look of extraordinary picturesqueness.

Photo] [*Walker & Cockerell*

Sussex House, Hammersmith, occupied by the Kelmscott Press

FROM "THE CHAPEL IN LYONESS."

Sir Galahad sings:—

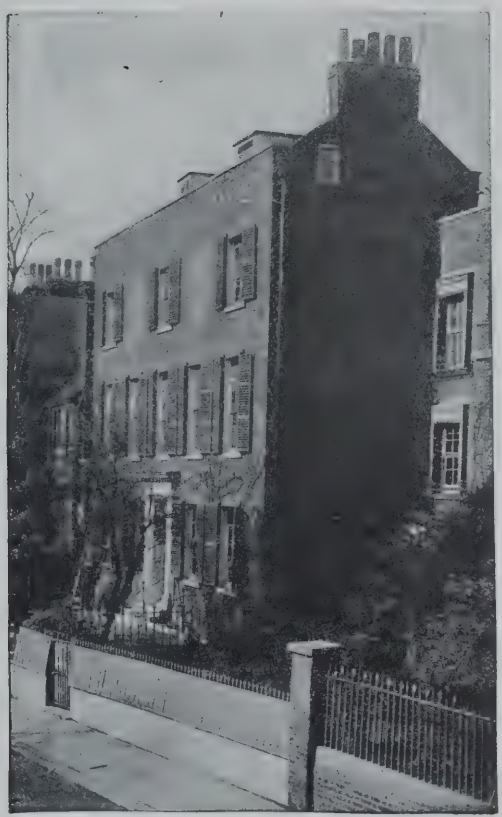
All day long and every day,
Till his madness pass'd away,
I watched Ozana as he lay
Within the gilded screen.

All my singing moved him not;
As I sung my heart grew hot,
With the thought of Launcelot
Far away, I ween.

So I went a little space
From out the chapel, bathed my face
In the stream that runs apace
By the churchyard wall.

There I pluck'd a faint wild rose,
Hard by where the linden grows,
Sighing over silver rows
Of the lilies tall.

I laid the flower across his mouth ;
The sparkling drops seem'd good for drouth,
He smiled, turn'd round towards the south,
Held up a golden tress.



Photo] *[Walker & Cockerell*

Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, where William Morris died

The light smote on it from the west ;
He drew the covering from his breast,
Against his heart the hair he prest ;
Death him soon will bless.

FROM "THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS."

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss?
Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods?

Along the dripping leafless woods,
The stirrup touching either shoe,
She rode astride as troopers do ;
With kirtle kilted to her knee,
To which the mud splash'd wretchedly ;
And the wet dripp'd from every tree
Upon her head and heavy hair,
And on her eyelids broad and fair ;
The tears and rain ran down her face.
By fits and starts they rode apace,
And very often was his place
Far off from her ; he had to ride
Ahead, to see what might betide
When the roads cross'd, and sometimes, when
There rose a murmuring from his men,
Had to turn back with promises.
Ah me ! she had but little ease ;
And often for pure doubt and dread
She sobb'd, made giddy in the head
By the swift riding ; while, for cold,
Her slender fingers scarce could hold
The wet reins ; yea, and scarcely, too,
She felt the foot within her shoe
Against the stirrup : all for this,
To part at last without a kiss
Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they near'd that old soak'd hay,
They saw across the only way
That Judas, Godmar, and the three
Red running lions dismally
Grinn'd from his pennon, under which
In one straight line along the ditch,
They counted thirty heads.

So then,
While Robert turn'd round to his men,
She saw at once the wretched end
And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
Ier coif the wrong way from her head,
And hid her eyes ; while Robert said :
Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,
At Poictiers where we made them run
So fast : why, sweet my love, good cheer,
The Gascon frontier is so near,
Nought after this.

But : O ! she said,
My God ! my God ! I have to tread
The long way back without you ; then
The court at Paris ; those six men ;
The gratings of the Chatelet ;
The swift Seine on some rainy day
Like this, and people standing by,
And laughing, while my weak hands try
To recollect how strong men swim.
All this, or else a life with him.
For which I should be damned at last,
Would God that this next hour were past

For a moment the victory of the four, exacerbating the public mind in some cases with elements of mystery, scandal, and picturesque inscrutability, tended to confuse the real development of Victorian poetry. At first, in their blaze of colour and blare of trumpets, nothing else was heard or seen. Then, as the landscape quieted again, the great figures were rediscovered in the background—Tennyson as dominant as ever, with a new freshness of tint; Browning extremely advanced, lifted from the position of an eccentricity to be an object of worship; Matthew Arnold the poet dragged from the obscurity to which his prose successes had condemned him; while a number of small celebrities who had been enjoying an exaggerated esteem found themselves fatally relegated to a surprising inferiority. In short, what had been conceived to be the disturbing introduction of these young people of genius, of this generation of knockers at the door, had set the critical balance of matters straight again, and had given the really considerable personages of an elder time an opportunity to assert their individual forces.

But another matter of importance, which was hardly perceived at the time, now calls for emphatic statement in the briefest survey of Victorian poetry. It was in the verse of these so-called revolutionaries that the dogmas of the original naturalists of 1795 found their fullest and most conservative echo. No poet since Coleridge's day, not even Tennyson, had understood the song, as that master had conceived it, with more completeness than Christina Rossetti; no poet since Keats, not even Tennyson, had understood the mission of Keats better than D. G. Rossetti did. And in these writers of 1865 the school of ecstasy and revolt, with its intermixture of mysticism, colour, melody, and elaboration of form, reached its consistent and deliberate culmination. Into the question of their relative degree of merit it would be premature to inquire here; we are chiefly concerned with the extraordinary note of vitality which these four poets combined to introduce into English imaginative literature, founded, in the truest spirit of evolution, on an apprehension and adaptation of various elements in precedent art and letters.

The Critics.

Almost immediately upon the apparition of the so-called "pre-Raphaelite" poets, and in many cases in positive connection with them, there happened a great and salutary quickening of the spirit of literary criticism in England. It remained largely individualist, and therefore liable to an excess of praise and blame which was not philosophical in character or founded upon a just conception of the natural growth of literary history. But the individual judgments became, to a marked degree, more fresh, more suggestive, more penetrating, and were justified by greater knowledge. The influence of French methods was apparent and wholly beneficial. The severer spirits read Sainte-Beuve to their healing, and as years went on the more gorgeous pages of Théophile Gautier and Paul de St. Victor were studied in England by those who undertook most conscientiously the task of literary criticism. The time has, happily, not come to discuss with any fulness the merits and shortcomings of a school still labouring among us; but the most original

and the most philosophical of the group, WALTER PATER, has been too remarkable a force in our generation to remain unnamed here. During his lifetime of more than fifty years, Pater never succeeded in achieving more than a grudging and uncertain recognition from his contemporaries. He died, almost obscure, in 1894, and since that time his fame, and above all his influence, have been rising by leaps and bounds. As it was till lately desirable to demand attention for the splendid proportions of his prose, so full and stately in its ornate harmony, so successful in its avoidance of the worn and obvious tricks of diction, its slender capitals so thickly studded with the volutes and spirals of concentrated ornament, so now a word seems no less to be needed lest Pater should be ignorantly imitated, a word of warning against something heavy, almost pulpy, in his soft magnificence of style. His deliberate aim was the extraction from literature, from art, of "the quickened sense of life." As he loved to say with Novalis, *philosophiren ist vivificiren*, and the task of the best criticism is to maintain the ecstasy of intellectual experience. The mind of Pater underwent an austere metamorphosis in advancing years, but this elevated hedonism of his youth enclosed his main gift to his generation.

Walter Horatio Pater
From a hitherto unpublished Photograph by W. H. Taunt & Co.

Walter Horatio Pater (1839–1894) was the second son of Richard Glode Pater, a physician in the East End of London, and was born in Shadwell on the 4th of August 1839. Dr. Glode Pater died early, and the family moved to Chase Side, Enfield. At the age of fourteen Walter Pater was entered at King's School, Canterbury, and the incidents of his school-life will be found described in *Emerald Uthwart*. He was a meditative but not particularly precocious boy, and when he left Canterbury to enter Queen's College, Oxford, in June 1858. he had only just begun to awaken to intellectual interests. He was little observed as an undergraduate, but Jowett expressed the belief that Pater possessed "a mind that will come to great eminence." But his degree was a very moderate one, and in 1862 he took rooms in Oxford and began to read with private pupils, until, in 1864, he was elected a Fellow of Brasenose College. He gradually began to write, but he was in his twenty-eighth year before his essay on Winckelmann first revealed to his friends the peculiar quality of his mind. His essays now followed in steady sequence, and in 1873 were gathered together in

One of the ~~small~~ Provincial is
~~The first~~ part of the literary merits of the Letters, that they are really
they are essentially essentially
the Letters; a conversation by writing with other persons ~~by talking~~.
what we have in the Thoughts is the conversation of the writer
with himself – with himself and with God, or rather concerning
him for He is in Pascal's favourite phrase from the Vulgate
Deus absconditus who never directly shows himself
individual
whose discourse the Thoughts are, those of an individual
determined by
though they seem to have ~~fixed~~ the attention of a select subject
at the summit of in his nation Among
all other persons. For Pascal ~~as~~ the Puy de Dome ~~first~~
experimenting on the weight of the invisible ~~and~~ ~~and~~
~~and all these experiments~~
~~by its effects~~ ~~present invisible as the~~
~~some of the phases on proving~~
~~presented~~ in one of the more ~~phases~~ aspects of his spiritual, more whole person. Our
~~religious~~ our life. In the great work of which the Thoughts are the first draft
~~in our life~~ ~~He formed his~~ Pascal conceived this ~~work~~ very broadly
kind in
~~I~~ The scene ~~also~~ for the spiritual order by a demonstration of
~~to the life~~
is other invisible world all around us, with its ~~really~~ portentous powers,
~~supernatural~~, its attractions and repulsions, the world of grace, unseen, but as he

Page of the M.S. of Pater's "Pascal"

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his earliest volume, the *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. Philosophy had been his earliest love, but this was, more and more, supplanted by a study of the æsthetic principles underlying the pleasure we receive from art and literature. His book was received with enthusiastic pleasure by some readers, but by a larger circle with suspicion, and even open hostility. These attacks, perhaps, but more probably Pater's extreme slowness in composition, delayed until 1885 the publication of his second book, the romance of *Marius the Epicurean*. Shortly after this date, Pater and his sisters left Oxford for London, and resided until 1893 in Kensington, he keeping, however, his college rooms in Brasenose. In 1887 he published a group of four *Imaginary Portraits*, and in 1889 a volume of critical essays, called *Appreciations*. His latest publications were *Plato and Platonism*, 1893, and *The Child in the House*, 1894. Shortly before his death, Pater took a house in St. Giles, Oxford, and brought his sisters down to keep house for him again. His strength had become reduced, but no special anxiety was felt, until in June 1894 he was laid up with rheumatic fever. From this he so far seemed to recover that he left his bed, but on the 30th of July died of a sudden failure of the heart as he was coming downstairs. He was buried in the cemetery of St. Giles, Oxford. Pater's nature was withdrawn and shy, and he had no fund of animal spirits. He lived in the busy world of Oxford as one who was not of it, although he never wilfully excluded himself from its society. His appearance, which suggested that of a retired army officer in poor health, had nothing academic about it. His disposition, though not expansive, was exceedingly affectionate and indulgent; he was not without certain little mannerisms which provoked a smile, in which he was ready to join, for his humour—though it makes no appearance in his books—was one of his distinguishing features. But those who knew Pater best, felt that they knew him superficially, for his was a nature essentially self-absorbed and unrelated to the common life which passed around him.

Photo] [*Taunt & Co.*

Brasenose College, Oxford

FROM PATER'S "JOACHIM DU BELLAY" IN "THE RENAISSANCE," 1873.

This eagerness for music is almost the only serious thing in the poetry of the *Pleiad;* and it was Gondimel, the severe and protestant Gondimel, who set Ronsard's songs to music. But except in this matter these poets seem never quite in earnest. The old Greek and Roman mythology, which for the great Italians had been a motive so weighty and severe, becomes with them a mere toy. That "Lord of terrible aspect," *Amor*, has become Love, the boy or the babe. They are full of fine railleries; they delight in diminutives, *ondelette*, *fontelette*, *doncelette*, *Cassandrette*. Their loves are only half real, a vain

effort to prolong the imaginative loves of the middle age beyond their natural lifetime. They write love poems for hire. Like that party of people who tell the tales in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, they form a circle which in an age of great troubles, losses, anxieties, amuses itself with art, poetry, intrigue. But they amuse themselves with wonderful elegance; and sometimes their gaiety becomes satiric, for, as they play, real passions insinuate themselves, and at least the reality of death; their dejection at the thought of leaving this fair abode of our common daylight—*le beau sejour du commun jour*—is expressed by them with almost wearisome reiteration. But with this sentiment too they are able to trifle: the imagery of death serves for delicate ornament, and they weave into the airy nothingness of their verses their trite reflexions on the vanity of life; just as the grotesques of the charnel-house nest themselves, together with birds and flowers and the fancies of the pagan mythology, in the traceries of the architecture of that time, which wantons in its delicate arabesques with the images of old age and death.

John Addington Symonds
From Photograph taken in Venice

J. A. Symonds

John Addington Symonds (1840–1893) was the son of a prominent physician at Clifton, where he was born on the 5th of October 1840. He was educated at Harrow from 1854 to 1858, and proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. He became a Fellow of Magdalen College in 1862, married in 1864, and settled in London. Although always intensely literary, his serious authorship did not begin until 1872, when he published his *Introduction to the Study of Dante*. From this time forth his productions followed one another with great rapidity. From 1875 to 1886 he was

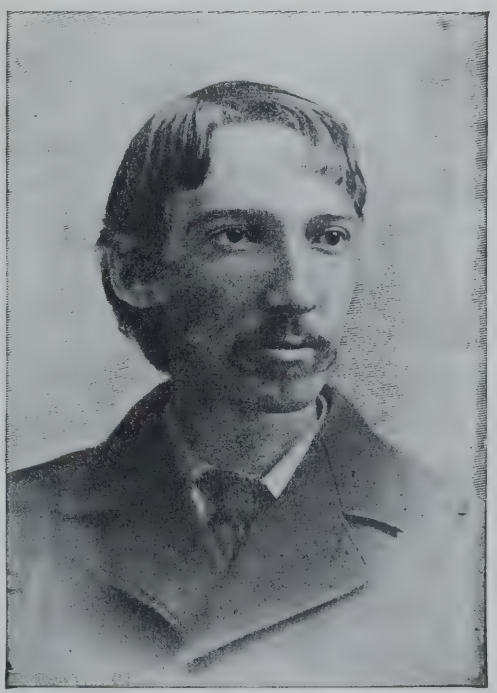
Photo] [*Taunt & Co*

Magdalen College, Oxford

engaged on the five volumes of his *Renaissance in Italy*. Symonds was always neurotic, and liable to consumption. In 1876 the doctors pronounced it impossible for him to survive any longer in England, and he proceeded to Davos Platz, where he partially recovered, and where he built a house. This, in alternation with an apartment in Venice, was his home for the remainder of his life. He died in Rome on the 19th of April 1893. An interesting writer, an admirer of all forms of beauty, a brilliant and paradoxical talker, an ardent friend, curiously addicted, in spite of his ill-health, to many forms of violent out-door exercise, Symonds burned through a strange hectic life of commingled pain and pleasure. His biography, a very curious record, was published in 1895 by Mr. Horatio Brown.

R. L. Stevenson

Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson (1850–1894), known as ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, was the only child of a distinguished engineer, Thomas Stevenson, and of Henrietta Smith, his wife. He was born at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh. He was a delicate child, and at the age of eight nearly died of a gastric fever. Owing to his weakness and nervous excitability, he was often sent away for months at a time to the manse of his maternal grandfather, at Colinton. He was at a preparatory school from 1858 to 1861, and then at the Edinburgh Academy, until in 1863 he was sent to boarding-schools, first in London, then in Edinburgh. Until 1867, however, the lad's health prevented him from working with any steadiness at his studies. For some years he was a half-hearted attendant at classes of the Edinburgh University, and in 1868 he began to be trained to his father's profession. This, in 1871, he gave up in favour of the law, to which subject he gave "a certain amount of serious, although fitful, attention until he was called to the Bar" in 1875. Meanwhile, however, the passion of his heart had long been literature, and he was gradually preparing in secret to make that the real business of his life. He had already (1872) written several of his freshest essays, although he published nothing of this kind until 1874. His health was so bad that in the winter of 1873 he was "ordered south" to Mentone, returning to Edinburgh greatly restored in the following May, and his essays now began to appear in magazines. After he became an advocate in July 1875, he spent a great deal of his time in fitful and often pedestrian travel, particularly in Scotland and France. His earliest book, *An Inland Voyage*, was published in 1878, and was followed by *Travels with a Donkey* in 1879. During one of his visits to Fontainebleau in 1876, Stevenson



Robert Louis Stevenson

From a Photograph taken in 1879 at San Francisco

became acquainted with the American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, who was later on to become his wife. In order to visit her, he very abruptly left for California in the summer of 1879, in a state of health very unfit for travel. He suffered great privations, and nearly died at San Francisco in the following March, but in May 1880 he had sufficiently recovered to marry. Later in the same year, having been absent from England for twelve months, he returned, but Stevenson's ill health had now become chronic, and gave the greatest alarm to his friends. He endeavoured to restore it by long visits to Davos Platz (1880–82), during which time he published the first collections of his essays, *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881, and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. He was now forced to live wholly in retirement in a sheltered part of Provence, and a châlet at Hyerès was his hermitage until July 1884. This was a period of depression and suffering, but it saw the completion and publication of several important works, in particular of his earliest works of fiction, the *New Arabian Nights*, 1882, and *Treasure Island*, 1883. For the next three years his home was Bournemouth, and while there he brought out *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Prince Otto*, and *The Dynamiter*, all in 1885; *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *Kidnapped*, both in 1886; *The Merry Men*, *Underwoods*, and *Memories and Portraits*, all in 1887. The death of his father severed his ties with England, and he determined to visit the health-resorts of America. In August 1887 Stevenson left for New York, in company with his family, and he never set foot in Europe again. He lived at Savanac Lake in the Adirondacks, until the spring of 1888, and in the summer of that year started from San Francisco on his earliest voyage in the Pacific. During this year he published *The Black Arrow*. After cruising about from one group of islands to another for about six months, Stevenson settled in Honolulu, where he wrote *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The Wrong Box*, and whence he paid a visit to the leper settlement of Molokai. By the summer of 1889 his health was so much improved that he

Photo [*T. Patrick*

Swanston Cottage, an early home of R. L. Stevenson

Woodcut by Stevenson to illustrate his Poem "The Disputatious Pines."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

FROM THE MEDALLION BY AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS.

determined to make his home in the South Seas, and early in 1890 he bought an estate, called Vailima, in Samoa. His lungs, however, broke down again, and for the greater part of that year he was once more cruising among the remote and romantic islands of the Pacific Ocean. He returned at length to Vailima, and for the next four years his home was on the mountain-side over the little Samoan port of Apia. He entered very effectively into the troubled politics of the island, and the large house he built was practically the social centre of Samoa. He ruled a numerous household, almost a clan, with wisdom and firmness. All this time his health appeared to give him less trouble than it had done since he was a child, and he was able to live a life of wholesome and ceaseless activity. Among the books which he published during this final period of his life, may be mentioned a volume of essays, *Across the Plains* (1892); an appeal for the better protection of Samoa by Europe, called *A Footnote to History* (1892); a Scottish romance, *Catriona* (1893); and a collection of Pacific Ocean stories, *Island Nights' Entertainments* (1893). His last year was darkened by the outbreak of war among the natives of Samoa, towards whom he now stood in a sort of parental capacity. His death was painless and very sudden; he was struck down by cerebral apoplexy while chatting with his wife on the verandah of their house on the evening of the 3rd of December 1894. He was buried next day by the Samoan chieftains on the summit of Mount Vaea, the spot which he had chosen for his tomb. His estates have passed into other hands, and Samoa has become a German possession, but the grave of Stevenson, on the topmost peak overlooking the Pacific, will always be respected. After his death were published his *Vailima Letters* (1895), his latest poems, *Songs of Travel* (1896), his latest romance, the fragment of *Weir of Hermiston* (1896), and his correspondence (1899), all edited by his life-long friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin.

Robert Louis Stevenson

From a Photograph taken in Samoa

FROM "UNDERWOODS."—"REQUIEM."

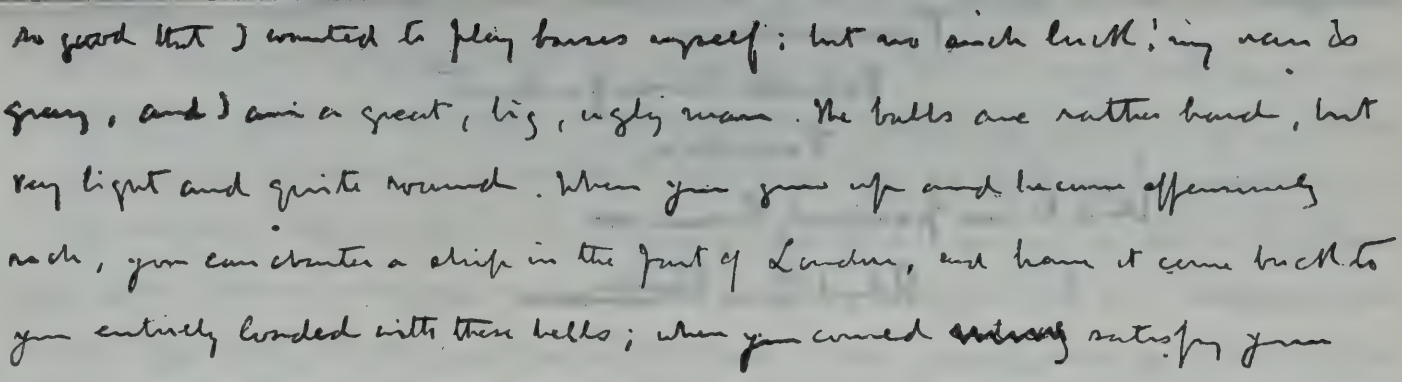
Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Stevenson's House at Vailima, Samoa

FROM "VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE."—"PAN'S PIPES."

There are moments when the mind refuses to be satisfied with evolution, and demands a ruddier presentation of the sum of man's experience. Sometimes the mood is brought about by laughter at the humorous side of life, as when, abstracting ourselves from earth, we imagine people plodding on foot, or seated in ships and speedy trains, with the planet all the while whirling in the opposite direction, so that, for all their hurry, they travel back-foremost through the universe of space. Sometimes it comes by the spirit of delight, and sometimes by the spirit of terror. At least, there will always be hours when we refuse to be put off by the feint of explanation, nicknamed science; and demand instead some palpitating image of our estate, that shall represent the troubled and unsettled element in which we dwell, and satisfy reason by the means of art. Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true; but what is it when compared to the reality



Letter from R. L. Stevenson to "Tomarcher." In the possession of William Archer, Esq.

Tautira
Island of Tahiti

Dear Tomarcher,

This is a pretty state of things! seven o'clock and no sound of breakfast! and I was awake a good deal last night, for it was full moon, and they had made a great pile of cocoanut husks down by the sea, and as we have no blinds or shutters this kept my room very bright. And then the rats had a wedding or a devilfeast under my head. And then I woke early, and I have nothing to read except Virgil's Aeneid, which is not good for an empty stomach, and a Latin dictionary, which is good for nourishment, and by some humorous accident, your dear father's article on Shakespeare. And I read the whole of that, and very imprudent it is, but you must not tell your dear father I said so, or it might come to a battle in which you might lose either a dear father or a valued correspondent, or both, which would be prodigal. And still no breakfast; so I said "Let's write to Tomarcher."

This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls (and sometimes the boys) play a very elaborate kind of hop-scotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe; and have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed. The children of all ages go to church and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing bananas and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that whips to play horses, and also balls to roll about the church - at least I never saw them used elsewhere - grow ready made on trees; which is enough on toy shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself; but was much laughed at, my name is Lucy, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round. When you grow up and become effeminately rich, you can shoot a whip in the front of London, and have it come back to you entirely loaded with three balls; when you crowd outrage satisfy your

Letter from R. L. Stevenson to "Tomarcher." In the possession of William Archer, Esq.

mind as to their character, and give them every where due to your uncles and aunts. But what I really wanted to tell you was that ~~except~~ besides the tree trip trips (Hush a by, tiny ships on the tree top!) I have seen some real made trips. The first hitherto discovered in the South Seas

This was how. You are to imagine a four wheeled gig; one horse, in the front seat two Tahaitan natives, in their sunday clothes, blue coat, white shirt, Kilt (a little longer than the Scotch) of a blue stuff with big white and yellow flowers, legs and feet bare; in the ~~front~~ back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of yours; under our feet, plenty of lunch and things; any ink a great deal of fun in both Tahaitian, our after natives, the sub-chief of the village being an great ally of mine. Indeed we have changed names; and he is now called Rui, the nearest they can come to Louis, for they have no l and no s in their language. Rui is six feet three in his stockings, and a magnificent man. We all have straw hats, for the sun is strong. We drive between the sea, which makes a great noise, and the mountains; the wood is out there a forest mostly of fruit trees, the very creepers, which take the place of our ivy, heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your head and five sided, called Barbedines. Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, ~~but~~ the doors and windows open, ~~and~~ no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a house in a fairy tale; and just beyond we must find a river, and ~~then~~ there we saw the inhabitants just in the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, they were chattering and bathing and screaming together like a covey of birds. seven or eight little naked brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real trips - Tiny ships, full rigged; and with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust at their heels ends. And then I knew for sure they were at children in a fairy story, living alone together in that lovely house with the only trips in all the island; and that I had ~~my~~ dinner, in my four wheeled gig. into a corner of the fairy story, and the question was, should I get out again? But it was all right: I guess only one of the wheels of the gig had got into the fairy story; and the rest of the whole thing vanished, and we drove on in our seaside forest as before, and I am the humble to be

Tomarchi's

Valued Correspondent

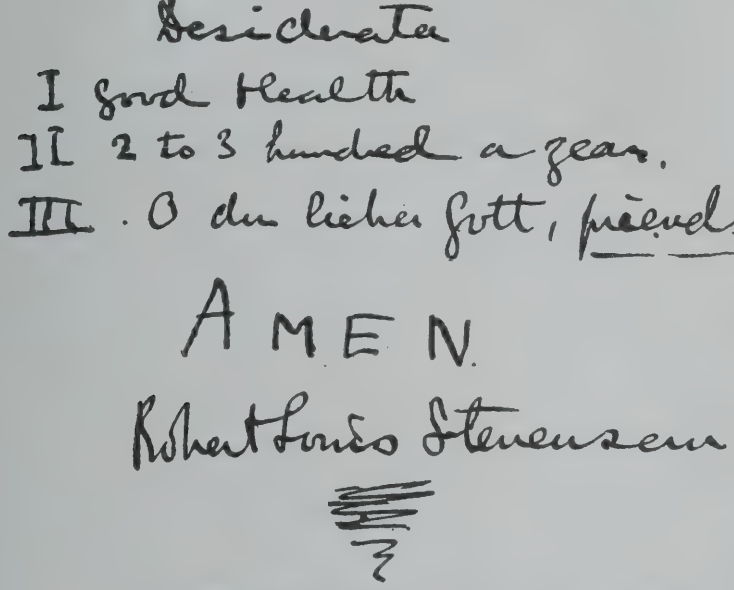
Teriitera

which he was previously known as

Robert Louis Stevenson

of which it discourses? where hearts beat high in April, and death strikes, and hills totter in the earthquake, and there is a glamour over all the objects of sight, and a thrill in all noises for the ear, and Romance herself has made her dwelling among men? So we come back to the old myth, and hear the goat-footed piper making the music which is itself the charm and terror of things; and when a glen invites our visiting footsteps, fancy that Pan leads us thither with a gracious tremolo; or when our hearts quail at the thunder of the cataract, tell ourselves that he has stamped his hoof in the nigh thicket.

We are, however, in danger of entangling our impressions with one another if we pursue too low down the threads which we have attempted to hold through more than five centuries from Langland and Chaucer to Huxley and Stevenson. We must drop them here, leaving them loose, for they are parts of a living organism, and we cannot presume to say in what direction their natural growth will lead them next, nor what relative value



A note found among Stevenson's papers after his death

their parts may take in fuller perspective. We have spoken of nothing which was not revealed in its general aspect and direction at least five and twenty years ago. In periods of very rapid literary development this would be a time long enough to bring about the most startling changes. Within the boundaries of one quarter of a century the English drama did not exist, and *Hamlet* was complete. In 1773 Dr. Johnson accompanied Boswell to the Hebrides, and in 1798 the *Lyrical Ballads* were published. But there is no evidence to show that the twenty-five years through which we have just passed have been years of a very experimental tendency. Fifteen or twenty of them were overshadowed, and their production stunted, by the permanence of great, authoritative personages, still in full activity. The age was the age of Tennyson, and

he held his kingship, an absolute monarch, against all comers, until his death in 1892. We may anticipate that future historians may make that date the starting-point for a new era, but this is for us scarcely matter even for speculation. Up to the close of the nineteenth century certainly, we can

Apia Harbour, Samoa, with Mount Vaea in the distance

From an unpublished Drawing in the possession of Mrs. Sidney Colvin.

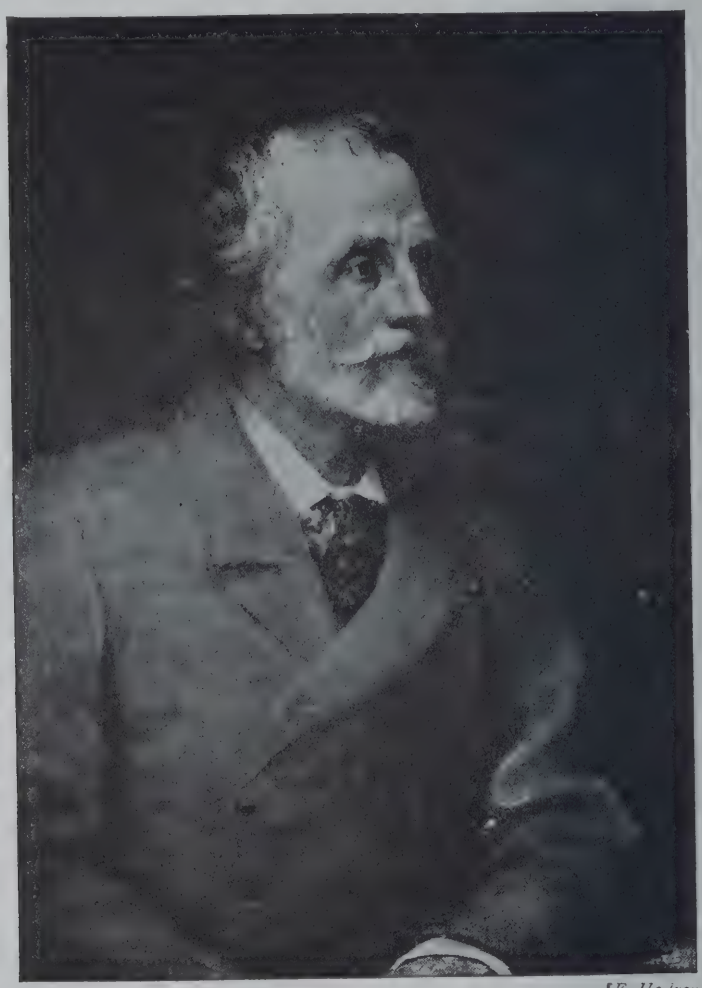
affirm the maintenance, without radical change of any kind, of the original romantic system, then just one hundred years old. With a myriad minor variations and adaptations, poetry in England, and therefore prose, still were, at the close of Queen Victoria's reign, what they became when Wordsworth and Coleridge remodelled our literature in 1797 in the coombes of the Quantocks.

EPILOGUE

In attempting to follow the course of a great literature and to survey the process of its growth, one reflection can never escape the historian, however little it may gratify his vanity. He forms his opinions, if he be fairly instructed and tolerably conscientious, on a series of æsthetic principles, guided in their interpretation by the dictates of his own temperament. There has as yet been discovered no surer method of creating a critical estimate of literature; and yet the fragility and vacillation of this standard is patent to every one whose brains have not become ossified by vain and dictatorial processes of "teaching." Nowhere is an arrogant dogmatism more thoroughly out of place than in a critical history of style. In our own day we have read, in the private letters of Matthew Arnold—one of the most clairvoyant observers of the last generation—judgments on current books and men which are already seen to be patently incorrect. The history of literary criticism is a record of conflicting opinion, of blind prejudice, of violent *volte-faces*, of discord and misapprehension. If we could possess the sincere opinions of Ben Jonson, Dryden, Addison, Voltaire, Hazlitt, Goethe, and Dr. Georg Brandes on *Hamlet*, we should probably doubt that the same production could be the subject of them all. In the seventeenth century Shakespeare was regarded as one of a multitude, a little more careless and sometimes a little more felicitous than his fellows. To the eighteenth century he became a Gothic savage, in whose "wood-notes wild" the sovereignty of Nature was reasserted, as if by accident. It was left to the nineteenth century to discover in him the most magnificent of the conscious poetic artists of the world. But what will the twentieth century think?

We are not, I think, so helpless as these admissions and examples would indicate, nor is there the least valid reason why we should withdraw from the expression of critical opinion because of the dangers which attend it. I must hold, in spite of the censure of writers of an older school who possess every claim upon my gratitude and my esteem, that certain changes have recently passed over human thought which alter the whole nature of the atmosphere in which criticism breathes. A French professor of high repute has attacked, as an instance of effrontery and charlatanism, the idea that we can borrow for the study of literature help from the methods of Darwin and Häckel. He scoffs at the notion of applying to poetry and prose the theory which supposes all plant and animal forms to be the result of

slow and organic modification. With every respect for the authority of so severe a censor, I venture to dissent entirely from his views. I believe, on the contrary, that what delays the progress of criticism in England, where it is still so primitive and so empirical, is a failure to employ the



Photo] [*F. Hollyer*

Mr. George Meredith

After the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

immense light thrown on the subject by the illustrations of evolution. I believe that a sensible observation of what Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer have demonstrated ought to aid us extremely in learning our trade as critics and in conducting it in a business-like manner.

In the days of the Jesuits, when modern criticism began in Europe, it was the general opinion that literature had been created, fully armed, in polite

antiquity; that Homer—especially Homer as explained by Aristotle—had presented the final perfection of literature. If any variation from this original archaic type was ever observed, it must be watched with the greatest care; for if it was important, it must be dangerous and false. The only salvation for style was to be incessantly on one's guard to reject any offshoots or excrescences

Photo] [*F. Hollyer*

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne

After the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

which, however beautiful they might seem in themselves, were not measureable by the faultless canon of antiquity. The French critics, such as Rapin and Bossu, were saved by their suppleness of intelligence and by dealing solely with a Latin people from the monstrosities which befell their Teutonic and English adherents. But it is instructive to see where persistence in this theory of the unalterable criterium lands an obstinate writer like Rymer. He measures everybody, Shakespeare among the rest, on the bed of Procrustes, and lops our giants at the neck and the knees.

The pent-up spirit of independence broke forth in that Battle of the Ancients and Moderns which is of so much secondary interest in the chronicles of literature. People saw that we could not admit that there had been in extreme antiquity a single act of special literary creation constituting once for all a set of rigid types. But the Jesuits had at least possessed the advantage of an idea, monstrous though it might be. Their opponents simply rejected their view, and had nothing definite to put in its place. Nothing can be more invertebrate than the criticism of the early eighteenth century. Happy, vague ideas, glimmering through the mist, supplied a little momentary light and passed away. Shaftesbury, amid a great deal of foppery about the Dæmon which inspires the Author with the Beautiful and the Amiable, contrived to perceive the relation between poetry and the plastic arts, and faintly to formulate a system of literary æsthetics. Dennis had the really important intuition that we ought to find out what an author desires to do before we condemn him for what he has not done. Addison pierced the bubble of several preposterous and exclusive formulas. But England was as far as the rest of Europe from possessing any criterium of literary production which could take the place of the rules of the Jesuits. Meanwhile, the individualist method began to come into vogue, and to a consideration of this a few words must be spared.

The individualist method in literary criticism has been in favour with us for at least a century, and it is still in vogue in most of our principal reviews. It possesses in adroit hands considerable effectiveness, and in its primary results may be entirely happy. It is in its secondary results that it leads to a chaotic state of opinion. It is, after all, an adaptation of the whole theory of the unalterable type, but it merely alternates for the one "authority of the Ancients" an equal rigidity in a multitude of isolated modern instances. It consists in making a certain author, or fashion, or set of æsthetic opinions the momentary centre of the universe, and in judging all other literary phenomena by their nearness to or remoteness from that arbitrary point. At the beginning of the present century it seduced some of the finest minds of the day into ludicrous and grotesque excesses. It led Keats into his foolish outburst about Boileau, because his mind was fixed on Beaumont and Fletcher. It led De Quincey to say that both the thought and expression of one of Pope's most perfect passages were "scandalously vicious," because his mind was fixed on Wordsworth. In these cases Wordsworth and Fletcher were beautiful and right; but Pope and Boileau were, on the surface, absolutely in opposition to them; Pope and Boileau were therefore hideous and wrong. Yet admirers of classic poetry have never ceased to retort from their own equally individualist point of view, and to a general principle of literary taste we find ourselves none the nearer. What wonder if the outside world treats all critical discussion as the mere babble of contending flute-players?

But what if a scientific theory be suggested which shall enable us at once to take an intelligent pleasure in Pope and in Wordsworth, in Spenser and in

Swift? Mr. Herbert Spencer has, with infinite courage, opened the entire world of phenomena to the principles of evolution, but we seem slow to admit them into the little province of æsthetics. We cling to the individualist manner, to that intense eulogy which concentrates its rays on the particular object of notice and relegates all others to proportional obscurity. There are critics, of considerable acumen and energy, who seem to know no other mode of nourishing a talent or a taste than that which is pursued by the cultivators of gigantic gooseberries. They do their best to nip off all other buds, that the juices of the tree of fame may be concentrated on their favourite fruit. Such a plan may be convenient for the purposes of malevolence, and in earlier times our general ignorance of the principles of growth might well excuse it. But it is surely time that we should recognise only two criteria of literary judgment. The first is primitive, and merely clears the ground of rubbish; it is, Does the work before us, or the author, perform what he sets out to perform with a distinguished skill in the direction in which his powers are exercised? If not, he interests the higher criticism not at all; but if yes, then follows the second test: Where, in the vast and ever-shifting scheme of literary evolution, does he take his place, and in what relation does he stand, not to those who are least like him, but to those who are of his own kith and kin?

At the close, then, of a rapid summary of the features of literary expression in England, I desire to state my conviction that the only way to approach the subject with instruction is to regard it as part of the history of a vast living organism, directed in its manifestations by a definite, though obscure and even inscrutable law of growth. A monument of poetry, like that which Tennyson has bequeathed to us, is interesting, indeed, as the variegated product of one human brain, strongly individualised by certain qualities from all other brains working in the same generation. But we see little if we see no more than the lofty idiosyncrasy of Tennyson. Born in 1550 or 1720, he would have possessed the same personality, but his poetry, had he written in verse, could have had scarcely a remote resemblance to what we have now received from his hand. What we are in the habit of describing as "originality" in a great modern poet is largely an aggregation of elements which he has received by inheritance from those who have preceded him, and his "genius" consists of the faculty he possesses of selecting and rearranging, as in a new pattern or harmony, those elements from many predecessors which most admirably suit the only "new" thing about him, his unique set of personal characteristics. Tennyson is himself; his work bears upon it the plain stamp of a recurrent, consistent individuality. Yet it is none the less almost an amalgam of modified adaptations from others. The colour of Tennyson would not be what it is if Keats had never lived, nor does his delicacy of observation take its line of light without a reference to that of Wordsworth. The serried and nervous expression of Pope and the melodic prosody of Milton have passed, by a hereditary process, into the veins of their intellectual

descendant. He is a complex instance of natural selection, obvious and almost geometrical, yet interfering not a whit with that counter-principle of individual variation which is needful to make the poet, not a parasite upon his artistic ancestors, but an independent output from the main growing organism. And what is patently true of this great representative poet of our days is in measure true also of the smallest and apparently the most eccentric writer in prose or verse, if he writes well enough to exist at all. Every producer of vital literature adds an offshoot to the unrolling and unfolding organism of literary history in its ceaseless processes of growth.

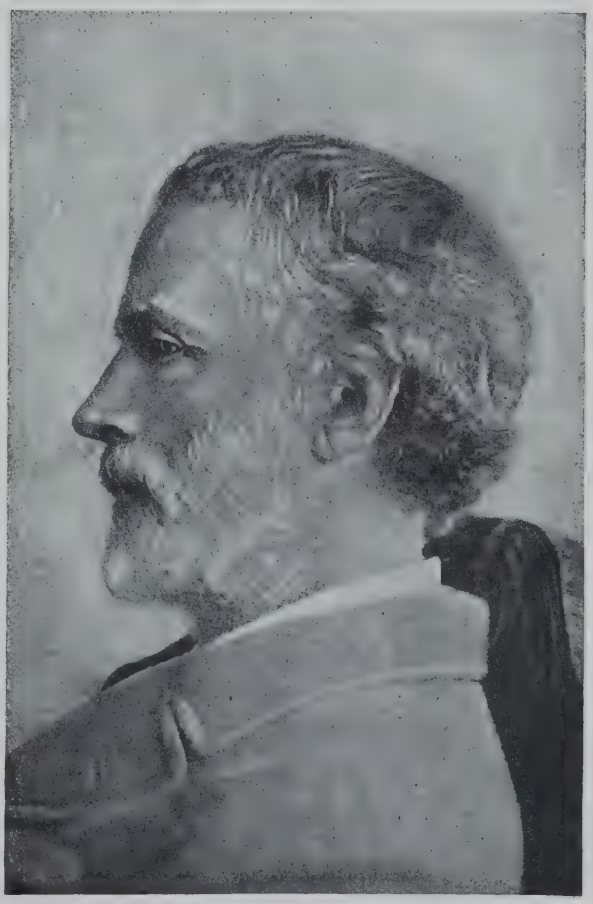
SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER

ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1892 to 1922

I

Transition

At the death of Tennyson three Victorians were still writing whose work, more than that of the great laureate, formed a kind of bridge if not a transition to the literature of our own day. The three were George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Algernon Charles Swinburne. Rudyard Kipling was well started on his career and Sir James Barrie had written *The Little Minister* and *A Window in Thrums*, but their work belongs in spirit to the more modern time. Meredith, Hardy, and Swinburne, though their thought had a radical penetration and a daring which writers now like to recognise as prophetic of the twentieth century, yet produced novels and poems with the solidity of method and on the generosity of scale which characterises the Victorian artists. George Meredith (1828–1909), one of the most distinguished of English novelists, hardly won during his lifetime the fame he deserved, but he seems now to be assured of a wide audience, on the Continent as well as in England and America, for his brilliant studies of modern society, drawn with remarkable vitality, sparkling with wit, and suggesting profound reflections on human character in general.



George Meredith

He had such an interest in social problems as belonged to the age he lived in, though he thought of society from the point of view of Browning rather than of Kingsley, or Ruskin, or Carlyle; that is, his interest in society was fixed on the human beings that constitute it, rather than on the hypotheses invented to explain it. He dramatises his characters more successfully than Browning, partly because he is less concerned about their motives, assuming always the mysterious presence of nature in all of us as a sufficient source for our conduct. In fact, the part that nature plays in Meredith's writings, prose and verse, implies poetic and philosophic vision of the highest order, and the sympathetic reader who has in mind the total impression of his work often feels that in relating man to his natural environment and in reading his character in terms of that Dame Nature or Mother Earth of which he is a part, Meredith has no peer in English literature unless we go back to Shakespeare and to Chaucer. He was a great lover of English landscape, especially of the Surrey landscape in which he spent the latter part of his life, and he is at his best when he paints the scene affectionately for its own sake as a background for the human drama, yet contrives by some magic to suggest through it the larger drama of life, against which our individual fortunes are seen to be normal and oft-repeated incidents. In *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, 1859, his first important novel and in some respects his best, he tells of a father's attempt to bring up a fine son by a system of education which will conceal the fact of sex as long as possible and keep from the boy, until the moment the father thinks proper, all knowledge of the tragic possibilities of love. The power of the story lies in the beauty and tenderness with which Meredith shows Nature moving on her irresistible way in young lives and old. *The Egoist*, 1879, a study in man's natural conceit, is far less attractive, partly because it indicts the reader of the faults he reads about, seeming in an uncanny way to disclose his own character, and even some episodes of his private history. Praise could hardly be extravagant for such understanding of human nature. *Diana of the Crossways*, 1885, seems perhaps a story of less wide implication, yet the beautiful heroine, whose impulses against convention are inexplicable often to herself as to the reader, is only a special instance of an energy in us larger than we have the wisdom to guide, and indifferent to our small systems if they chance to oppose it.

Meredith's first volume was the *Poems*, 1851, and until the year of his death he brought out at regular intervals books of remarkable verse, chief of them *Modern Love*, 1862, *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, and *A Reading of Earth*, 1888. His early ambition was to succeed in poetry, but his audience for this kind of writing remained so small that he considered his verse in some sense a failure. It is extremely difficult to read, packed with thought and curiously condensed in phrase. With the exception of the beautiful "Love in a Valley," and one or two other poems of inspired music and rhythm, he writes in verse less like a poet than like a novelist or a philosopher. The sequence called "Modern Love" differs little, even in form, from any prose study he might have made of man and woman mismated

and unhappy. But wherever in his poetry he touches the relation of man to earth, he expounds with a strange power, however cramped his manner, the philosophy that is felt in the background of his novels, and there is a still small but constantly increasing number of critics who rank his poetry with the most important produced in Victorian England, holding that its intellectual depth more than makes up for the difficulties of its style; and the most enthusiastic find a special enchantment in those very difficulties.

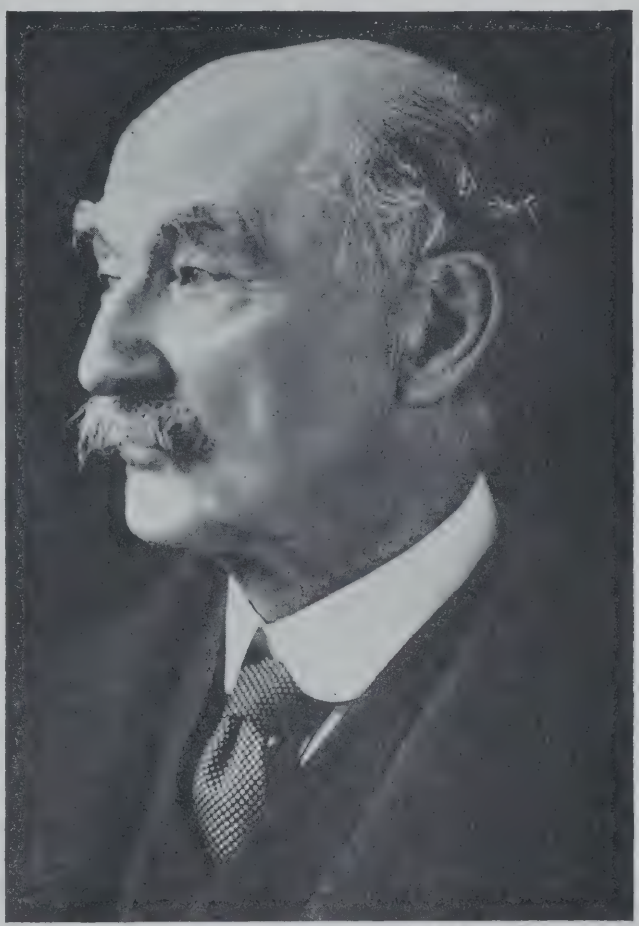


Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Thomas Hardy

Thomas Hardy (1840–) like Meredith is a poet-novelist, who began his writing with verse, though he published no poems until his reputation as a novelist was established. The spirit of the poet, however, is even more obvious in his stories than in Meredith's, a fact which partly accounts for the greater popularity of his novels. Like Meredith also he makes use of nature as background for his drama; but the Dorsetshire landscape (the Wessex of his novels) had an obvious epic sweep, as he portrayed it, which Meredith would scarcely have been interested in; it was a grand but hard scene set for pathos and tragedy, rather than a mysterious presence suggesting the kindly and unperturbed life that breathes through all things. Hardy has a great genius for laughter; in some of his stories there is a gorgeous fun such as we might look for in vain in Meredith; but the comic spirit in which the other novelist is so rich, rarely appears in his stories. Nature and man are at war in his pages, enemies rather than mother and child. Or it might be better to say that man is represented as nature's victim, tortured and often destroyed by a power whose performance is always irrational and whose indiffer-

ence to the suffering it causes is expressed ironically by the beauty and even the grandeur of the scene in which man's unhappiness is enacted. Indeed, Hardy is a pessimist of the first order, if his philosophy of life is compared superficially with Meredith's; and in any case he is a less profound and a less subtle thinker. But there are in his best stories at least three good reasons why he attracts, and will continue to attract, a large public. The power of nature over man is for him largely the power of sex, and he has a genius, much imitated but not excelled in contemporary fiction, for portraying passionate men and women — particularly, passionate women. He exalts the theme to tragic dignity by illustrating it in characters who seem to have other excellent business to attend to in life, characters potentially if not actually admirable. In the second place, he has an eye for the fantastic accidents of life, the grotesque juxtapositions; tragic accident has much to do with his plots, and grotesque accident largely produces his fun and his hard laughter. In the third place, he follows the wisdom of the Greeks in fitting his stories always with a stirring plot. Character and character-portrayal they have also, but they rise on the structure of a strong, even a melodramatic, story, such as Shakespeare habitually built on, and such as human gossip always seizes and idealises. The reader has the impression that the story of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, 1891, or of the *Return of the Native*, 1878, or of the Mayor of Casterbridge, 1891, might have come into being first as a legend whispered in the villages Hardy described — the legend of a girl hunted down by the accidents of life and by noble and ignoble passion until she kills the man who wronged her, and though herself an innocent victim of circumstances, is hanged as a murderess; or the legend of a drunkard who sold his wife and child to another man, and repenting of his incredible behaviour, becomes thrifty, sober, and prosperous; until at the height of his well-doing the insulted wife returns, and from the moment of her coming his fortunes go to pieces. Such plots as these are not probable; neither is the plot of *The Merchant of Venice.* But Hardy clothes the melodrama with flesh and blood so passionate that the stories take us by storm; they may not be generally true, but we know they happened at least once.

The theme of sex, the mystery of accident in our lives, the incongruity of things, the adventurous flavour of our neighbour's fortunes — these are elements in story-telling which almost any reader can appreciate, and they are enough to explain Hardy's great success. But in his best work there are also qualities more subtle, which enlist the admiration of even those readers who find his philosophy of life, in comparison with Meredith's, rather meagre and theatrical. These subtle qualities are emotional rather than intellectual. Whatever his philosophy, Hardy loves human beings, and teaches the reader to love them. Considering the drab sort of plot he often gives us, it is with surprise that we find we are in love with these poor victims, his heroes and heroines; certainly those followers of his art who now study for us the weakness of man in the clutch of circumstance, rarely persuade us that the victim is admirable. Because of this love of his characters

Hardy excites in us more of the old pity and terror, once thought the essential effect of tragedy, than any other English novelist. In sentiment if not in his intellectual scheme of things, he makes life seem noble and romantic, in spite of its accidents and errors. His view of nature establishes a kinship with later novelists, many of whom respect him as their master, but in the feeling he excites about life he is larger than any of them, a true and great tragic poet.

Some of Hardy's best writing is found in two remarkable collections of short stories, *Wessex Tales*, 1888, and *Life's Little Ironies*, 1894. These short pieces, often hardly more than a sketch, contain the elements of his art in what may seem a casual and impromptu manner, but in reality it is the perfection of craft. The plots are as bare and simple as gossip itself, but the reader's imagination is stimulated to fill them out to the full proportions of tragedy or grim comedy, and the characters, though hardly more than named, are unforgettable people.

Hardy's poetry, from the first volume, *Wessex Poems*, 1898, to *Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses*, 1917, is on the whole a powerful lyric statement of his pessimistic philosophy — more pessimistic in effect than his prose fiction, because in the novels the characters that illustrate the philosophy are lovable, whereas in the verse the comment on life is stark and unalleviated. In style the poems have the plainness much sought after by modern verse-writers, and it is the habit of these younger men to praise Hardy as poet, but it may well be doubted if without the prestige of his novels he could have won much of a hearing for his verse — even for the ambitious world-drama, *The Dynasts*, 1904–1908. The fact is that pessimism has been much better expressed by poets who were better philosophers, and whose command of metrical eloquence and music was greater.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909) seems less Victorian than Meredith and Hardy, yet he seems also to belong less to our own time; he is a poet of extraordinary genius who criticised the limitations of Victorianism more violently than the most contemporary of the younger generation, yet his preoccupation with themes drawn from history, from classical literature, and from the older forms of political radicalism make him seem to that same younger generation a somewhat negligible conservative. It is now the fashion to say of him that he is master of an incomparable word-music, but that he lacks a subject-matter; you can enjoy the verbal felicities without noticing what he is saying, and often you cannot tell what he says. His chief distinction in English poetry is indeed his music; no one in any of the centuries approaches him for a certain rich, luscious, and torrent-like melody. To say that his subject-matter is hard to understand is an incomprehensible criticism from a generation that can understand Meredith's verse, and to say that he has no subject-matter at all is rather absurd, considering the ease with which his chief themes can be summarised. He had a philosophy of life somewhat like Hardy's in its materialism and its pessimism, and somewhat like Browning's in its delight in passion and in heroic conduct. He was a great lover of political freedom, of the kind that Shelley loved, an avowed pagan and enemy of Christianity, a superb lover of the sea, about which he managed to

group in his affection all the historic greatness of England, her poetry, her civilisation, her empire. His name is often connected somewhat hastily with those of Shelley and Byron, but they were each in some sense a radical, whereas Swinburne was a lover of old culture, literary and political, in every essential respect aloof from the characteristic movements of his time. He challenged the church as the ancient enemy of intellectual and political freedom, but he had no interest in Darwinism; he could go into ecstasy over the fall of a monarchy, but he was not concerned with the problems of the workingman. Even the sea that he so loved was, after all, not the ocean that surrounds the British Isles, but a fiction of memory and legend chiefly drawn from Greek and Mediterranean sources, the ocean that Byron addressed at the close of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, an ocean that Nelson and Drake must have found surprisingly literary, once Swinburne had introduced them into it.

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A. C. Swinburne

His first books of verse, *The Queen-Mother*, and *Rosamond*, 1861, were dramas of the historical kind, Elizabethan in their structure and original only in his characteristic richness of passionate speech. With *Atalanta in Calydon*, 1865, and *Poems and Ballads*, 1866, his fame was made, and it may be doubted whether his later dramas and volumes of lyrics added much to a reputation already great. In *Atalanta* it is hard to know whether to admire more the classical beauty with which the story of the hunt in Calydon is told, or the lyrical rapture of the wonderful choruses, one of which, "When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's Traces," has passed into all the anthologies. The *Poems and Ballads* achieved a certain notoriety on their first appearance; their frank paganism was thought somewhat scandalous. The plain speech of post-Victorian literature has, however, made such splendid lyrics as "Dolores" or the "Laus Veneris" seem comparatively innocuous. In the latter poem also the shock which the reader once felt at the praise of Venus as against the Virgin Mary is tempered by the fact that the prefatory note in Old French has now in most cases been read, and the reader knows that the speaker in the poem is not Swinburne but Tannhäuser, at the moment when he has been told that through love of Venus his soul is irretrievably lost.

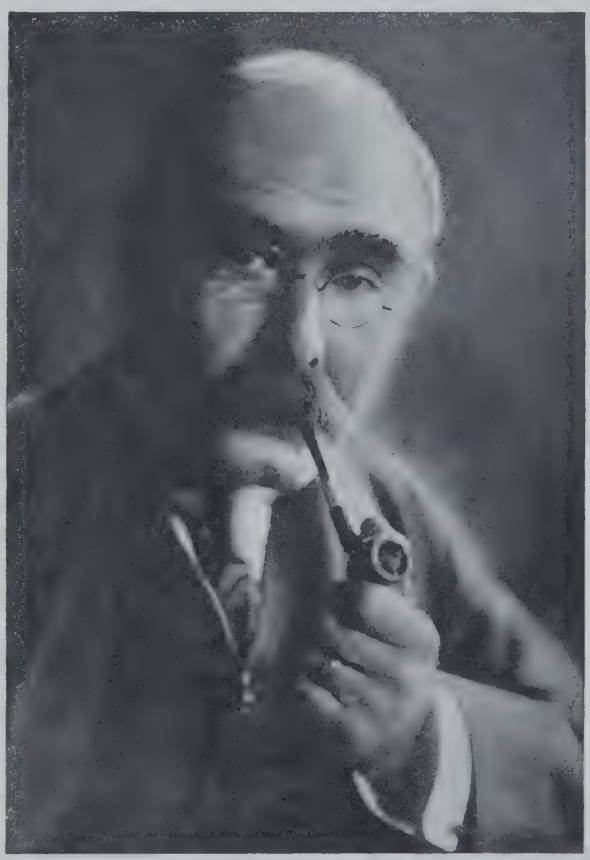
Swinburne makes the impression of a most voluminous writer, not only because

the actual number of his printed pages is large, but because every stanza suggests an opulent, even inexhaustible inspiration. He wrote much in prose also, chiefly impassioned criticism of the older poets, but in prose his oratorical and overwhelming style makes formidable reading, and his gift was not for critical discrimination. He remains the lyrical giant of Victorian poetry, a singular contrast to the modern singers, whose word music, if they indulge in such prettiness, comes in brief and shallow stretches.

II

The Modern Leaders

In 1886, one year after Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*, Pater's *Marius*, Ruskin's *Præterita*, and Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Rudyard Kipling (1865–) published in Lahore his first important book, *Departmental Ditties*, republished in London in 1897. In 1888 he brought out in Calcutta his collection of short stories, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, republished in London two years later, and in 1890 he published in the United States *The Light that Failed*, reissued in London the following year. His remarkable position among English writers of modern times was established by these books; from 1890 to 1914 he was the unrivaled spokesman for British imperialism, the unofficial laureate, in prose and verse, of Tommy Atkins and his officers, and the untiring preacher, even in his unmilitary stories, of a philosophy of life which justifies imperialism and admires the virtues which make it possible. Not even the fascinating *Jungle Books*, 1894 and 1895, greatly alter the impression of the first volumes; Mowgli in the jungle is another empire-builder, and the animals around him either have or have not the enterprise, the discipline, the loyalty, and the resourcefulness



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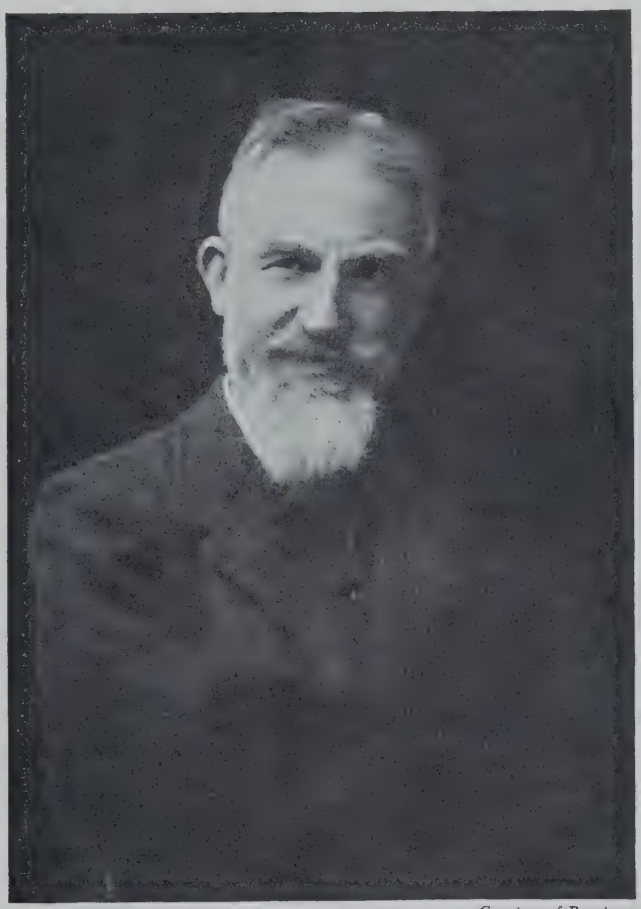
Rudyard Kipling

by which world power is set up and maintained. Such a message has seemed incongruous since the Great War made other ideals current among English-speaking peoples, and even before the war George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells were undermining the effect of Kipling's philosophy with their two kinds of critical attack; yet it remains a fact that for more than twenty years after Tennyson's death Kipling was the best known figure in English literature, the most popular poet, the most widely read writer of fiction, and the most effective preacher of a national philosophy. His two great decades were the heyday of faith in the strenuous life; no one better than he expressed the ideal of clean energy in sport, in politics, and in war. He wrote of a man's world, and left us few heroines of importance in his stories; for great campaigners and for Tommy Atkins, women are an alluring distraction from more important business, unless they adopt a masculine ideal of imperialism and become great campaigners too. We can find in Kipling, therefore, no interest in modern problems of feminism, not even a picture of society in which women play a normal modern part. The enormous problems of the working classes also, problems of economics, of education, of social justice, hardly cast a shadow on his pages; by implication it seems that the business of us all in life, as in war, is to work where we are told, and stick at it, and allow no motions of our brain to interfere with the efficiency of our hands.

So nationalistic is the temper of Kipling's work, and so foreign to him is this ideal of international alliances which has appealed to most of the civilised world since the war, that after 1914 and before the United States joined the allies, it was a common pastime for German sympathizers in America to quote the sharp things he had said at various times of those allies and of the United States. Yet it is evidence of his real importance to literature that readers outside of Great Britain have never been greatly disturbed by the insularity of his supposed imperialism; there is too much genius remaining over and above his political programme. He truthfully expresses his period in the United States and in Germany as well as in England; the industrial civilisation of those three countries was at heart alike — alike imperialistic, alike admirable or the opposite, according to your ideal of civilisation. One cannot imagine Kipling as spokesman for France, or Italy, or Spain, or China, or India, or for any part of the world, prosperous or otherwise, in which life is still measured in terms of man's mind rather than of his machines; one can hardly imagine Kipling quite at ease in the intellectual company of Anatole France, or Croce, or Unamuno, though one can easily imagine a contact between any one of them and Meredith or Bernard Shaw. But to state Kipling's limitations is only to define his power. He is of the race that produced Cromwell and Dr. Johnson and Carlyle; for him conduct is much more than three-fourths of life, and happening to come on the scene at the moment when a large part of the world was enamoured of the active life, he portrayed the moment brilliantly, and will probably remain the best historian of its spirit.

George Bernard Shaw (1856–) represents one form of the critical reaction from the ideals that Kipling championed. His first appearance in print is said

to have been in a public letter protesting against the revivalist methods of Moody and Sankey, when they visited Dublin in 1875, and he has protested with remarkable adroitness ever since against all forms of orthodoxy, political, religious, social, and literary, which satisfy the heart while leaving the brain asleep. If the critical spirit hardly exists in Kipling, it is almost the whole of Bernard Shaw. He had from his mother a love of the arts, especially of music, and acquired some knowledge of it. After a futile attempt to write novels, he became a successful critic, first of art, then of music, finally of the drama. As dramatic critic he naturally seized the opportunity to support the ideals of Ibsen, then a revolutionary force beginning to affect the English stage. The critical labours of this period provided him with material for four books—*The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, 1891; *The Sanity of Art*, a defence of modern art against Max Nordau's attack, printed as a magazine article in the United States in 1895, revised and published in 1908; *The Perfect Wagnerite*, 1898; and most important of the four, *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, selected from the *Saturday Review* by James Huneker, 1906.



Courtesy of Brentano

G. Bernard Shaw

Shaw's activities as a dramatic critic went hand in hand with original playwriting of his own; indeed, *Widower's Houses*, produced in 1892 and published the year later, was begun as early as 1885. It might easily be said that his plays are all the work of a critic, and illustrate theories of the art long meditated on. But the subject-matter of these dramas had also been prepared for in advance by Shaw's early and continued interest in socialism. Convinced that our social system was wrong, he had the wit to see that our errors were probably entrenched in our traditional ideals and admirations, and he began therefore to criticise

society by quite literally exposing it, by exhibiting our irrational enthusiasms which we believe founded on rigorous thinking, and by stretching to the breaking point our extravagances of admiration, such as our orthodox overworship of Shakespeare in the theatre. With such a purpose and such a method Shaw might have been the kind of master of comedy on the stage that Meredith was in the novel, except for one fact, that the characters he portrays are unmistakably created out of his own temperament rather than observed, and the situations in which he places them are fantastic and whimsical in the extreme. Plot and dialogue are full of paradox, every character is witty, and almost every one is given to much talk. To sit through a performance of a Shaw play or to read it is to have the mind stimulated in many directions and to undergo much self-criticism, but the world into which the play introduces us is not convincing, nor are the characters, like Meredith's, portraits we should like to have of ourselves. Moreover, we get the impression that though the writer is urging us through his humour and sarcasm and irony to use our minds, it is not intelligence in general that will satisfy him, but he would have us agree with his ideas. For just as he sees society in his own delightful and whimsical way, so he seems to understand intelligence in terms of his own dearest hobbies. Since his critics have been unable to agree as to what his dearest hobbies are, we may conclude that it is only in his manner that he fails to convey the sense of impartiality.

But though Bernard Shaw is still a perplexing figure to the enormous audience who follow his writings and his utterances, there is no question at all of the effective service his dramas have rendered in starting up afresh the age-long question of social justice and intellectual honesty. To the patriot of Kipling's type, who sees nothing to be done to our civilisation except to spread it, Shaw is of course a power for anarchy, an evil influence, a cause of pacificism in the late war; and in a way this judgment is correct, for when we begin to look at civilisation for opportunities for improving it, we soon lose some of our instinctive loyalty for it just as it is, and we even suspect there may be other civilisations as good. What will come of our self-criticism in the end cannot be learned from Shaw, who has a hand only in starting it, without much gift for controlling us even in the direction of his own hobbies. But to have been one of the leaders in the modern intellectual movement is glory enough. He had the sound instinct to criticise not persons or characters so much as classes and group ideas, since through these our social system largely operates. In *Widower's Houses* he exposed, as he said, slum landlordism, the system by which the wealthy and cultured landlord is content to draw his subsistence from the poor. In *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (1894, produced in 1902) he exposed the white-slave system, as a natural aspect of modern industrialism. In *Arms and the Man*, 1894, known in its comic-opera transformation as *The Chocolate Soldier*, he made fun of the militarism which had furnished Kipling with his serious outlook on life. In *Three Plays for Puritans*, 1900, he amused himself in a lighter vein at the expense of the audience whom Arnold would have called Philistine, who expect sentimentality in the theatre,

and who presumably would be disappointed when in these plays the sentimental opportunity invariably produces something matter-of-fact. *Candida* (1894, produced 1897), and *You Never Can Tell* (1896, produced 1900), both plays of a finer quality and more general comic appeal, were followed by a return to the critical, whimsical, and satiric method, in *Man and Superman*, 1903, the popular *Fanny's First Play*, 1911, and *Androcles and the Lion* (1912, produced 1913). Other plays only less important make up the record of an extraordinarily active mind, bent on probing the modern world in all directions.

In one important respect, and in spite of his much greater philosophic powers, Shaw falls short of Kipling, whose influence he has curtailed; he remains a critic, he is not a positive leader. Kipling leaves you in no doubt as to what he believes in; he puts it in the best possible light, and perhaps kindles you against your judgment by his sincerity. Shaw riddles that particular enthusiasm but leaves you somewhat worried as to whether any positive faith would be acceptable to the critic. Life is always ridiculous; the soul is strangely mated with the body; even a picture of Bernard Shaw in a bathing suit is a poor aid to reverence for his philosophy. To some extent, at least, we feel it prudent to retain the power of idealising our admiration.

The writer most often thought of with George Bernard Shaw, as representing the new movement of thought in English literature, is Herbert George Wells (1866–). The association of the two names in the public mind is a curious one, since the two men are strangely different in gifts and temperament. Shaw has humour and wit, Wells very little of either; Shaw approached his study of the modern world through art, Wells through science; Shaw's writing is somewhat fragmentary, formless, and conversational; Wells's is carefully, often laboriously thought out, and as laboriously pursued to the end; Shaw's temper is on the whole critical, Wells is a born pleader and propagandist for a cause. Yet the contrasts themselves explain the unintended collaboration of the two men; the audience who had been startled into some kind of self-examination, into some habit of thought, by Shaw's brilliant whimsicalities, were prepared and in many cases were disposed to attend seriously to Wells when he began his long series of programmes for society. His first books, such as *The Time Machine*, 1895, *The War of the Worlds*, 1898, *In the Days of the Comet*, 1906, *The War in the Air*, 1908, were romances of science, speculations of what might or probably would come to pass with man's progress in invention, but all these romances differ from the somewhat similar stories, let us say, of Jules Verne in their concern with the future of human society rather than with machines. Wells is thoroughly English and thoroughly contemporary in his moral preoccupation; he has immense gifts for narrative, and in almost any of his books, in the romances, in the sociological and religious studies, such as *A Modern Utopia*, 1905, and *God, the Invisible King*, 1917, or in his novels, even in *The Outline of History*, 1920, he is likely at any time to call up a remarkable picture of society, as only a true novelist would do; but his purpose is first of all to reform the world. To this end he has

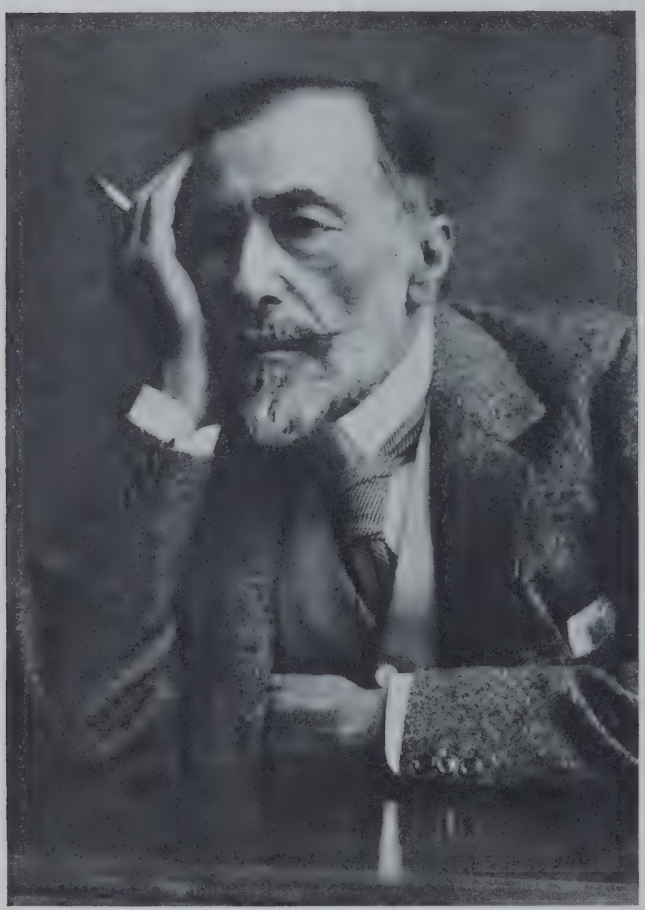
offered us speculations on the mechanical achievements possible to our intelligence, and on the possible reordering of society; he has discussed theories of education, especially in *Joan and Peter*, 1918, and has found illustrations of educational problems and their solution in his own biography; he has tried to give us the modern man's experience of the essentials of religion, in *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, 1916, and finally he has given us a philosophy of history in the already world-famous *Outline*, 1920. As his many books have appeared and as more and more people have read — one might almost say studied — them, the reason for his success has grown clear; this moral purpose of his is sincere and constructive; he is a great lover of the world and the times in which he lives, and he would bring peace to distracted minds by discovering the one point of view, humane, scientific, religious, but enfranchised, which would reconcile the powerful and discordant elements of our inheritance. That he is primarily a moralist is recognised instinctively by those critics who do not like him, for they usually complain that he is upsetting their moral world. But his philosophy is in a good British tradition; if our duties arise from the circumstances in which we find ourselves, as English moralists have taught, then we should understand this new world in which we find ourselves, these new economic and social forces, these new scientific powers, in order to define our new duties. The question is not with his conclusion but with one of his premises; he assumes always that we are in a new world, thanks to scientific, economic, and social changes. If that is true, his case

H. G. Wells

is a strong one, and he is a prophet in the eyes of multitudes today because they agree with him in this premise. Those who disagree hold that material and outward changes in the world have not changed human nature nor the life of the spirit. They are likely to believe also that a true historical sense will include a sense of what is changeless in human nature through the ages, in contrast with the alterations of outward circumstances. To them, the *Outline* is very poor history; they can say with justice that no one man is competent to report accurately the facts in so many fields of knowledge as Wells has tried to summarise, and that even the expert aid he drew upon was inadequate to supply his deficiency. But if the *Outline* is not history, it is at least a hypothetical reconstruction of the past to explain the present as Wells sees the present, and its immense sweep has an emotional effect upon those who share his philosophy, fortifying them in what would otherwise be the isolation of a unique world, by making its very uniqueness seem the one desirable thing that has emerged from the past. For another reason also the *Outline* appeals even to those who do not admit its premises nor grow enthusiastic over its conclusions; at least it is a courageous attempt to give a unified account of the world, and our time feels the sore need of such an attempt. Philosophies and religions vary too widely among themselves to give it; science has hitherto been too specialised. The human spirit is about ready for a straight and complete account of what has happened from the beginning until now — a calendar not unlike the medieval chronicles which began with the creation of Adam and Eve and came down with annual and circumstantial detail to the Norman Conquest. Without the slightest intention of ridiculing Wells's *Outline*, rather to explain its extraordinary hold on many people and its permanent interest as a literary achievement, it might be said that he has satisfied curiosity about the past by the medieval method, but in modern terms, substituting scientific hypothesis for literary legend. If his history is not correct, the world is ready to attend to any historian, better equipped, who can give a sounder account of the matter, on the same scale, with the same power to interest.

It is as philosophers chiefly that Shaw and Wells have set up an effective contrast to Kipling; in the telling of a story and in literary expertness generally they are not his equal. It is a sign of the times, of course, that the presence of much speculation in a book, provided the speculation is on a current theme, should so easily atone with the public for inferiority in art. But since the heyday of Kipling's fame story-tellers have arisen in England whose genius is remarkable, perhaps of the best; when we are done with our present speculations it may appear that these writers, however warmly admired now, are not yet known for their full worth. Chief of these is Joseph Conrad (1857–). Born in Poland, but since 1884 a British subject, he spent the years from 1873 to 1895 at sea, chiefly in the British merchant marine. With *Almayer's Folly*, 1895, he began a series of wonderful stories, as romantic as they are realistic, dealing with the sea and with life in many parts of the world, all told in an English slightly foreign and exotic in temper, but nervous and gripping.

It is idle to explain the sources of Conrad's genius, to say that he has imported from his birthland some esthetic aptitudes not easily found in Anglo-Saxon countries, or that his sailings about the globe gave him the cosmopolitan mind. It is more sensible merely to note the results in his work. He has theories of art, as we know from at least one fine preface, that to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, 1897, but he is so true to them in practise that they can be readily observed in the stories themselves. They are old and orthodox; their force derives chiefly from his practise of them in a day when the art of literature, especially of fiction, has become chiefly an instrument for instruction, speculation, and debates. Art, thinks Conrad, should not deal with speculations or ideas as such; it should be an experience. The reader should be allowed to dilate his soul simply by going through the experience of a novel, as he would dilate it by submitting himself to a painting or to music. This pure conception of art, equally applicable to all the arts, has been held by others in our day less capable than Conrad of putting it into effect; if he seems to be almost alone in holding it, the reason is that his powers remove him even from those who work in the same faith. After his descriptions of nature, of storms at sea, for example, other attempts seem pitifully inadequate; to read *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and then the opening scene of *The Tempest* is cruelty to Shakespeare. His effects might be called pictorial if they were not also so dramatic; they haunt the reader like great paintings, rich in colour, mass, and design, yet they are an experience in time, of stupendous action moving through a clear arc. His characters also have the objective and con-



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Joseph Conrad

vincing quality of his backgrounds; they live in the story, as inevitable and unforced as the weather, memorable like real people for their appearance and for their habits of conduct.

In his later stories, such as *Chance*, 1914, and *Victory*, 1915, critics have found a deepening philosophy of life, or rather such a deepening of suggestion as comes from maturing philosophy in even an objective, unautobiographical, and unspeculative novelist. Other critics feel that, fine though these books are, they have not the magnificent colour of the earlier stories: *The Nigger*, or *Lord Jim*, 1900, often called his masterpiece, or *Nostromo*, 1904. Without pressing such questions, the readers who admire Conrad's work find in it the most important contribution to English fiction in the first two decades of the twentieth century.

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

J. M. Barrie

An artist also, though in a very different vein, is Sir James Barrie (1860–), who has delighted large audiences on both sides of the Atlantic since 1888, when *Auld Licht Idylls* appeared. Barrie's success as romancer and dramatist is due almost as much to his unique manner as to his matter. He wrote first about quaint Scotch life and character in the *Idylls*, in *A Window in Thrums*, 1889, and in *Margaret Ogilvy*, the beautiful memorial of his mother and sister; he gave us romance of the most thorough-going sort in *The Little Minister*, 1891, which in its original and in its later dramatised form was perhaps his chief popular success; he studied character far more deeply in *Sentimental Tommy*, 1896, and its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel*, 1900, which taken together are his most considerable performance in fiction; he gave us the fantasy and romance of childhood in *Peter Pan*, 1904, dramatised from an earlier story, *The Little White Bird*, 1902; and in *What Every Woman Knows*, 1908, he wrote one of the most charming comedies of the feminine and the masculine mind. But the distinction of these typical works, varied and experimental as their subjects

often seem, is in the manner of fantasy and of comedy with which he conveys deep truths and reminds us of real experience. His whimsical plots do not take us into a land of make-believe, but rather they reinforce our sense of the actual, and the laughter he stimulates in us, at our own foibles, makes life seem not cheap, after all, but richer. His style is one of many surprises, not because he says new things, but because he constantly lifts to importance truths about life which we all have looked at without seeing, and which convict our blindness when we hear how obvious they are. He has touched the commonplaces of life with colour, quite as much as Conrad has rediscovered for us the romance of adventure.

Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

Arthur Wing Pinero

Barrie is hardly a dramatist primarily, in spite of his one great comedy, and the fact that *The Little Minister* and *Peter Pan* succeeded when transferred to the stage — in spite also of his short plays, included in *Half Hours*, 1913, and in *Echoes of the War*, 1918. But Sir Arthur Pinero (1855–) and Sir Henry Arthur Jones (1851–) have in their best plays deserved to be considered the leaders in British play-writing, at least between 1892 and 1910. Pinero produced *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in 1893, a drama in the Ibsen vein, which is now recognised as a classic among modern plays. In 1884 Jones produced *Saints and Sinners*, his first notable play. It was these two dramatists who seemed to Shaw in his criticism-writing days possibly prophets of new achievements on the English stage, and their position is already memorable as skilful craftsmen who modernised the drama in their time by dealing frankly with the themes of our own society, not treating human nature and its problems as new, but bringing home to us the old problems by showing in what new guise they now waylay us.

Work so serious as theirs could not compete for popularity with the Sherlock Holmes stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–). A practising physician and a traveller in the Arctic and in Africa, he first expressed his energy in literature in a number of historical romances, such as *Micah Clarke*, 1888, and *The White Company*, 1890. With the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, 1891, he achieved an incredible popularity, and is now thought of by the average English and American reader as the modern master of the detective story. As a matter of fact, his

skill is in romance even when he seems to be writing the tale of ratiocination; he differs from Poe, to whom he is often and carelessly likened, in being stronger in his characters and his atmosphere than in his plot. Poe's detective, Dupin, is a shadowy figure, but his analysis of the problem is memorable; we remember Sherlock Holmes, his manners and habits, and his friend Watson, but his intellectual performances are not easy to recall.

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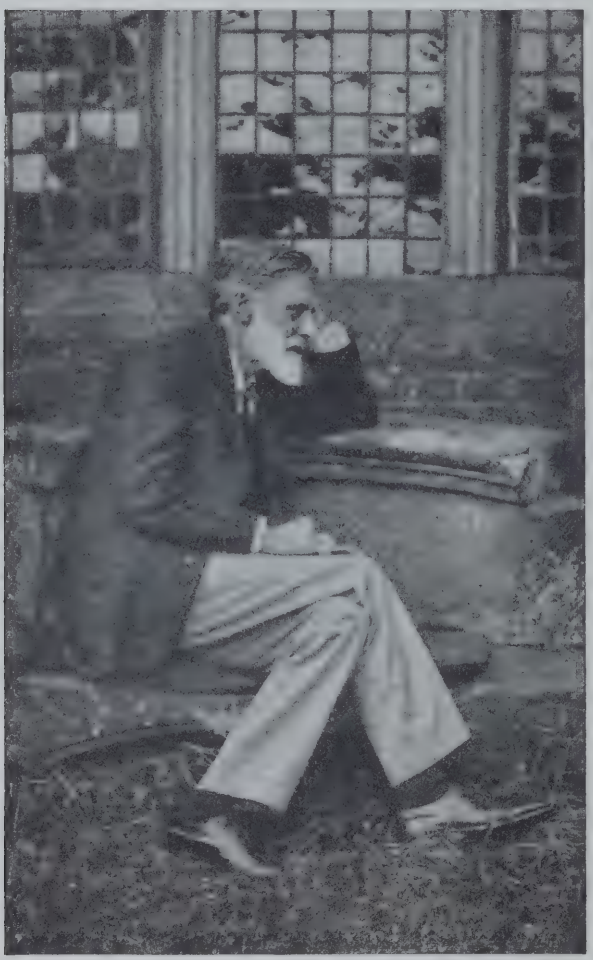
John Galsworthy

Next to Pinero and Jones, among the serious dramatists of this period, most critics would place John Galsworthy (1867–) whose plays, notably *Strife*, 1909, and *Justice*, 1910, deal with the labour and social questions of our time. Galsworthy is also, however, among the best of contemporary novelists in the same field of interest; he writes with a dignity and largeness of view rare in those who habitually concern themselves with the difficulties of modern society, and the sincerity of the artist in him seems in complete harmony with the earnestness of a generous-hearted man. Admiration for his books, therefore, in America and in England, is accompanied by a personal respect for the author which indicates perhaps a fascination not otherwise easy to analyse in his books. His first important novel, *The Man of Property*, 1906, began his elaborate study of the Forsythe family, a group of people interesting in themselves as real characters marvellously portrayed, and significant of the influence of industrial civilisation on human nature. Many of Galsworthy's admirers think him at his best in this Rembrandt-like kind of picturing of our day; others prefer him when he is analysing human passion, as in *The Dark Flower*, 1913. He has published poems also, but his imaginative gift expressed itself best in the novel and in the drama.

Three remarkable poets have continued into the twentieth century the older

traditions of their art, without losing the esteem of younger and less traditional craftsmen. One of them, Alfred Edward Housman (1859–), has enjoyed an immense reputation for two slight volumes, published at an interval of twenty years and more. Another, Stephen Phillips (1868–1915), for a time won a wide hearing by his two splendid narrative poems, *Marpessa* and *Christ in Hades*, and lost it by trying to restore poetic drama to the stage, being himself, as he showed in *Herod*, 1900, and in *Paola and Francesca*, 1899, a much better poet than dramatist. The third, Robert Bridges (1844–), now poet-laureate, has written in too austere a vein to be popular, but he holds the profound respect of his fellow-craftsmen for the many subtle beauties of his versification, for the command of the technique of line and cadence, a portion of the art in which he is at once a learned scholar and an ingenious experimenter. Indeed, it has often been thought significant that Bridges and Housman, the two living English poets most highly accomplished in versification, are both scholars.



Courtesy of Alfred Knopf, Inc., N. Y.
Robert Bridges

Bridges was long a practising physician, but his scholarship is literary as well as scientific. His *Essay on Milton's Prosody*, 1893, is the most illuminating book we have on English versification; it makes clear his own methods, and the fact that he found them in the genius of English rather than of continental verse. His first volume, *The Growth of Love*, appeared in 1876. His collections of *Shorter Poems*, 1890–1894, first gave him a considerable fame. His poetical works, exclusive of his dramas, were collected in 1912.

Stephen Phillips gave promise of stronger poetic passion than either Bridges or Housman has; *Marpessa*, 1890, is one of the great narrative poems of the

language, classical in subject and form, highly romantic in feeling. The volume of poems, 1898, containing this and *Christ in Hades*, along with a group of fine lyrics, was a literary appearance of importance. Phillips was a bold experimentalist in the rhythms of blank verse, often rising to unusual effects of dignity and eloquence; in both narrative and lyric poems he had the authentic word-magic which belongs only to the masters. His second collection, *New Poems*, 1901, showed a failure of power, and the series of dramas to which he thenceforth devoted himself were poetically only shadows of the beauty in *Marpessa*, and as pieces for the theatre they were disappointing. His high place in modern English verse depends upon the two fine narrative poems.

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.
Stephen Phillips

Housman, a well-known Latin scholar, professor in London, afterwards in Cambridge, won the gratitude of poetry-lovers of all schools and factions with *A Shropshire Lad*, 1896. His *Later Poems*, 1922, is essentially a continuation or second instalment of the first volume, so that he has reached the front rank of lyrists in our time with the total output of one book. His themes are few and age-old; he sings of youth and friendship and love, and their tragedies; of nature, especially in spring; of the shadow of death over all beautiful things. His inspiration is pagan; he is of the lineage of the minor Latin poets, and of the medieval mind as expressed in François Villon. In spite of the extraordinarily idiomatic tone of the little poems, his songs are none of them as English as they seem, and Shropshire has less to do with them than the literary landscapes of the mind. But the felicity with which these few and profound themes are treated is altogether remarkable. Housman is a virtuoso in rhythms; he frequently gives us the same theme in two or three versions, all superb, as though to rebuke the critical contention of our time that the inspiration brings with it some inevitable form. No master of the brief lyric in English, not Ben Jonson nor Robert Herrick himself, has made art seem so natural, or found such inevitable felicity in line after line.

The one outstanding poet of the century, after Kipling, is, however, none of these minor artists, accomplished as they are, but John Masefield (1875–), probably the only first-rate poet now writing in English. It is usual to recall that he ran away to sea, and that he draws on some such experience as Conrad's, but though he has written eloquently of ships and deep waters, his inspiration has come in the normal way, from the masters in the craft, especially from Chaucer and the other narrative poets of older England. He is in a way a bookish

poet, full of echoes for those who have read widely, but his own personality, his mingled realism and mysticism, his alternate gifts for action and for reflection, would serve to swallow up in himself even a larger literary background than he probably has. His writings began in 1901 with *Pompey the Great*, and in the following year he published his humorous and tragic *Salt-Water Ballads*. *A Mainsail Haul*, 1905, showed what he could do in prose narrative; the brief sketches of the volume have an unforgettable power. But it was *The Everlasting Mercy*, 1911, which showed his full genius — a narrative poem of a length English readers had not been accustomed to for a long time, but of an intensity and range of interest equally unusual. His strong realism, his deep spiritual emotion, and his love of the English landscape have not found better expression in the later work. *Dauber*, 1913, a fine sea story, has more of the realism than the spiritual depth, and *The Widow in the Bye-Street*, 1912, and *The Daffodil Fields*, 1913, are in the Hardy vein of stark tragedy, without the elevation of Hardy at his best. The meditative aspect of his genius has poured itself out in a series of wonderful sonnets, 1916, which are not excelled in English for skill in keeping philosophy well within the poetic mood; and he has contrived to write plays in the same mood as the poems, the best being probably the *Tragedy of Nan*, 1909.

John Masefield

Not all poetry lovers would give Masefield first place among the poets still writing; many English and American readers would make a superior claim for William Butler Yeats (1865–), some for John Millington Synge (1871–1909), some for "A. E.," George William Russell (1867–). These names are familiar in the important Irish movement which began in the eighties or nineties, and which has greatly enriched British literature and influenced writing the world over, by reviving and recovering the old literature of Ireland, and making accessible in English its peculiar stores of imaginative and mystic beauty. Yeats is a lyric poet of great gifts, and in at least one play, *Cathleen ni Hoolihan*, 1902,

he is a dramatist of power. Since this play, however, needs a background of Irish tradition and patriotism for its effect, most readers in other countries have preferred *The Land of Heart's Desire*, 1894. Yeats has written admirable prose on literary themes; his best work in this kind appears in *The Celtic Twilight*, 1893, and *Ideas of Good and Evil*, 1903. He has been a profound student of William Blake, whose works he edited, with E. J. Ellis, in 1893.

Synge's claims as a poet rest not so much on his verse as on his lovely prose book, *The Aran Islands*, 1907, and still more, of course, on his plays, especially on his one great tragedy, *Riders to the Sea* (acted 1904, published 1905). His play *In the Shadow of the Glen*, 1903, first made public the beautiful idiom he had built up artificially out of purple patches of Irish speech — an idiom which now passes for poetic Irish wherever his many imitators are at work. His fantastic comedy, *The Play Boy of the Western World*, 1907, offended the Irish as an improper portrait of national character; the foreigner could hardly judge of that, but in any case he found the play difficult to understand.

W. B. Yeats

"A. E." is painter as well as poet, and like Yeats he has been much interested in mysticism. His home in Dublin has long been a centre of literary influence; indeed, some large part of his repute is due to his extraordinary personality, for his poems by themselves have not the carrying power of Yeats's writings nor Synge's. A far abler writer is Douglas Hyde (1860–), who has translated much of the old Irish literature, and who was perhaps Synge's forerunner in making an English speech that should be highly Irish in quality. His *Love Songs of Connacht* were published in 1894, his translations, *Beside the Fire*, in 1890, and *Legends of Saints and Sinners* in 1915. With Hyde one always associates his friend and co-laborer, Lady Isabella Augusta Gregory, whose magnificent prose version of the Cuchulain legend, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, 1902, is the most solid single masterpiece produced by the Irish renaissance, and whose original plays, in *Seven Short Plays*, 1909, *Irish Folk*

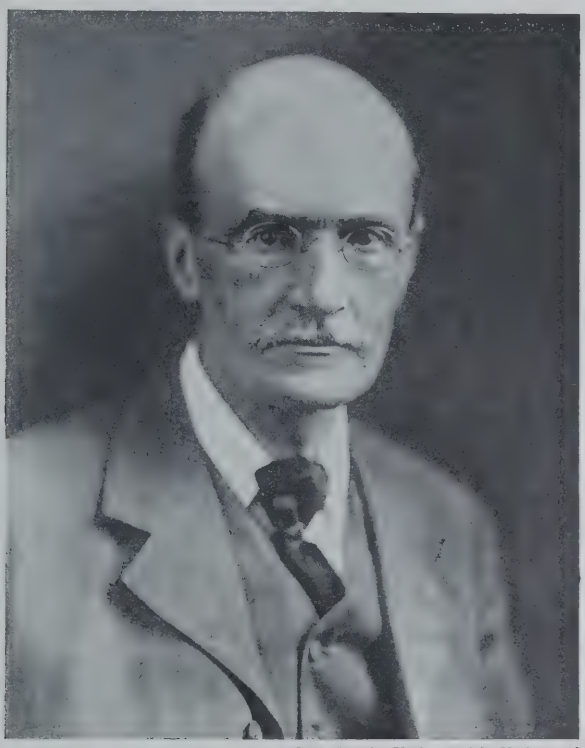
History Plays, 1912, and *New Comedies*, 1913, hold their own with anything of Synge's except the *Riders to the Sea*.

A brilliant but solitary figure in the Irish group is George Moore (1857–), novelist, poet, and writer of autobiographies. His training was cosmopolitan and he had already made his reputation before the Irish movement was under way. *Confessions of a Young Man*, 1888, and his early novels, *Esther Waters*, 1894, and *Evelyn Innes*, 1898, represented his genius with a wide public before his association with Yeats and Lady Gregory. In *Impressions and Opinions*, 1890, and *Modern Painting*, 1893, he showed much penetration as a critic. But his name will probably be remembered now for his sprightly and audacious autobiography in three parts, *Ave*, 1911, *Salve*, 1912, and *Vale*, 1914. He has the gift of a writer of confessions; the *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, 1906, in a way prepared for the *Hail and Farewell*, as he calls the three-fold reminiscences. But confessions so droll, so incredible, and so shrewd are not easily found in literature, and their appearance is probably the literary climax of his career. In *The Brook Kerith*, 1916, a rewriting of the New Testament story, his inspiration died down to little more than a mild audacity.

Lord Dunsany (Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, 1878–) is now associated in the public mind with the Irish movement, but aside from the fact that he is partly Irish in ancestry, the connection is mainly in the quality of the stories and plays he writes, in the highly romantic type of imagination which at first sight appears to be Celtic. His method is really, however, peculiar to himself; instead of recovering and reviving old legend, or drawing on nationalistic emotion, he projects his plots into purely fanciful scenes, in which the slight hints of geography or chronology are intended only to give a little point and direction to the romancing. In the *Queen's Enemies*, for example, the Queen seems to be Egyptian; at least the suggestion of Egypt makes it natural to think of the heavy masonry which is involved in the story, and we are willing to believe that the terrific episode of revenge would have happened more readily in Egypt than in any land nearer home. In *The Lost Silk Hat*, a delightful little farce, the doorstep on which the hatless man sits is apparently in London, but it really is in the Dunsany world, where realistic fun and irresponsible romance are equally comfortable. It was not till 1910, with *A Dreamer's Tales*, that he began to attract wide attention. His reputation was firmly established with *Five Plays*, 1914, *Fifty-one Tales*, 1915, and *Plays of Gods and Men*, 1917.

The coming of Irish influence once more into English literature is one of the chief events in the thirty years since Tennyson's death. An equally remarkable revival of interest in Greek literature is due to the poetic gifts of one scholar, Sir Gilbert Murray (1866–), Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. His translations of Euripides into English verse and his remarkable little essay on Euripides in the Home University Library have popularized the ancient dramatist at the very time when the direct study of the classics has been on the decline. In England and America Euripides is now frequently played in the Gilbert Murray

translation by amateurs and even by professional actors, and the power of the great dramas, so demonstrated, has done more to restore interest in classical letters than any other form of argument. Only less widely known to the general reader are Professor Murray's *Rise of the Greek Epic*, the best English statement of the modern view of Homer, and his various writings on the Greek mind in general, such as his beautiful *Four Stages of Greek Religion*. All his critical writing achieves



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Professor Gilbert Murray

the difficult success of digesting great erudition in an intelligence so clear that even the reader not technically trained can follow the argument with profit and is glad to do so. Such scholarship as this, eloquent as well as competent, is more often found in Latin countries than in the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon, but we are reminded that Pater, another Oxford man, with less competence as a scholar, succeeded also in converting erudition into literary material of the first order.

During the war Professor Murray wrote much on the political and cultural ideals involved in the struggle, and his several volumes of such papers are perhaps as fine a statement as we have of the British point of view at the time. Another fine scholar, Bertrand Russell (1872–), wrote even more as spokesman for the pacifist and international point of view. Previously known as a rather abstruse mathematician and philosopher, he began in 1916 with *Justice in Wartime*, and

in his best known book, *Why Men Fight*, 1917, to argue for a better way than war out of international difficulties. His writings on this theme and his subsequent books on world conditions have great dignity of thought and fineness of spirit. Though there is a certain obtuseness in inviting public attention to the philosophic

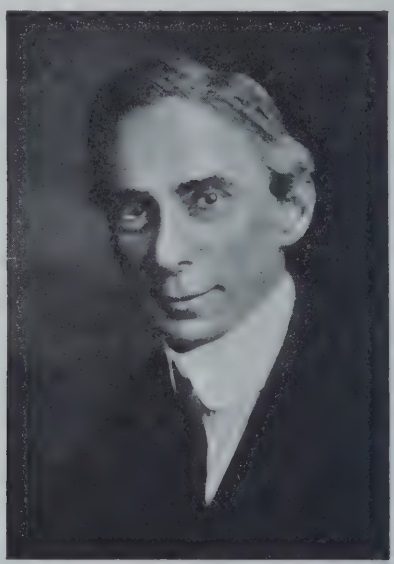

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Hon. Bertrand Russell

causes of war while a war is on, there is little question that Bertrand Russell's books will have their important place as an early expression of ideals the world seems likely to take seriously at last.

The thirty years since Tennyson's death have seen a revival of essay writing; England and the United States have today more essayists who excel in their kind of writing than novelists, playwrights, or poets. To select from so many skilled craftsmen only three or four for mention here, is somewhat unjust, though necessary. Somewhat in the same temper as Murray and Russell, as a philosophic and highly cultured student of our civilisation, is Lowes Dickinson, a distinguished lecturer, first at Cambridge, then at the London School of Economics, and a student at first hand of conditions in the Orient. His *Letters from John Chinaman*, 1901, was one of the first books to prod the twentieth century into something like an interest in international points of view. His *Greek View of Life*, 1906, is a remarkable account of Athenian culture at its best, a natural companion-book to Gilbert Murray's works, and *A Modern Symposium*, 1908, gave Dickinson a high and perhaps permanent place among the philosophic essayists of our time.

In strong contrast to him, in both matter and manner, is Gilbert Chesterton (1874–), the chief and most brilliant defender of orthodoxy of all kinds. He is endlessly clever in paradoxical statement, and at his best he is disconcertingly

sensible beneath the paradox. *Heretics*, 1905, still ranks high among his important books, with *Orthodoxy*, 1908. He has written many volumes of criticism, novels, plays, and verse. In spite of many admirers of his clever verse, a detached critic must say that his gifts are not poetic; he is a sort of Bernard Shaw ranged on the conservative side, a needed balance when so much wit has been spent in attacking whatever is established.

Of literary critics in the usual sense, essayists who appraise old and new writings without necessarily involving themselves in technical scholarship, there

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Dr. R. Garnett

have been far too many to name. Among the literary historians, however, it is proper to mention here the two makers of this illustrated account of English literature, Richard Garnett (1835–1906) and Edmund Gosse (1849–). Garnett was a graceful poet, who began publishing verse in 1858. He was an authority on Shelley, and edited that poet's *Relics* in 1862. In 1888 he published his delightful *Twilight of the Gods*, which though at first unnoticed, came into deserved reputation when reissued in 1903. He wrote a brief but well-thought-of history of Italian literature in 1893, and in 1903 he contributed the first and second volumes of this history.

Edmund Gosse, poet, essayist, and critic, has cultivated with great charm the art of the man of letters as distinguished from the professional scholar. His essays are charming reports, often highly suggestive to the scholar, on his extremely wide reading, as though the observing traveller should bring home reports from abroad. His poems were collected in 1911, his essays in five volumes

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Edmund Gosse

in 1913. His *Father and Son*, 1907, is a memorable account of the younger generation in its struggle with the religious orthodoxy of fifty or sixty years ago.

And Professor George Saintsbury, of the University of Edinburgh, is known the world over for his many books on many phases of literature, not English literature alone; his reading is prodigiously wide, and the humaneness of his spirit is a lasting honor to British scholarship.

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Professor George Saintsbury

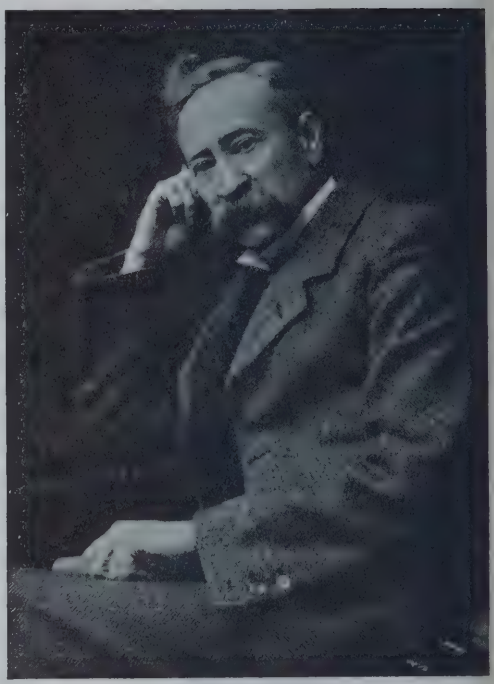
III

Other Writers

The scheme of emphasis employed in this chapter is open to such criticism as any one invites who would give a selective account of his contemporaries. Among the novelists space might well be given to Arnold Bennett (1867–), whose occasional fine stories, like *The Old Wives' Tale*, 1908, and *Clayhanger*, 1910, leave us puzzled as to why he should write such trivial things as *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*, 1907. Some word should be said of Maurice Hewlett (1861–1923), a remarkable stylist, and an antiquarian in fiction with very real genius for turning old material to new account. *The Forest Lovers*, 1898, and *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, 1900, are the books he is generally known by, though *Earthwork out of Tuscany*, 1895, is perhaps a finer performance. Two novelists of power have carried on Hardy's themes, pictures of man's struggles with

Photo by Pirie MacDonald, New York

Arnold Bennett



Eden Phillpotts

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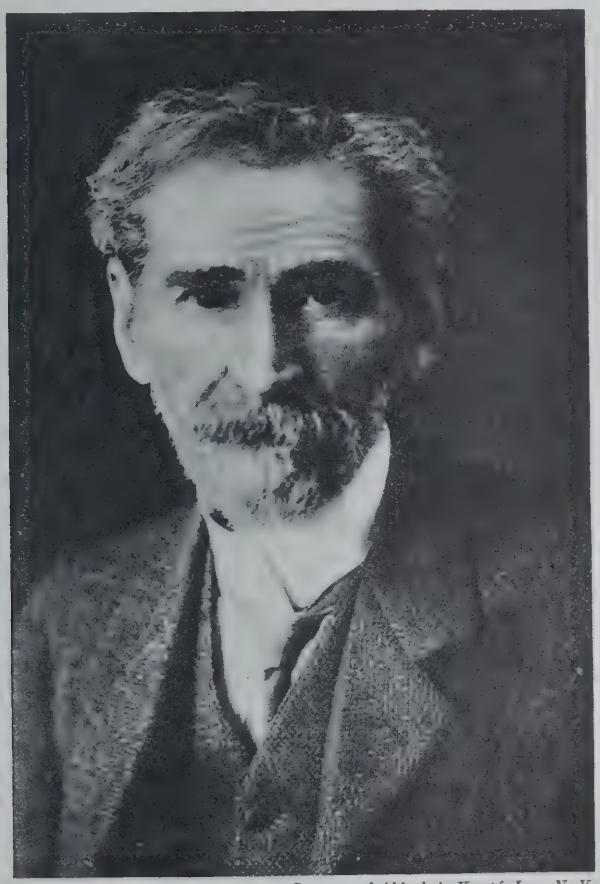
Sheila Kaye-Smith

nature, Eden Phillpotts and Sheila Kaye-Smith, each with an original point of view. Phillpotts showed in *Children of the Mist* his subtle and poetic humor, and Miss Kaye-Smith in such books as *Sussex Gorse* has portrayed life on the land with extraordinary force. The recent death of W. H. Hudson, naturalist and novelist, has revived interest in his South American stories, the best of them, perhaps, *Green Mansions*, 1904. The success of Bernard Shaw brought the attention of the intellectuals to Samuel Butler (1835–1902), who besides carrying on a



Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., N. Y.

W. H. Hudson

distinguished argument with Darwin over the *Origin of Species*, 1862, and proposing with much adroitness that the Odyssey was written by a woman—*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, 1897—left us three brilliant novels in the Shavian manner, *The Way of All Flesh* (1903, written 1872–1884), *Erewhon*, 1872, and *Erewhon Revisited*, 1901. Though his fame was posthumous, his temper would be modern at any time. There will be admirers of George Gissing (1857–1903) who will regret that only a mention is here made of him, of such a novel as *New Grub Street*, 1891, or of his autobiography, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*,

1903. And middle-aged readers still feel grateful to "Anthony Hope" (Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, 1863–) for the romance of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, 1894, and for the bright sentiment of *The Dolly Dialogues*, 1894.

Among the poets, Sir William Watson (1858–) should be named, a true poet in the Wordsworthian tradition, whose collected poems were published in 1906; Wilfred Wilson Gibson (1880–), a realist in verse somewhat more uncompromising than Hardy or Masefield, both of whom he at times suggests; Sir Henry Newbolt (1862–) whose *Songs of the Sea*, 1904, are among the best sea poems

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

William Watson

in the language; Alfred Noyes (1880–), who achieved a wide popularity with his smooth and facile ballads; John Drinkwater (1882–), now better known for his play, *Abraham Lincoln*, 1918, than for his admirable poems; Walter de la Mare (1873–) and Ralph Hodgson (1872–) who both have great command of verbal magic; and the three poets cut off by the war, Rupert Brooke (1887–1915), Edward Thomas (1878–1917), and Francis Ledwidge (1891–1917).

And to end this chapter as it began, with a note on certain figures in transition from the older day to ours, we might recall that Oscar Wilde (1856–1900) wrote *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* in 1898, and his *De Profundis* at the same time; John Davidson (1857–1909) published his *Ballads and Songs* in 1894 and his *New Ballads* two years later; and Austin Dobson (1840–1921) was still writing after Tennyson's death, and himself died as it seems only yesterday.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

ON THE FACSIMILES OF OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH MSS IN VOL. 1.

NOTE.—The texts are transliterated exactly, but all contractions are expanded, the letters implied in the contraction being printed in italics. The Old English runic symbol þ or ð (= th) is retained. There is no difference between the two letters þ and ð, some scribes limit themselves to the use of one or the other: generally, however, þ is preferred at the beginning, ð in the middle or at the end of a word. In later times þ comes to be written y, as ȳ or the, y for that.

The symbol ȝ of the MSS is not retained, but rendered by either y or g. The modern punctuation has been added, and the specimens of the older poetry, which is written in the MSS continuously, like prose, have been divided into lines according to the metre.

In cases of a few MSS of peculiar interest or difficulty, however, two renderings are given, one reproducing the arrangement of the MS, the other giving the text as printed in modern editions.

I.—FRONTISPIECE. EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF CHAUCER.

Leaf 157, back, of the Ellesmere MS of the Canterbury tales.

Conclusion of the Prologue to Chaucer's tale of Melibeus, and the opening sentences of the tale.

[Therfore, lordynges alle / I yow biseche,
If þat yow thynke / I varie as in my speche,
As thus / though that I telle som what moore]
Of *prover*bes / than ye han herd bifoore,
Comp*re*hended / in this litel tretys heere,
To enforce with / theffect of my mateere,
And though I / nat the same wordes [seye]
As ye han herd / yet to yow alle I prey[e],
Blameth me nat; for as in my senten[ce],
Shul ye / nowher / fynden difference
ffro the sentence / of this tretys lyte
After the which / this murye tale I [write].
And therfore / herkneth / what þat I shal [seye],
And lat me tellen / al my tale, I preye.

¶ Explicit.

¶ Heere bigynneth Chaucers [tale of Melibee].

A yong man called Mel[ibeus, myghty and riche / bigat] up on his wyf that [was called Prudence / a doghter] which that called was [Sophie. Vpon a day bifel, þat] he for his desport / is [went in to the feeldes hym to pleye] His wyf and eek his doghter / hath he [left inwith his hous, of which] the dores weren faste yshette.[1] Thre of [hise olde foes / han it espyed] and setten laddres / to the walles of [his hous / and by wyndowes] been entred, and betten his wyf [/ and wounded his doghter with] fyue mortal woundes in fyue sond[ry places. ¶ This is to seyn] hir feet /. in hir*e* handes /. in hir erys / [in hir nose /. and in hir*e* mouth] and leften hir for deed / and wenten [away. ¶ Whan Melibeus / retourned was in to his hous / and sau[gh al this meschief: he lyk a] mad man, rentynge his clothes, ga[n to wepe and crie. ¶ Pruden]ce his wyf / as ferforth as she dorste / [bisoghte hym / of his wepyng] for to stynte / but nat for thy he ga[n to crie and wepen eu*er*e lenger] the moore. ¶ This noble wyf Prudenc[e / remembred hir*e* / vpon the] sentence of Ouide in his book that [cleped is the remedie of loue].

/Ouidius de remedio amoris

[1] shut

PAGE 11. A PAGE OF THE BEOWULF MANUSCRIPT.

Wrað werod wearde healdan

· V ·

Stræt wæs stan fah stig wisode gumum
ætgædere guð byrne scan heard
hond locen hring iren scir song in sear
wum þa hie to sæle furðum in hyra gry
re geat wum gangan cwomon setton
sæmeȝe side scyldas rondas regen hearde
wiþ þæs recedes weal . bugon þato bence
byrnan hringdon guð searo gumena
garas stodon sæ manna searo samod
ætgædere asc holt ufan græg wæs se
iren þreat wæpnum gewurþad þaðær
wlonc hæleþ oret meegas æfter hæle
þum frægn . hwanon ferigeað ge fæt
te scyldas græge syrcan 7 grim helmas
here sceafta heap ic eom hroðgares
ár 7 ombiht . ne seah ic elþeodige þus
manige men modiglicran . wen ic þ[æt] ge for
wlenco nalles for wræcsiðum ac for hige

Page 15; fol. 137, recto.

The page describes the reception of Beowulf and his comrades at the hall of King Hroðgar, when Beowulf visits the king to proffer his services against the monster Grendel.

The text, as edited by Holder (1899), runs—

Strǣt wæs stān-fāh, stīg wīsode
Gumum ætgædere. Gūð-byrne scān
He rd hand-locen, hring-īren scīr,
Song in searwum, þā hīe tō sele furðum
In hyra gryre-geatwum gangan cwōmon
Setton sǣ-mēþe sīde scyldas,
Rondas regn hearde wiðˇ þæs recedes weal;
Bugon þā tō bence: byrnan hringdon,
Gūð-searo gumena; gāras stōdon
Sǣ-manna searo, samod ætgædere
Æsc-holt ufan grǣg: wæs sē īren-þrēat
Wǣpnum gewurþad. þā ðǣr wlonc hæleð
Ōret-mecgas æfter æþelum frægn:
'Hwanon ferigeað gē fǣlte scyldas,
'Grǣge syrcan ond grīm-helmas,
'Here-sceafta hēaþ? Ic ēom Hrōðgāres

'Ār ond ombiht. Ne sea hic el-þēodige
'Þus manige men mōdiglīcran.
'Wēn' ic þæt gē for wlenco, nalles for wrǣc sīðum,
'Ac for hige-þrymmum Hrōðgār sōhton'
(lines 319–339).

The street was paved with coloured stone: the path guided the men. The stout, well-knit coat of mail glittered, the bright iron rings of the armour sang, as they, in their war-harness, came to the hall. Weary from their voyage they set their ample shields, their bucklers strong and hard, by the wall of the house: then turned to the bench. Their mail-coats rang, the war gear of the warriors; their spears stood stacked together, the javelins of the seamen, the ash-wood tipped with grey: the war band was well arrayed with weapons.

There then a warrior proud asked the champions concerning their kin: "Whence bear ye your overlaid "shields, your grey war shirts, your vizored helms, "your heap of war shafts? For me, I am Hrothgar's "messenger and his henchman. Never have I seen so "many men, of strange lands, better fashioned. I "trow it is for glory, in the pride of your hearts, not "as outcast exiles, that ye have come to seek Hrothgar."

PAGE 19. CÆDMON'S HYMN.

Nu scylun hergan · hefaenricaes uard,
Metudæs maecti · end his modgidanc,
Uerc uuldurfadur · swe he uundra gehuaes,
Eci dryctin · or astelidæ.
He aerist scop · aelda barnu*m*
Heben til hrofe · haleg scepen,
Tha middun geard · moncynnæs uard,
Eci dryctin · æfter tiadæ,
Firum foldu · frea allmectig.
Primo cantavit Caedmon istud carmen.

Now must we glorify the lord of the kingdom of heaven; the might of the Creator and the purpose of his mind: the work of the father of glory, as he, the eternal lord, set the foundation of all things wonderful. He, the Holy Shaper, first formed the heaven as a roof to the children of men. Then the guardian of mankind, the eternal lord, afterwards created middle-earth: the All mighty King [made] the earth for men.

This is the song which Cædmon first sang.

This is not from the "Cædmonian" MS, first edited by Junius (see next extract), but is the vernacular original of the Latin version quoted by Bede as Cædmon's first production, and is therefore the only *undoubted* poem of Cædmon's. This version, in the Old Northumbrian dialect, is written at the top of a page in the Moore MS of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*. This MS must have been written about 737, that is, within two years of Bede's death. Both the language and the script are archaic. Note uu for w and th for ð.

PAGE 24. FROM THE SO-CALLED CÆDMON (JUNIUS MS).

Noe freme*de* · swa hine nergend heht,
Hyrde þam halgan · heofoncyninge,
Ongan ofostlice · þ*at* hof wyrcan,
Micle merecieste; magum sægde,
Þ*æt* wæs þrealic þing · þeodum toweard,
Reðe wite: hie ne rohton þæs.
Geseah þa ymb wintra worn · wærfæst metod
Geofonhusa mæst · gearo hlifigean,
Innan 7 utan · eorðan lime
Gelæstnod wið flode, fær Noes,
Þy selestan; þ*æt* is syndrig cynn
Symle bið þy heardra, þe hit hreoh wæter
Sweærte sæstreamas · swiðor beatað.
Genesis, 1314–1326.

Then Noah did even as God commanded him, and was obedient to the holy king of heaven. Straightway he began to build that hall, that mighty sea-chest. He told his kinsmen that a dread thing was coming upon the nations, wrathful punishment: but they recked not of it. Then, when the tale of winters was fulfilled, the God of Truth saw the greatest of Ocean-houses, towering up, ready within and without. This ship of Noah was made firm against the sea with the best lime of the earth—of a strange kind is it; for the more that the fierce waters, the swart sea streams, beat upon it, the harder doth it become.

PAGE 28. FROM THE VERCELLI BOOK.

Hwæt we gefrunan · on fyrndagum,
Twelfe under tunglum · toreadige hæleð,
Þeodnes þegnas: no hira þrym alæg
Camþrædenne · þon*ne* cumbol hneotan,
Syððan hie gedældon, swa him dryhten sylf,
Heofona heahcyning · hlyt getæhte.
Þ*æt* wæron mære · men ofer eorðan,
Frome folctogan · 7 fyrdhwate,
Rofe rincas, þon*ne* rond 7 hand
On herefelda · helm ealgodon,
On metudwange. Wæs hira Matheus sum,
Se mid Judeum ongan · godspell ærest
Wordum writan · wundorcræfte;
Þam halig god · hlyt geteode
Ut on þæt igland, þær ænig þa git
Ellþeodigra · eðles ne mihte
Blædes brucan: oft him bonena hand
On herefelda · hearde gesceode.
Eal wæs þæt mearcland · morðre bewunden
Feondes facne, folcstede gumena
Hæleða eðel: næs þær hlafes wist
Werum on þam wonge · ne wæteres drync
To bruconne: ah hie blod 7 fel
Fira flæschoman · feorran cumenra
Þegon geond þa þeode. Swelc wæs þeaw hira
Þæt hie æghwylcne · ellðeodigra
Dydan him to mose · mete þearfendu*m*
Þara þe þæt ealand · utan sohte.
Swylc wæs þæs folces · freoðoleas tacen,
Unlædra eafoð, þæt hie eagena gesihð
Hettend heorogrimme · heafodgimme
Ageton gealgmode · gara ordum.
Syððan him geblendan · bitere tosomne
Dryas þurh dwolcræft · drync unheorne
Se onwende gewit · wera ingeþanc
Heortan hreðre: hyge wæs gecyrred
Þæt hie ne murndan · æfter mandreame
Hæleð heorogrædige, ac hie hig 7 gærs
For meteleaste · meðe gedrehte.
Þa wæs Matheus · to þære mæran byrig
Cumen in þa ceastre: þa wæs cyrm micel
Geond Mermedonia, manfulra hlоð
Fordenra gedræg, syððan deofles þegn*as*
[Geasc don · æðelinges sið.]
Andreas, 1–44.

Lo! we have heard how, in the days of old, there were beneath the stars twelve glorious heroes, the retainers of the Lord: their might was not abashed in the battle when banners met together, after they divided as the Lord himself, the high King of the heavens

gave the portion to them. Famous men were they over the earth, stout leaders of the folk, and bold in war, stout men, when shield and hand sheltered head on the field of battle.

Matthew was one of them: he amôngst the Jews first began to write the gospel with words, with wondrous craft. To him the Holy God gave his portion out on that island where hitherto none of foreign race might enjoy fair fortune: upon him often on the field of battle the hand of foes fell hard. All that country, that place of folk, that land of men, was beset with murder, with the evil of the Fiend: to men in that land befell not the feast of bread, or to enjoy the drink of water; but throughout that folk they ate the flesh and the blood, the bodies of men come from afar. Such was their wont; that wanting meat they made their food of every stranger, of those who sought that island from abroad.

Such too was the evil way of that people, the violence of those wretched ones, that they, cruel in their hatred, thrust out, in bitter mood, the eyesight with the points of spears. Then bitterly they blended together for them a dire drink, sorcerers as they were, through magic art: a drink which turned aside the mind, the inner thought of men, the heart within the breast: their mind was turned that they cared not for the joys of human-kind, men who had drunk to their destruction [fatally greedy]; but them hay and grass, for want of food, oppressed, weary.

Then was Matthew come to that town, to the famous city: there was a great outcry throughout Mermedonia, an assembly of the evil ones, a tumultuous company of men undone, when those servants of the devil heard of the journey of that noble one.

Page 34. Lindisfarne Gospels. St. Luke.

Lucas Vitulus

Onginneð godspell æft ~ Lucas
Incipit Evangelium secundum Lucam

þæt te hia geende
forðon æcsoð monigo cunnendo woeron brednadon
Quoniam quidem multi conati sunt ordinare
ðæt gesaga
narrationem

Here beginneth the gospel according to Luke.

Forasmuch verily as many were attempting that they should put in order the story——

Page 48. Latin Psalter with Anglo-Saxon Gloss.

Leofað drihten 7 gebletsiað god min 7 si he upahafen
Vivit Dominus & benedictus deus meus & exaltetur
god hæle me
dominus salutis mee.

god þu þe sealdest wræce me 7 þu underþeoddest
Deus qui das vindictas michi & subdis
folc under me alysend min of feondum me
populos sub me, liberator meus de gentibus me
fram unrihtwisum
iracundis.

7 fram þam arisendum on me upahefest me fram were
Et ab insurgentibus in me exaltabis me a viro
unrihtwisum þu generedest me naman þinum sealm ic cweþe
iniquo eripies me [mini tuo psalmum dicam.

For þan ic andette þe on folcum drihten 7 on-
Propterea confitebor tibi in nationibus domine, & no
Miccligende hælo kyninges his 7 donde mildheortnesse
Magnificans salutem regis ejus, & faciens misericordiam
Criste his þam gehalgedon Dauide sæd his oð on
Christo suo David & semini ejus usque in
worlde
sæculum.

XVIII In finem psalmus David.

heofonas secgaþ (vel) reccaþ wuldor godes 7 weorc handa
Celi enarrant gloriam dei, et opera manuum
his bodaþ rodor
ejus adnuntcat firmamentum.

dages þam dæge forþracette word 7 niht nihte gescade
Dies diei eructat verbum, & nox nocti indicat
wisdom
scientiam.

ne wæron gesprecene 7 na word þara ne beoþ
Non sunt loquele neque sermones quorum non
gehyrede stæfne heora
audiantur voces eorum. [terre verba eorum.

On ealre eorþan ut eode sweg heora 7 on ende
In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, & in fines
ymbhwyrfæ
orbis

On sunnan gesette geteld his 7 he silf swa swa
In sole posuit tabernaculum suum, & ipse tanquam
blidguma[1] forþgangende of his brydhuse
sponsus procedens de thalamo suo.

Winsumiað swa swa ént to geyrnenne weg of þam hean
Exultavit ut gigas ad currendam viam, a summo
heofonum utgang his. behyde fram hetum his.
caelo egressio ejus. [abscondat a calore ejus.

7 ongængan his oþ heannesse his ne is seþe hine
Et occursus ejus usque ad summum ejus, nec esl qui se
æ drihtnes ungewæmedlicu gecirrende sawle cyþnesse
Lex domini immaculata convertens animas, testi-
godes getriwe snîtro (vel) wisdon[2] gearwigende
monium domini fidele sapientiam prestans
þam litlan
parvulis.

[1] ?brydguma [2] wisdom

Psalms xviii. 47—xix. 7
(Vulgate xvii. v. 47—xviii. v. 8).

Page 52. From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

This MS (Cott. Dom. A. 8) is remarkable as containing double entries, in English and Latin.

The O.E. entries run:

DCCCCI Her ge
forðferde Ælfred cing vii Kl: Noub: 7 he heold þat rice xxviii wintra 7 healf gear . 7 þa feng Eadward his sunu to rice.

DCCCCIII Her forðferde Grimbaldi þes sac:

7 þys ylcan geares was gehalgod niwe mynster on Wincest: 7 S. Ludoces to cyme.

DCCCCIX Her gefor Denulf b: of Winceast:

DCCCCX Asser b: of Scirb: ob:. Her Edward cing feng to Lundenberi, 7 to Oxanaforda, 7 to eallū þā landon þe ðarto hyrdon.

901 Here King Alfred died on the 7th of the Kalends of November, and he held the kingdom twenty-eight winters and half a year. And then Edward his son took the kingdom.

903 Here died Grimbald the priest. And the same year the new minster was consecrated at Winchester: and the coming of St. Ludoc.

909 Here died Denulf, bishop of Winchester.

910 Asser, bishop of Sherborne, died. Here King Edward took London and Oxford and all the lands which belonged thereto.

Page 60. Ælfric's Paraphrase of the Pentateuch.

Abra*m* soðlice wæs swyðe sélig on golde 7 on séolfre 7 on órfe 7 on geteldu*m*, swa þæt þæt land ne mihte oberan ðæt hi begen, hé 7 Lóth ætgædere wunedon. Héora æhta wæron menigféalde 7 ne mihton wunian ætgædere. Wearð éac ðurh þone intingan sácu betwúx Abrames hyrdemánnu*m* 7 Lóthes. On ðære tide wunedon Chananeus 7 Ferezeus on ða*m* lánde. Abra*m* þa cwæð to Lóthe 'Ic bídde þæt nan sácu ne sy betwúx me 7 ðe, ne betwúx mínu*m* hyrdu*m* 7 ðinu*m* hyrdu*m*. Wyt synd gebroðru. Efne nú eall séo eorðe lið ætfóran ðe, íc bídde far fra*m* me. Gyf ðu færst to þære wynstran héalfe, íc héalde þa swyðran héalfe; gyf þú ðonne þá swyðran hèalfe gecyst, íc fáre to þære wynstran healfe. Lóth ða behéold geond eall, 7 geséah þæt éall sé éard wið ða éa Jordanen wæs myrge míd wætere geménged, swa swa godes Neorxnawáng 7 swa swa Egyptaland becumendum to Ségor, ær þan þé god towende ða búrga Sodomam 7 Gomorran.

Truly Abram was very rich in gold and in silver and in cattle and in tents, so that the land could not bear that they both, he and Lot, should dwell together: and their riches were manifold, so that they might not dwell together. And for this cause there was strife between the herdmen of Abram and of Lot: and at that time dwelt the Canaanite and the Perizzite in the land. Then Abram said unto Lot, "I pray thee that no strife be between me and thee, nor between my herdmen and thy herdmen. We are brethren; behold now, all the land is before thee, I pray thee go from me. If thou goest to the left hand, I will hold to the right; if thou choosest the right hand, I will go to the left." Lot then beheld over all, and saw that all the land by the river Jordan was fair, and well watered, even as the Paradise of God, and even as the land of Egypt when thou comest to Zoar—before the Lord turned to destruction the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Page 61. From a MS of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

Crist wæs acennyd · cyninga wuldor
On midne winter · mære þeoden
Ece ælmihtig · on þy eahteoðan dæg
Hælend gehaten · heofonrices weard.
Swa þa sylfan tiid · side herigeas
Folc unmæte · habbaþ foreweard gear;
For þy se Kalend us · cymeþ geþincged
On þam ylcan dæge · us to tune
Forma monað. Hine folc mycel
Januarius · gerum heton. January
And þæs embe fif niht · þætte fulwiht tiid
Eces drihtnes · to us cymeð,
Þæne twelfta dæg · tir eadige
Hæleþ heaðurofe · hatað on Brytene
On foldan hér. Swylce emb feower wucan
Þætte sol monað · sigeð to tune
Butan twam nihtum · swa hit getealdon geo
Februarius fær · frode gesiþas, February
Ealde ægleawe. And þæs embe a[ne niht]

The opening lines of the Metrical Calendar which is prefixed to the "Abbingdon" MS of the Chronicle. The marginal notes "January," "February," were added by Joscelin, the secretary of Archbishop Parker.

Christ the honour of kings, the glorious lord, eternal, almighty, was born in mid-winter, and on the eighth day was the saviour, the ruler of heaven, named.[1] And at that very time do wide hosts of men, a people beyond number, hold the New Year: and so on the same day the Calend, the first month, is fixed to come among us. Of old a numerous folk called this month January. And five days after this is it that the Baptism-tide[2] of the eternal lord comes to us, which here in this land of Britain good men and true know as Twelfth Night. Four weeks after this, save two days, is it that "Solmonað" comes amongst us, the month which wise men, the cunning ones of old time, named stalwart February. And one day after this . . .

[1] The Feast of the Circumcision
[2] The Epiphany

Page 64. Guthlac (from the Exeter Book).

Ne won he æfter worulde, ac he in wuldre ahóf
Modes wynne. Hwylc wæs mara þonne *he*?
Se an oretta, ussum tidum,
Cempa gecyðeð, þæt him Crist fore
Woruldlicra má wundra gecyðde.

He hine scilde wið sceðþenðra
Eglum onfengum earmra gæsta:
Wæron hy reowe to ræsanne
Gifru*m* grapum. No god wolde,
Þæt seo sawl þæs sar þrowade
In lichoman, lyfde se þeana,
þæt hy him mid hondum hrinan mosten,
7 *þæt* frið wið hy gefreoðad wære.
Hy hine þa hofun on þa hean lyft,
Sealdon him meahte ofer monna cynn,
Þæt he fore eagum eall sceawode
Under haligra hyrda gewealdum
In mynsterum monna gebæru,
Þara þe hyra lifes þurh lust brucan
Idlum æhtum 7 oferwlencum,
Gierelum gielplicum, swa bið geoguðe þeaw,
Þær þæs ealdres egsa ne styreð.
No þær þa feondas gefeon þorfton,
Ac þæs blædes hraðe gebrocen hæfdon,
Þe him alyfed wæs lytle hwile,
Þæt hy his lichoman leng ne mostan
Witum wælan: ne him wiht gescod,
Þæs þe hy him to teonan þurhtogen hæfdon.
Læddun hine þa of lyfte to þam leofestan
Earde on eorðan, þæt he eft gestag
Beorg on bearwe. Bonan gnornedon,
Mændon murnende, *þæt* hy monnes bearn
Þream oferþunge 7 swa þearfendlic
Him to earfeðum [ana cwome,
Gif hy him ne meahte maran sarum
Gyldan gyrnwræce.]

Guthlac, 370–405.

He strove not after the world, but he raised his mind's delight to glory. Who was greater than he? That one warrior and champion maketh it known to our days that for his sake Christ showed forth more wonders in this world.

He protected him against the cruel attacks of the accursed evil spirits: eager were they to seize him in their cruel grasp. God would not that the soul should suffer such pain within the body; but he allowed that they might touch him with their hands, and that peace should yet be kept with them. Then they carried him up on high into the air, and gave him power above the race of men that he saw all, before his eyes, the conduct of men in monasteries, under the control of holy rulers—those who spend their life in pleasure, in idle treasures, and in pomp, in proud array, as is the custom of youth where the fear of the elder does not restrain. No need was there then for the fiends to rejoice, but quickly had they had the joy which was granted to them for a little time,

so that they might not longer grieve his body with torments: nothing that they had done, to grieve him, injured him one whit. Then they led him from the sky to that most beloved home on earth, and he again mounted the hill within the wood. The slayers sorrowed, with mourning did they lament that one of the children of men had terribly overcome them, and, though in straits, had come alone to their sorrow, unless they might with greater suffering inflict on him a dread revenge.

Page 75. From the Hatton Gospels.

ge wæs wiđ þam byrgenne.

Una Sabbati Maria Magdalene venit mane cum adhuc tenebre essent ad monumentum, & vidit lapidem sublatum a monumento.

Wytodliche on anan reste dayge sye Magdalenisce Marie com on morgen, ær hyt leoht wære, to þare berigenne . 7 hyo geseah þæt se stan wæs aweig anumen fram þare berigenne. Þa arn hye 7 com to Symone Petre 7 to þam oðre leorning-cnihton, þe se hælend lufede. Ænd hye cwæð to heom: hyo namen drihten of berigenne, 7 we nyton hwær hye hine leigdon. Petrus eode ut, 7 se oðer leorning cniht, 7 com in to þare berigenne. Witodlice hye twegen urnen ætgadere, 7 se oðer leorning cniht forarn Petre fore, 7 com raðer to þare berigenne. And þa he niðer abehg, he seah þa linwæde liggen, 2 ne eode þeah in-witod liche Simon Petrus com æfter hym and eode in to þare beregenne, 7 he geseah linwæd liggen, 7 þæt swat-lin þe wæs upon his heafde, ne ley hye na mid þam linwædon, ac on sundron fram þam oðren, gefealden, on are[1] stowe. Þa eode eac in se leorningcniht þe ærest com to þare berienne, 7 geseah 7 gelefde. Witodlice þa geot

St. John xx. 1–8.

[1] for anre

Page 77. From the Ormulum.

mess lakeþþ hī. 7 bugheþþ
hī. 7 luteþþ. 7 cumeþþ efft onn
gæn till me. 7 witeþþ me to
seggenn. Whær icc me mughe
findenn hī. To lakenn himm . 7 lutenn. 7 tegg þa wenndenn fra þe
kīg. Till þeggre rihhte weg-
ge. 7 teggre steorne wass hemm
þa . full rædig upp o liffte . To
ledenn hemm þatt wegge rihht.
þatt lagg towarrd tatt chess-
tre. Þatt wass gehaten beþþ-
leæm. Þatt crist wass borenn
inne 7 off þ tatt tegg sæghenn
efft. Þatt sterrne þ hemm ledde

This forms part of the account of the visit of the wise men to Bethlehem (lines 6412–6427 of the Oxford edition of 1852, ed. White).

[Wiþþ yure madd]mess lakeþþ himm
And bugheþþ himm and luteþþ,
And cumeþþ efft onngæn till me,
And witeþþ me to seggenn,
Whær icc me mughe findenn himm,
To lakenn himm and lutenn.
And tegg þa wenndenn fra þe king
Till þeggre rihhte wegge;
And teggre steorrne wass hem þa
Full rædig upp o liffte,
To ledenn hemm þatt wegge rihht
Þatt lagg towarrd tatt chesstre
Þatt wass gehatenn Beþþleæm,
Þatt Crist wass borenn inne.
And off þatt tatt tegg sæghenn efft
Þatt steorrne þatt hemm ledde,
[Þegg wærenn bliþe sone anan
Þurrh swiþe mikell blisse.]

Herod is speaking—"Do honour unto him with your treasures and bow yourselves before him, and do him homage: and come yet again unto me, and make known unto me where I may find him to do him honour and homage." And they then went from the king on their right way, and their star was then full ready for them, up in the sky, to lead them the right way that led toward that city that was called Bethlehem, in which Christ was born. And when they saw yet again the star that led them, they were thereupon joyful with an exceeding great joy.

Page 84. From Layamon's Brut.

[And yet ic] þe wlle speken wit:
Þeou ært leouere þene mi lif;
& þis ich seucge[1] þe to seoðe,
Þu mith me wel ileue."
Leir þe king
Ilefde his doster[2] læisinge,
And þas ændsware[1] gef,
Þæt waes þe olde king:
"Ich þe Gornoille seuge,
Leoue dohter dure,
God scal beon þi meda
For þina gretinge.
Ic eam for mire ældąde[1]
Swþe vnbalded.
& þou me leuoste swþe
Mare þan is on liue.
Ich wille mi dirhliche lond
On þroe[3] al to-dælen.
Þin is þæt beste deal
Þu ært mi dohter deore,
& scalt habben to lauerd
Min alre beste þein
Þeo ich mai uinden
In mine kinne-londe."
Æfter spac þe olde kinge
Wit his dohter:
"Leoue dohter Regau
Waet seist tu me to ræide.
Seie þu bi-fore mire dugden[4]
Heo dure ich am þe an herten."
Þa answærde mid rætfulle worden
"Al þat is on liue
Nis nig[5] swa dure
Swa me is þin an lime,
Forðe min ahgene lif."
Ah heo ne seide naþing seð
No more þenne hiire suste;
Alle hire lesinge
Hire uader ilefede.
Þa answarede þe king,
Hiis dogter him icwemde,
"Þea þridde del of mine londe
Ich bi-take þe an honde;
Þu scalt nime louerd
Þer þe is alre leowost."

Þa get nolde þe leod-king
His sothscipe bi-læuen.
He hehte cumen him bi-foren
Gordoille His dohter Gordoille ;
Heo was alre yungest
Of soðe gær witelest ;
& þe king heo louede more
Þanne tueie þe oðre.
Cordoille iherde þa lasinge
Þe hiire[1] sustren seiden þon kinge ;
Nom hire leaf-fulne huie
Þat heo ligen nolden.
Hire fader heo wolde suge seoð
Were him lef were him lað.
Þeo q̄eð þe alde king,
Vnrað[6] him fulede.
" Ihere ich wlle
Of þe Cordoille,
Swa þe helpe Appolin,
Hu deore þe beo lif min."
Þa answarde Cordoille
Lude & no wiht stille
Mid gomene & mid lehtre
To hire fader leue :
" Þeo art me leof al so mi fæder,
& ich þe al so þi dohter,
Ich habbe to þe sohfaste loue,
For we buoð swiþe isibbe ;
& swa ich ibide are
Ich wille þe suge mare,
Al swa muchel þu bist woruk
Swa þu velden ært ;
& al swa muchel swa þu hauest
Men þe wllet luuien ;
For sone heo bið ilaged[7]
Þe mon þe lutel ah."
Þus seide þe mæiden Cordoille
& seoðden set swþe stille.
Þa iwarðe þe king wærð[8]
For he nes þeo noht iquemed,
& wende on his þonke
Þaht[9] hit weren for vnðeawe
Þat he hire weore swa un wourð,
Þat heo hine nold iwurði
Swa [hire twa sustren]. vv. 2978–3068.

[1] the dot under a letter signifies that it is to be cancelled—sucge [2] dohter ? [3] þreo ? [4] dugðen ? [5] me ? [6] unred ? [7] ilaged ? [8] = wræð [9] þat ?

King Lear and his daughters: (Gornoille, Goneril, is speaking) :—

" And yet (more) I will speak with thee, thou art dearer than my life. And this I say unto thee in sooth, thou mayest well believe me." Leir the king believed his daughter's untruth, and this answer gave, that was the old king : " I say to thee, Goneril, beloved daughter dear, God shall be thy meed for thy greeting. I am for my age much weakened, and thou me lovest much, more than is in life. I will my precious land in three all divide : thine is the best part, thou art my daughter dear, and shalt have to lord my thane of all the best that I may find in my Kingdom." After spake the old king with his daughter : " Beloved daughter Regau, what sayest thou me to counsel ? Say thou before my people how dear I am to thee in heart." Then answered [she] with prudent words : " All that is in life is not so dear as to me thy limbs alone before mine own life." But she said nothing sooth, no more than her sister : all her untruth her father believed. Then answered the king—his daughter pleased him : " The third part of my land I give thee in hand : thou shalt take a lord, where to thee is dearest of all." Yet would not the king his folly leave, he bade come before him his daughter Cordoille. She was of all the youngest, and the most careful of truth ; and the king loved her more than both the other two. Cordoille heard the untruths that her sisters said to the king. She took her lawful oath that she would not lie ; to her father she would say the sooth, were it to him lief or loath. Then quoth the old king—evil counsel followed him—" Hear I will of thee, Cordoille, so help thee Appolin, how dear to thee is my life." Then answered Cordoille, loud and no whit still, with game and with laughter to her loved father, " Thou art to me dear as my father, and I to thee as thy daughter. I have to thee soothfast love, as we are much akin. And, as I look for mercy, I will say to thee more : thou art worth as much as thou art ruler of, and as much as thou hast men will love thee : for soon is he loathed, the man that owns little." Thus said the maiden Cordoille, and then sat very still. Then was the king wrath, for he was not then pleased, and weened in his thought that it was for contempt that he to her was of so little worth that she would not esteem him as her two sisters.

Page 88. From the "Ancren Riwle"

in on hire, se hali king as he was
& godes *pr*o*phet*e. Nu cumes forð
a feble mon, haldis him þah
hehlich gif he haues a wid hod
& a lokin cape, & wile iseon yunge
ancres, & loke neode as stan hu
hire wlite him like, *þat* naues n-
awt hire leor forbarnd i þe su*nn*e ;
& seis ho mai baldeliche ise*on* ha-
limen, yea swuch as he is, for his
wide & his lokene sleue. Mesur q*ui*-
desire, ne heres tu *þat* Dau*id*, Godes p*r*o*phet*e,
bi hwam he seide " Inueni uirum
se*cund*u*m* cor meu*m*," I haue ifundem, q*uo*ð
he, a mon aft*er* mi heorte, he *þat*
godd self seide bi þis deorewurðe
sahe ki*n*g & p*r*o*phet*e, culed ut of alle,
þus þurh an ehewarp to a wu*mm*o*n*,
as ho wesch hire, lette ut his heor-
te & forget him selue*n* ; swa *þat* he
dude þreo heaued & deadliche
su*nn*es ; o Bersabees sp*us* breche, þe
lafdi *þat* he lokid on : treisun &
monslaht oñ his treowe cniht
Vrie, hire laue*r*d. And tu, a sune-
ful mon, art swa hardi to caste*n*
þin ehe on a yung wu*nn*mon. Þis
þat is nu seid limpes to wimmen.
Ah ase muche neod is wepman
to wite wel his ehsihðe fram wi*mm*e*n*
nes sihðe. Nu mi leoue suste*r*, if a-
ni $\overset{\text{is}}{\wedge}$ ful willesful to seon ow, ne we-
ne ye þer neauer god, ah leues hi*m*
þe lasse. Nule Ich *þat* nan seo ow
bote he haue special leaue of ow-
re maiste*r* ; for alle þa þreo su*nn*es
þat I spec of last, & al *þat* uuel of Di-
na *þat* I ear spek of, al com nawt
forþi *þat* te wi*mm*en lokeden cange
liche o wepmen, ah þurh *þat* ha vn-

wrihen ham i monnes ehesihðe,
& diden hwer þurh ho mihten
fallen into sunne. For þi was ihaten o Godes half i þe alde lahe *þat* put were eauere ihulet ; & gif ani vnhulede þe put, & beast fel þer in, he hit schulde yelde. Þis is a swiðe dredliche word to wepmon &.

[Also Bathsheba, in that she uncovered herself in David's sight, she made him to sin] with her, holy king as he was, and God's prophet. And now a feeble man comes forward, and yet esteems himself highly, if he have a wide hood and a close cape, and will see young anchoresses, and will needs look, as though of stone, how their fairness pleases him, they who have not their faces sunburnt. And he says they may look confidently upon holy men, yea, such as he is, for his wide sleeve and his close. Sir Braggart! [*Monsieur Cuidereau*] dost thou not hear that David, God's prophet, concerning whom He said, "*Inveni virum secundum cor meum*," "I have found," quoth he, "a man after my heart"; he concerning whom God himself said this precious saying, king and prophet, chosen out of all—thus through an eye-glance upon a woman, as she washed herself, let out his heart and forgot himself, so that he did three capital and deadly sins: one, adultery with Bathsheba, the lady he looked upon: treason and manslaughter upon his true knight Uriah her lord. And thou, a sinful man, art so hardy as to cast thine eye upon a young woman! This that is now said pertains to women: but as much need is there for a man to guard well his eyesight from the sight of women. Now, my beloved sister, if any is full wishful to see you, think ye never good, but believe him the less. I will not that any see you, except he have special leave of our master: for all those three sins that I spoke of last, and all that evil of Dinah that I spoke of before, it all came, not because the women looked frowardly upon men, but because they uncovered themselves in man's sight, and did whereby they might fall into sin. Therefore was it commanded, on God's behalf, in the old law, that a pit should ever be covered, and if any uncovered the pit, and a beast fell therein, he should pay for it. This is a very terrible word to a man.

Page 88. Proclamation of Henry III.

Henr', þurgh Godes fultume king on Engleneloande, Lhoauerd on Yrloand' Duk on Norm', on Aquitain', and eorl on Aniow, send igretinge to alle hise holde ilærde and ileawede on Huntendon' schir. Þæt witen ge wel alle, þæt we willen and vnnen þæt þæt vre rædesmen alle, oþer þe moare dæl of heom, þæt beoþ ichosen þurgh us and þurgh þæt loandes folk, on vre kuneriche, habbeþ idon and schullen don in þe worþnesse of gode and on vre treowþe for þe freme of þe loande þurgh þe besighte of þan to foren iseide redesmen, beo stedefæst and ilestinde in alle þinge abuten ende. And we hoaten alle vre treowe, in þe treowþe þæt heo us oghen, þæt heo stedefæstliche healden and sweren to healden and to werien þo isetnesses þæt beon imakede and beon to makien þurgh þan to foren iseide rædesmen oþer þurgh þe moare dæl of heom alswo alse hit is biforen iseid. And þæt æhc oþer helpe þæt for to done bi þan ilche oþe agenes alle men right for to done and to foangen. And noan ne nime of loande ne of eghte wherþurgh þis besighte mughe beon ilet oþer iwersed on onie wise. And gif oni oþer onie cumen her ongenes we willen and hoaten þæt alle vre treowe heom healden deadliche ifoan. • And for þæt we willen þæt þis beo stedefæst and lestinde we senden yew þis writ open iseined wiþ vre seel to halden amanges yew ine hord. Witnesse us seluen æt Lunden, þane Eghtetenþe day on þe Monþe of Octobr', in þe two and fowertighþe yeare of vre cruninge.

Here follow the names of the witnesses.

Page 88. Proclamation of Henry III.

Henry, through the help of God, king of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and of Aquitaine, and Earl of Anjou, sends greeting to all his faithful men, "learned and lewd," [*i.e.* clerical and lay] in Huntingdonshire. That know ye well all, that we will and grant, that that which all our councillors, or the greater part of them, that are chosen through us and through the people of the land, in our kingdom, have done and shall do, in the honour of God, and in our allegiance for the good of the land, through the direction of the aforesaid councillors, be steadfast and lasting in all things, ever without end. And we bid all our true men, in the allegiance that they owe us, that they steadfastly hold, and swear to hold and to defend, the decrees that are made and to be made through the aforesaid councillors, or through the greater part of them, as is before said. And that each help other to do so, by the same oath, against all men: to do right and to receive it. And none is to take of land or property whereby this provision may be stopped or impaired in any wise. And if any oppose this, we will and command that all our true men hold them deadly foes. And forasmuch as we wish that this be steadfast and lasting, we send you this open writ sealed with our seal, to hold amongst you in hoard. Witness ourselves, at London, the 18th day of the month of October, in the 42nd year of our reign.

Page 90. From the Ayenbite of Inwit.

oute more uor to zeche loue. Ine zuyche mananere god yefþ ous his yefþes clenliche / uor þe loue þet he heþ to ous / and uor to gaderi oure herten, and oure loue. And uor þise scele propreliche hi byeþ ycleped yefþes.

Ac hueuore hi byeþ ycleped / ‖ ¶ *Hweruore hi byeþ ycleped yefþe of þe holy gost þanne yefþe of þe holy gost.* yefþe of þe uader / and of þe zone ; uor alle hire dedes / and hire yefþes byeþ commun. Þer to byeþ twaye sceles, þe one uor þan þet ase workes of mygte / byeþ appropred to þe uader, and þe workes of wysdom / to þe zone alsuo þe workes of guodnesse to þe holy gost.

Wor[1] guodnesse is / as zayþ sanyt Denys / to lere him zelue. Vor yef a man yefþ þet him nagt ne costneþ þet ne is nagt grat guodnesse. Ac uor þe holy gost be þyse zayþ zeue yefþes / spret him zelue in oure herten / ase ∧ zaynte a Paul / as þe zeue stre ∧ mes, þeruore hi byeþ propreliche cleped yefþes of þe holy gost. Vor he is þe welle hy a byeþ þe stre ∧ mes. And þe oþer scele is / uor þet þe holy gost is propreliche þe loue / þet is betuene þe uader / and þe zone, and þeruore þet loue is þe propre / and þe uerste / and þe hegeste yefþe þet man may yeue / þet arigt yefþ and ine þise yefþe me yefþ alle þe oþre. And wyþoute þisen non oþer yefþe ne is nagt arigt ynemned yefþe ; þeruore is arigt þe holy gost properliche yefþe and [yeuere]

Ed. Morris (Early English Text Society), pp. 120–121.

[1] An error of the scribe for *Vor* (for).

The Gifts of the Holy Ghost. Dan Michel is explaining the nature of a gift: it must not be given in expectation of recompense, but—

—without more, for to seek love. In such manner God giveth us his gifts, purely for the love that he hath to us, and to gain our hearts and our love. And for this reason rightly are they called gifts.

Wherefore they are called gift of the Holy Ghost.

But wherefore are they called gift of the Holy Ghost, rather than gift of the Father and of the Son; for all their deeds and their gifts are in common? For this there are two reasons. The one: because, as works of might are peculiar to the Father, and the works of wisdom to the Son, so the works of goodness are to the Holy Ghost. For goodness is, as saith Saint Denys, to advise oneself. For if a man giveth what costs him nothing, that is not great goodness. But forasmuch as the Holy Ghost by these seven gifts spreadeth himself in our

hearts, as Saint Paul saith, as by seven streams, therefore they are rightly called gifts of the Holy Ghost. For he is the well, and they are the streams. And the other reason is that the Holy Ghost is properly the love that is between the Father and the Son, and therefore that love is the proper, and the first and the highest gift, that a man, who giveth aright, may give. And in this gift one giveth all the others: and without these no other gift is rightly called a gift. Therefore aright is the Holy Ghost properly both gift and giver.

Page 91. From the Cursor Mundi.

[I shal you shewe bi myn entent. . .]
Of Abraham and of Ysaac
Þat haly[1] ware wit-outen make;[2]
Sythen[3] sal I tell yow
Of Jacob and of Esau;
Þar neist[4] sal be sythen tald
How þat Joseph was boght and sald;
O þe Juus[5] and Moyses
Þat Goddis folk to lede hi*m* ches,[6]
How God bigan þe law hy*m* gyfe
Þe quilk[7] the Juus in suld lyfe;
O Saul þe kyng and o Daui
How þat he faght a-gain Goli;
Siþen o Salamon þe wis
How craftlik he did iustis;
How Crist com thoro p*ro*pheci,
How he com his folk to bij;[8]
And hit sal be reddynn þanne
O Joachim and of sant Tanne;
O Marc als hir[9] doght*er* mild,
How sco[10] was born and bare a child,
How he was born and quen and ware,[11]
How sco hi*m* to þe temple bar;
O þe kyng*es* þat him soght
Þat thre presandes til hi*m* broght;
How þat Herode kyng wit wogh[12]
For Crist sak þe childer slogh;
How þe child to Egypte fled
And how þat he was theþen[13] ledd;
Þar sal ye find su*m*kyn dedis
Þat *Jesus* did in hys barn-hedis;[14]
Sithen o þe baptist Johan
Þat *Jes*u baptist in flu*m* Jordan;
How *Jesus* quen he lang had fast[15]
Was fondid wit þe wik gast;[16]
Siþen o Jons baptisyng
And how him hefdid Herod[17] kyng;
How þat *Jes*u Crist him selue
Ches til him apostels tuelue,
And openlik bigan to p*re*che
And alle þat sek ware to leche[18]
And did þe meracles sua rijf,[19]
Þat þe Juus him hild in strijf;
Syþen how þat haly drightin[20]
Turned wat*ur* in to vyn;
O fiue thossand men þat he
ffedd wyt fiue laues and fisses thre;

ll. 137–182.

1 holy 2 without equal 3 then 4 next to that
5 Jews 6 chose 7 which 8 buy, redeem 9 their
10 she 11 when and where 12 evil 13 thence
14 some of the deeds that Jesus did in his childhood
15 fasted 16 tempted by the evil spirit 17 beheaded
18 cure 19 so plentifully 20 lord

a for Modern English o, as tald = told; s for Modern English sh, as sal for sha l; *passim*

Page 95. Treuthe's Pilgrime atte Plow.

"God spede þe ploug & sende us korne ynoug."

Page 96. From Piers Plowman.

In a somer seson · whan softe was þe sonne
I schap me in to schrobbes · as I a schepherde were,
In an abiit of an ermite · unholi of werkes
Wente I forþ in þe world · wondres to here.——
¶ I saw mani selles · and selcouþe þynges;
Ac in a mai morewing · on maluerne hulles
Me bi ful to sclepe · for werynesse of walkyng.——
¶ In a launde as I lai · I lenede a doun and slepte,
Merueilousli I mette · as I schal yow telle;
Of al þe welþe of þe world · and þe wo boþe
Al I si [s]cleping · as I schal yow schewe.——
¶ Wynking as hit were · withturli I sy hit,
Of treuþe and of trecheriye · treson and gile.——
¶ Estward I lokede · after þe sonne,
I saw a tour as I trowede · treuþe was þer inne.
Westward I bihuld · in a while aftur
And saw a deop dale; deþ, as I leue,
Wonede in þat wones · and wikkede spirites.——
¶ A fair feld ful of folc · fond I þer bitwene
Of al maner of men · þe mene and þe riche
Worching and wandryng · as þe world askeþ.——
¶ Summe putten hem to plow · and pleieden ful selde
In setting and in sowyng · swonke ful harde,
And wonnen þat þis wasteres · wiþ gloteniye destreiyen.——
¶ Summe putten hem to pride · and apareiley hem þer after,
In countenaunce of cloþing · in many kynnes gise.——
¶ In penaunce and preieres · putten hem maniye
For þe loue of oure lord · liueden ful harde
In hope to haue god ende · and heuenriche blisse;
As ankeres and ermytes · þat holden hem in selles
Þei coveiten nougt in cuntreis · to karien a bougte
For no likeres lyflode · heore likame to plese.——
¶ And summe chosen chaffare · and preueden þe bettere
As hit semeþ in oure sith · þat swiche men schulde;——
¶ And summe merþes to make · as munstrales kunne,
Willeþ nougt swynke ne swete · bote swere grete oþes;
Þei fynden up fantasions · and foles hem makeþ
And han with at wille · to worchen yif þei wilde
And þat Poul precheþ of hem · preuen hit i migte.——
Qui loquitur turpiloquium · is Luciferes knaue.——
¶ Bidderes and beggeres · faste abougte yede.

C-Text, Prologue, 1–41.

In a summer season, when the sun was warm, I betook myself to the bushes, as if I had been a shepherd, in the habit of a hermit—an unholy hermit, wandering wide in the world to hear wonders. I saw many cells, and many strange things. But on a May morning, on Malvern Hills, I chanced to fall asleep, through weariness of walking. As I lay on a lawn I leaned down and slept, and had a marvellous dream, as I shall tell you. Of all the wealth of the world, and the woe also, all I saw sleeping, as I shall show you. Slumbering as it were, verily I saw it: of truth and of treachery, of treason and of guile.

Eastward I looked, toward the sun: I saw a tower, as I thought; Truth was therein. Westward I beheld, a short while after, and saw a deep dale; Death, as I believe, dwelt in those haunts, and wicked spirits.

A fair field full of folk found I there between, of all manner of men, the mean and the rich; working and wandering as the world demands.

Some put themselves to plough; full seldom they played; they worked full hard, setting and sowing, and won what these wasters destroy with gluttony. Some put themselves to works of pride, and clothed themselves accordingly in disguise of clothing, in fashion of many kinds.

Many put themselves to penance and prayers; lived full hard for the love of Our Lord, in hope to make a good end, and have the bliss of the kingdom of Heaven; such as anchorites and hermits that remain in their cells, and do not desire to wander about the country or to please their flesh with the pleasures of life.

And some chose merchandise, and proved the better, as it seemeth to our sight that such men should.

And some set themselves to make mirth, as minstrels know how. They will not labour nor sweat, but swear great oaths, invent fancies, make fools of themselves, and yet have the wit to work if

they but would—I might prove what Paul preacheth concerning them!—But "whoso speaketh evil" is Lucifer's slave.
Mendicants and beggars went fast about——

PAGE 98. FROM PIERS PLOWMAN.

In a somer seson · whan soft was the sonne,
I shope me in shroudes[1] · as I a shepe[2] were;
In habite as an heremite · vnholy of workes,
Went wyde in þis world · wondres to here.
Ac on a May mornynge · on Maluerne Lulles
Me byfel a ferly · of fairy me thought[3];
I was wery forwandred[4] · and went me to reste
Ynder a brode banke · bi a bornes side,
And as I lay and lened · and loked in þe wateres
I slombred in a slepyng · it sweyued[5] so merye.
Thanne gan I to meten · a mereueilouse sweuene,[6]
That I was in a wildernesse · wist I neuer where,
As I bihelde in-to þe est · an hiegh to the sonne,[7]
I seigh a toure on a toft · trielich ymaked[8];
A depe dale binethe · a dongeon þere-inne
With depe dyches and derke · and dredful of sight.
A faire felde ful of folke · fonde I there bytwene,
Of all maner of men · þe mene and þe riche,
Worchyng and wandryng as þe worlde asketh.
Some put hem to the plow · pleyed ful selde,
In settyng and in sowyng · swonken ful harde,
And wonnen that wastours · with glotonye destruyeth,
And some putten hem to pruyde · apparailed hem þereafter,
In contenaunce of clothyng · comen disgised.
In prayers and in penance · putten hem manye,
Al for loue of owre lorde · lyueden ful streyte,
In hope forto haue · heuenriche blisse;
As ancres and heremites · that holden hem in here selles,
And coueiten nought in contre · to Kairen aboute,
For no likerous liflode · her lykam to plese.
And somme chosen chaffare · they cheuen the bettere,
As it semeth to owre sygt · that suche men thryueth;
And somme murthes to make · as mynstralles conneth,
And geten gold with here glee; synneles I leue.
Ac iapers and iangelers[9] · Iudas chylderen,
Feynen hem fantasies · and foles hem maketh,
And han here witte at wille · to worche yif þei sholde,
That Poule precheth to hem · I nel nought preue it here;
Qui turpiloquium loquitur · &c
Bidders and beggeres · fast about yede,

B-Text, Prologue, 1–40.

[1] shrouds, rough clothes [2] shepherd
[3] a wonderful thing: it seemed to me an enchantment of Fairy land [4] tired with wandering
[5] rippled [6] dream [7] on high, towards the sun
[8] a tower on a mound, cunningly built
[9] japers and janglers—buffoons and chatterers. Note that in the B-Text Langland limits his condemnation to these, excusing the minstrels ("sinless, I believe"). In the later C-Text he would seem to condemn all together.

PAGE 105. FROM THE TRANSLATION OF THE CHANSON DE ROLAND.

He beheld ladys *with* laughinge cher.
Then lighũd Gwynylon and com in in fer,[1]
And brought in the madins bright in wed*is*;
He told many tailis, and all was lies:
For he that is fals no word*is* ned seche,[2]
So fairithe he withe flatring speche.
And the lord that king Charls plaid *with*.[3]
And on the to*þer* sid he kest his sight.
Who so beleuythe hym shall hym fals find,
Right as a broken sper at the litill end.
Then knelid the knyght vnto his lord,
And said to the kinge, & shewid this word:
"Criste kep the from care and all þ*e* knight*is*!
I haue gone for þ*e* sak wonder*full* wais,
I haue bene in Saragos *þer* Sairsins won,[4]
And spoken *with* the Soudan *þat* myghty gom.[5]
I haue taught hym hou he lyf shall,
And he hathe tak good hed to my word*is* all.
Ye ned no further fightinge to seche,
Hast you hom agayn to your lond riche.
With-in xvj days thedur[6] he wille hym hye,
And all the hethyn stat*is* in his company,
A thoussond of his lond of the best;
All will be cristenyd & leue on Ihesu Crist.
Ther law will they lef sone anon,
And at thy comandment þey will done.
Of Saragos the cete he sent the þ*e* key,
And all thes faire lady[s] *with* the to play:
Echon of them is a lord*is* doughter;
And her ys good wyn; drink *þer*-of after.
And thou wisly wirche,[7] thou failid nought,
Ther is no prow[8] to pryk *þer* men pece sought!
If[9] that mercy and myght mellithe to-gedur
He shall haue the mor grace euer aftur."

Roland—Lansdowne MS—1–34.

[1] together [2] seek [3] *meaning uncertain, probably corrupt*
[4] dwell [5] man [6] thither
[7] work [8] advantage [9] *Read* "he"

PAGE 112. FROM THE LAY OF SIR LAUNFAL.

Launfal miles

Be doughty Artours dawes,[1]
That held Engelond yn good lawes,
Ther fell a wondyr cas,[2]
Of a ley þat was ysette,
That hyght Lau*n*val, and hatte yette;[3]
Now herkeneþ how it was.

Doughty Artour som whyle
Sojourned yn Kardeuyle,
Wyth joye and greet solas;[4]
And knyghtes þat wer p*ro*fitable,
W*ith* Artour of þe rounde table,
Never noon better þer nas.

Sere Persevall, and syr Gawayn,
Syr Gyheryes, and syr Agrafrayn,
And Launcelot Dulake,
Syr Kay, and syr Ewayn,
Þat well coupe[5] fyghte yn plain,
Bateles for to take.

Kyng Ban Booght, and kyng Bos,
Of ham þer was a greet los,
Men sawe tho no wher her make;
Syr Galafre, & syr Launfale,
Wherof a noble tale,
Among us schall awake.

With Artour þer was a bacheler,
And hadde ybe well many a yer,
Launfal for soþ he hyght,
He gaf gyftys largelyche,[6]
Gold, and sylver, and clodes ryche,[7]
To squyer and to knyght.

For hys largesse and his bounte
The kynges stuward made was he,
Ten yer, Y you plyght:
Of alle þe knyghtes of þe table rounde
So large þer nas noon yfounde,
Be dayes ne be nyght.

So hyt be fyll, yn the tenþe yer,
Marlyn was Artours counsalere,
He radde[8] hym for to wende
To king Ryon of Irlond ryght,
And sette him þer a lady bryght,
Gwennere hys doughtyr hende.[9]

So he dede, & home her brought,
But syr Launfal lyked her noght,
Ne oþer knyghtes þat wer hende[9];
For þe lady bar los of swych word,
That sche hadde lemannys unþer her lord,
So fele ther nas noon ende.

They wer ywedded, as y you say,
Upon a Wytsonday,
Before princes of moch pryde,
No man ne may telle yn tale
What folk þer was at þat bredale,
Of countreys fer & wyde.

No noþer man was yn halle ysette,
But he wer prelat, oþer baronette,
In herte ys naght to hyde.
Yf they satte noght alle ylyke,
Har servyse was good & ryche,
Certeyn yn ech a syde.

And whan þe lordes hadde ete yn the halle,
And the clothes wer drawen alle,
As ye mowe her and lyþe,[10]
The botelers sentyn wyn
To alle the lordes þat wer þeryn
With chere boþe glad and blyþe,

The quene yaf yyftes for þe nones,
Gold and selver, precyous stonys,
Her curtasye to kyþe;[11]
Everych knyght sche yaf broche, oþer ryng,
But syr Launfal sche yaf no þyng,
Þat grevede hym many a sythe.[12]

1 days 2 wonderful chance 3 was called Launfal, and is still so called 4 pleasure
5 could, knew how to 6 generously 7 rich clothes 8 advised 9 courteous 10 list
11 show, make known 12 many a time

PAGE 124. OLD ENGLISH SPRING SONG.

✠

Svmer is icumen in, Lhude sing cuccu, Groweþ sed
Perspice christicola que dignacio celitus

and bloweþ med and springþ þe wde nu; Sing cuccu.
agricola pro uitis uicio filio—

Awe bleteþ after lomb, lhouþ after calue cu; Bulluc
non parcens exposuit mortis exicio Qui

sterteþ, bucke uerteþ, murie sing cuccu. Cuccu,
captiuos seruituos a supplicio— vite

cuccu; wel singes þu cuccu, ne swik
donat et secum coronat in ce-

þu nauer nu. li solio.

Hanc rotam cantare possunt quatuor socii. A paucioribus autem quam a tribus vel saltem duobus non debet dici, preter eos qui dicunt pedem. Canitur autem sic. Tacentibus ceteris unus inchoat cum hiis qui tenent pedem. Et cum uenerit ad primam notam post crucem, inchoat alius; et sic de ceteris.

Singuli uero repausent ad pausaciones scriptas et non alibi; spacio unius longe note.

Pes
- Sing cuccu nu, Sing cuccu — Hoc repetit unus quociens opus est, faciens pausacionem in fine.
- Sing cuccu, Sing cuccu nu — Hoc dicit alius, pausans in medio, et non in fine, set immediate repetens principium.

Summer is y-comen in,
Loudly sing "Cuckoo"!
Groweth seed and bloometh mead and buddeth wood anew!
Sing "Cuckoo"!
Ewe, she bleateth after lamb, loweth after calf the cow,
Bullock starteth, buck doth gambol; merry sing "Cuckoo"!
Cuckoo, Cuckoo: well singest thou Cuckoo;
Cease thou not ever now.

"Foot"
- Sing "Cuckoo" now; sing "Cuckoo." — This one man repeats as often as necessary, making a pause at the end.
- Sing "Cuckoo"; sing "Cuckoo" now. — This another man sings, making a pause in the middle, but not at the end, but immediately beginning again.

This part song is to be sung by four, in company. By less than three, or at least two (in addition to those who sing the "Foot"), it ought not to be sung. And it is sung in this manner. All are silent except one, who begins, accompanied by those who sing the "Foot." And when the first singer has reached the first note after the cross, the second joins in: and so with the rest. Each in turn pause at the places marked for a pause, and not elsewhere, for the space of one long note.

The Latin words written underneath the English are those of a Latin devotional song, to be sung to the same music.

PAGE 140. FROM HOCCLEVE'S DE REGIMINE PRINCIPUM.

How he þi seruaunt was, mayden Marie,
And lat his love floure and fructifie.

Al þogh his lyfe be queynt þe resemblaunce
Of him haþ in me so fressh lyflynesse,
Þat to putte othir men in remembraunce
Of his persone, I have heere his lyknesse
Do make to þis ende in sothfastnesse,
Þat þei þat haue of him lest þought & mynde,
By þis peynture may ageyn him fynde.

The ymages þat in þe chirche been
Maken folk þenke on god & on his seyntes,
Whan þe ymages þei beholden & seen,
Were oft unsyte of hem causith restreyntes
Of þoughtes gode; whan a þing depeynt is
Or entailed, if men take of it heede,
Thoght of þe lyknesse it wil in hym brede.

Yit somme holden oppynyoun and sey
Þat none ymages schuld imaked be.
Þei erren foule & goon out of þe wey
Of trouth haue þei scant sensibilite.
Passe ouer þat. Now blessid Trinite
Vppon my maistres soule mercy haue
For him, Lady, eke þi mercy I craue.

More othir þing wolde I fayne speke & touche
Heere in þis booke, but schuch is my dulnesse,
For þat al voyde and empty is my pouche,
Þat al my lust is queynt with heuynesse.
And heuy spirit comaundith stilnesse

De Regimine Principum, ed. Wright, Roxburghe Club, 1860, pp. 179-80.

PAGE 150. FROM LYDGATE'S STORY OF THEBES.

Prima Pars

Here begynneth the Segge of Thebes, ful lamentably tolde by Johñ Lidgate, monke of Bury, annexynge it to þe tallys of Canterbury.

Sirs, quod I, sith of youre curtesye
I enterde am in to youre companye,
And admytted a tale for to tele
By hym that hath gower to compele,
I mene oure hoste, governere and gyde
Of youe echeone rydenge here bysyde ;
Thogh my wit bareyne be and dulle,
I wolle reherce a story wonderfulle
Touchenge the segge and destructyoun
Of worthy Thebes, the myghty royale toun,
Bilt and bygonne of olde antiquite
Vpon the tyme of worthy Josue
By diligence of kynge Amphioun
Cheef cause first of this foundacyoun.

Lydgate's Prologue, in which he represents himself as telling the story of Thebes, to the company of Chaucer's pilgrims, on the return journey.

PAGE 166. THE LANSDOWN MS OF CHAUCER, LEAF 102, BACK.

Conclusion of the Friar's Prologue, and part of the Friar's Tale.

Þe ffrere

"I schall him telle whiche a grete honour [1]
It is to be [2] flateringe limitour,[3]
And of ful mony anoþer crime
Whiche nedeþe nouht rehersen att þis time,
And his office I schal him telle I-wis."
Owre oste answard "Pees, no more of þis ;"
And afterwarde he seide vn to þe frere
"Tel forþe yowre tale, my leue [4] mayster dere."
Explicit prologus. Incipit fabula.

Whilom þere was dwelinge in myne contre
An Archedeken,[5] a man of hihe degre,
That boldely dide execucion
In poneschinge of fornicacione,
Of whiche craft, & eke of baudrye,
Of diffamacion, & avowtrie,
Of cherche reues, & of testamentes,
Of contractes, & of lac of sacramentes,
Of usury & of Simony also.
Bot certes Lychoures dede he grettest woo ;
Thei scholden singe if þei wer hente ; [6]
And smale tithers [7] weren fowle schente.[8]
If any person wolde vpon hem pleine,
There myht astert him no pecuniale peyne.

Ffor smale tiþes & eke smale offringe
He maade þe peple spitusly to singe.
Ffor or þe bischop cauht hem wiþ his hoke,
Thei were in the Arche-decanes boke.
And þan hadde he, þoruhe his Iurdiction,
Power to done on hem correctione.
He had a somnoure redy to his hand,
A slyhere boye was none in yngelande ;
Ffor sotely he had his especiaile,[9]
That tauht him where he myht availe.
He couþe spare of lychours one or tuo,
To techen him to foure & twenty mo.
Ffor þouhe þis somnour[10] woode were as an hare,
To tel his harlotry I wil nougt spare ;
For we bue oute of her correctione ;
Thei haue of vs no jurdictione,
Ne neuer scholle terme of al her lyues.
"Peter ! so bue þe wymmen of þe styues".
Quod þis Somnour "yput houte of oure cure"[11]

1 what a great honour
2 'a' omitted here, by an accident of the scribe.
3 a friar with a certain limited district in which he had the monopoly of begging
4 beloved
5 the point of the satire against the summoner, an official who summoned offenders to the Archdeacon's court, which took cognizance of offences against morality, rests upon the opportunities for exacting blackmail which such calling afforded
6 caught
7 those who paid small tithes 8 ruined, shamed
9 for "espiaille"—spying, information.
10 the summoner among the pilgrims, who is listening with ill-temper to this description of his duties.
11 out of our jurisdiction.

PAGE 179. FROM GOWER'S CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Upon the vices to procede,
After the cause of mannes dede,
The ferste point of slouthe I calle
Lachesse,[1] & is the chief of alle,
And hath this preprelich of kinde,[2]
To leuen althing behinde
Of that he might do now hiere,
He tarieth al the longe yere,
And euermore he seith "To morwe" ;
And so he wol his tyme borwe,
And wissheth after "God me sende," [3]
That whan he weneth haue an ende,
Thanne is he furthest to beginne.
Thus bringeth he many a mischief inne
Unwar, till that he be mischieued,
And may nought thanne ben relieued.
And right so nouther more ne lasse
It stant of loue and of lachesse :
Som tyme he sloutheth [4] in a day
That he neuer aftir gete may.
Now, Sone, as of this ilk thing,
If thou haue eny knouleching,
That thou to loue hast don er this,
Tell on.

My gode fader, yis.
As of lachesse I am biknowe
That I may stond upon his rowe,
As I that am clad of his siute :
ffor whanne I thought my pursuite
To make, and therto sette a day
To spek vnto the swete may,[5]
Lachesse bad abide yit,
And bar on hond [6] it was no wit
Ne tyme for to speke as tho.

Confessio Amantis, Bk. iv. 1-33.

1 procrastination. 2 specially by nature
3 waits for something to turn up
4 Wastes through sloth 5 maiden 6 asserted

PAGE 183. FROM GOWER'S CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Torpor, ebes sensus, scola parua labor minimusque
Causant quo minimus ipse minora canam :
Qua tamen Engisti lingua canit Insula Bruti
Anglica Carmente metra iuuante loquar,
Ossibus ergo carens que conterit ossa loquelis
Absit et interpres stet procul oro malus.

Of hem þat writen us tofore
The bokes dwell, and we therfor
Ben tawght of þat was write þo :
fforthi good is that we also
In oure tyme among us hiere
Do write of new som matiere,
Essampled of þese olde wise
So þat it myhte in such a wyse
Whan we ben dede and eleswhere
Beleue to þe worldes eere
In tyme comende after this.
Bot for men sein, and soþ it is,
That who þat al of wysdom wryt
It dulleth ofte a mannes wit,
To hym þat schal it alday rede,
ffor þilke[1] cause, if þat ye rede,
I wolde go þe middel weye
And wryte a bok betwen þe tweye,
Somwhat of lust,[2] somewhat of lore,[3]
That of [þe] lasse or of þe more
[Som man mai lyke of þat I wryte.]

[1] the same [2] pleasure [3] learning

PAGE 188. FROM LYDGATE'S LIFE OF SAINT EDMUND.

The noble story to putte in remembrance
Of saynt Edmund / martir maide & kyng,
With his support / my stile I wil auance
Ffirst to compile / aftir my kunyng
His glorious lif, his birthe and his gynnyng,
And be discent / how that he that was so good
Was in Saxonie born of the roial blood.

PAGE 191. FROM BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS 18632 (containing Lydgate's Story of Thebes, and Hoccleve's De Regimine Principum).

Musing vpon the restles besynesse
Which þat þis troubly world haþ ay on honde,
That oþer þing þan frut of biternesse
Ne yeldith noght, as Y can understonde,
At Chestres yn, right fast bi þe Stronde,
As Y lay in mi bed vpon a nyght,
Thought me birefte of slep þe force & might.

And many a day and nyght that wikked hyne[1]
Had beforn vexed my pore goost
So greuously, that of anguissh and peyne
No riccher man nower in no coost,
This dar Y seyn, may no wight make his boost,
That with thoght was beter than Y aqueynted,
ffor to the deth he hath me welnygh feynted.

Bysily in my mynde I gan reuolue
The welth unsur of euery crature,
How lightly that fortune hit can dissolue
Whan that her list that hit no lenger dure ;
And of the brotelnesse[2] of nature
My tremblyng herte so gret gastnesse[3] hadde,
That my spyrites of my lif were sadde.

Me fel to mynde how þat nat longe agoo
Fortunes strok doun thrist estat Royal
In to meschef.[4] And Y tok heed also
Of many an other lord that had a fal ;
In mene[5] estat eke sikernesse at al
Ne saw Y noon, but Y sy atte laste
Where surte for to abide hir caste.

In pore estat she pight her pauilon
To keuere her fro the strok of descending ;
For she knew no lower descencion
Sauf only deth, fro wich no wight liuyng
Defende him may. And thus in my musyng
I destitut was of ioye and good hope,
And to myn ese no thing could Y grope.

ffor right as blyue ran hit in my thought
Thogh pore Y be, yet somwhat lese Y may ;
Than demed Y that surte wold nought
With me abide, hit is not to here pay
There to soiourne as she descende may.
And thus vnsiker of my smal lyflode
Thought leide on me ful mani an heuy lode.

Hoccleve, De Regimine Principum, stanzas 1–6 (ed. Wright, Roxburghe Club, 1860).

[1] varlet [2] brittleness [3] fear
[4] alluding to the deposition of Richard II.
[5] middle

PAGE 210. EXTRACT FROM COMMENTARY ON THE APOCALYPSE.

Apocalips

& oon of þe eldre men seide to me "Wepe þou not, lo a lioun of þe lynage of Juda, þe rote of Daviþ, haþ ouercome to opene þe book & to undoon þe seuen seelis of it." Bi þe rigt half[1] of þe lord is bitokened goddis sone ; bi þe trone[2] þat he sittiþ uppon is bitokened þe fleisch þat he tok of þe virgyn Marie, were þe godhede restiþ ; bi þe book is bitokened þe saued, to bien man agen ;[3] the writyng þat techiþ derkly wiþ figuris bi þe writyng wiþout bitokeneþ þe newe lawe þat techiþ opynly ; þe seuen seelis ben bitokened þe seuene sacramen tis of hooli chirche, or þe seuene gif tis of þe holi goost ; bi þe stronge aungel is bitokened þe olde lawe or þe

[1] right side [2] throne [3] buy again ; redeem

PAGE 207. FROM WILLIAM OF SHOREHAM'S PSALTER.

Psalterium

Beatus vir qui non abiit in consilio impiorum et in via peccatorum non stetit, et in cathedra [vel judicio] pestilencie [vel falsitatis] non sedit :

Blessed be þe man þat yede[1] nougt in þe counseil of wicked, ne stode nougt in þe waie of singeres,[2] ne sat naugt in fals jugement.

Set in lege domini voluntas ejus, et in lege ejus meditabitur die et nocte.

Ac hiis wylle was in þe wylle of oure lord, and he schal þenche[3] in hiis lawe bothe daye and nygt.

Et erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum, quod fructum suum dabit in tempore suo.

And he schal be as þe tre þat hiis seit by þe ernyng[4] of waters, þat schal geue his frut in hiis tyme.

Et folium ejus non defluet: et omnia quecumque [justus] faciet semper prosperabuntur.

And hiis leaf schal nougt fallen, and alle þynges þat þe rygtful doþ schal multiplien.

Non sic impii, non sic, set tanquam pulvis, quem projicit ventus a facie terre.

Nougt so ben þe wicked, nougt so, as a poudre[5] þat þe wynde casteþ fram þe face of þerþe.[6]

Ideo non resurgunt impii in judicio: neque peccatores in consilio justorum.

Ffor þi[7] ne schal nougt þe wicked arise in jugement, ne þe sunners in þe conseyl of þe rygtful.

Quoniam novit Dominus viam justorum, et iter impiorum peribit.

Ffor owre lorde knew þe waie of þe rygtful, and þe waye of synners schal perissen.

Quare fremuerunt [dubitaverunt de lege] gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania.

Whi douteþ hii hem——

[1] has gone [2] sinners [3] think [4] running [5] powder [6] the earth [7] therefore

Page 215. Wycliffite Bible (Bodl. Douce MS 369).

Baruch

multetude shal be turned in to þe leste folc of kinde, for þem Y shal scatere, for Y wot, þat mee shal not here þe puple. Þe puple is forsoþe with an hard nol, & shal be turned to his herte in þe lond of his caitif e. & þey shul wite for Y am þe lord god of hem and Y shal gyue to þem an herte & þei shul vndirstonde; & eres & þei shul here; & þei shuln preise me in þe lond of þer caitifte, & myndeful þei shul be of my name, & þei shul turnen awei þemself fro þer harde rig & fro þer cursidheduus; for þei shul remembre þe weie of þer fadris þat syn eden in me, & Y shal ageen clepe hem in to þe lond þat Y swor to þe fadris of hem Abraham, Isaac & Jacob; & þei shul lordshipen of it, & Y shal multeplie þem & þei shul not be lassid. & Y shal sette to þem an oþer testament euere durende, þat Y be to þem in to a lord & þei shul be to me in to a puple & Y shal no more moue my puple þe sonus of Israel, fro þe lond þat Y gaf to þem

And now, lord god of Israel, þe soule in anguysshes & þe spirit tormentid cryeþ to þee. Here lord & haue mercy; for god þu art merciful, & haue mercy of vs, for wee hau synned bifor þee, þat sittist in to euermor, & wee shul not pershe in to þe spirituel during, lord god almyghti, god of Israel. Here now þe orison of þe deade men of Israel, & of þe sonus of hem, for þei han synned bifor þee, & þei herden not þe vois of þe lord þer God & ioyned ben to vs euelis. Wile þu not han mynde of þe wickenesse of oure fadris, but haue mynde of þin hond & of þi name in þis tyme, for þu art lord oure god, & wee shul preise þee lord [for] For þat þu hast goue þi drede in [þ, oure hertes þat wee inwardli clepe þi name & preise þee in oure caitifte. For wee shul be turned fro þe wickenesse of oure fadris þat synneden in þee & lo wee in oure caitifte ben to dai, þat vs þu hast scatered in to repref & in to cursing & in to synne, after alle þe wickidnessis of oure fadris þatt wenten awei fro þee lord oure God. Here þu Israel þe maundemens of lif; with eres parceyue þat þu wite prudence. What is, Israel, þat in þe lond of þe enemys þu art? Þou hast eldid in an alien lond; þu art defouled with deade men. Þu art set with men goende doun in to helle. Þu hast forsake þe welle of wisdam, for if in þe weies of god þu haddest go, þu shuldist han dwellid forsoþe in pes vp on erþe. Lerne, wher be prudence, wher be vertue, wher be vnderstonding þat þu wite togidere, where be long abiding of lyf & of liflode, wher be light of eghen & pes.

Who fond his place? Who entride in to his tresores? Wher ben þe princes of Gentilys & þat lordshipen of bestes þat ben vpon erþe þat in þe briddes of heuene pleien. Þat siluer forgen & ben besy, ne þer is finding of þe werkus of hem? Þei ben out lawid & to helle þei wente down, & oþyr men in þe place of hem risen. Þe yunge

Explicit translacõm Nicholay de Herford.

Page 217. Wycliffite Bible (Bodl. MS 959).

Baruch

[Heere, Lord, oure preieeres, and oure orisounus] & bring us out for þee; & gif to us to finde grace befor þe face of hem þat laden us awei, þat al erþe wite for þu art lord oure god, & for þi name is inwardli cleped up on Israel & up on þe kinde of hym. Beho[l]d, lord, fro þyn holy hous in to us, & bowe þyn ere & ful out here us. Opene þyn een & see, for not þe deade þat ben in helle whos spirit is taken fro þer bowelis shul gyue worshipe and iustefiyng to þe lord: but þe soule þat is sory up on þe mykelnesse of euel, & goþ boowid and meekid & þe eze failende & þe soule hungrende zyueþ to þee glorie & rightwisnesse to þe lord. Wiche not after þe rightwisnesse of oure faders heelden out mercy befor þi sighte, lord oure god, but for þu sentest þi wrathe & þi wodnesse up on us as þu speke in þe hond of þi childer prophetis seiende, Þus seiþ þe lord, Booweþ down youre shulders & youre nol & doþ trauaile

to þe king of Babilon ; & yee sul sitte *in* þe lond þat I gaf to youre faders. That i[f] yee shul not don ne here þe vois of þe lord oure God to werche to þe king of Babilon, youre failing I shal make fro þe cite of Juda & fro þe gatis of Jerusalem, & I shal tak awei fro you þe vois of merthe & vois of joy & vois of þe man spouse & vois of þe wuman spouse & ben shal al þe lond without step fro þe dwellers in to it. & þei herden not þi vois þat þei shulde werche to þe king of Babiloyne, & þou settedest þi woordis þat þou speeke *in* þe eris of þi childre prophetis þat translatid shulde ben þe bones of oure kingus & þe bones of oure faders fro þis place. & lo þei ben cast forþ *in* þe hete of þe sunne & *in* þe frost of þe nyght. & þei ben dead *in* werste sorewis *in* hunger & *in* swerd & sending out. & þu settedest þi temple, *in* whiche is inwardli cleped þi name in it, as þis dai for þe wickenesse of þe hous of Israel & of þe hous of Juda & þu hast don *in* us lord oure god after þi goodnesse & after al þat þi grete mercy doing as þu speeke *in* þe hond of þi child Moises in þe dai þat þu comaundedest to hym to write þi lawe befor þe sones of Israel, seienpe, If yee shul not heren my vois þis grete multitude shal ben turned *in* to þe leste folc of kinde, *etc.*

As in Bodl. Douce MS 369, *with slight variations. See p.* 215.

PAGE 218. FROM WYCLIFFE'S BIBLE (EGERTON MS 618).

The bygy | Cap 1
nynge of þe gos
pel of Jesus Crist
þe sone of god ;
as it is writen
in Ysaye þe prophete, Loo I send myn
aungle bifore þi face þat schal make
þi weye redy bifore þee. The voyce
of oon criynge in deseert, Make yee
redy þe weye of þe lord : make yee
his paþis rygtful. Joon was in deseert, baptizinge & prechinge þe baptyme of penaunce, in to remissioun
of synnes. And alle men of Jerusalem wenten out to hym, & alle þe
cuntre of Jude, & weren baptized of
hym in þe flood of Jordan, knowe
lechynge her synnes. And Joon was
cloþid with heeris of camelis & a gyrdil of skyn aboute his leendis,[1] and
he ete locustis & hony of þe woode,
& prechide seeynge, A stronger þan I
schal come aftir me, of whom I knelynge am not worþi for to undo or
unbynde þe þwonge of his schoon.
I haue baptized yow in watir, forsoþe he schal baptize yow in þe hooly
goost ¶ And it is doon in þo dayes
Jhesus came fro Nazareth of Galylee & was baptized of Joon in Jordan. And anoon he styinge[2] up of þe
watir saw heuenes openyd & þe holy goost comynge down as a culuer,[3]
& dwellinge in hym. And a voyce
is maad fro heuenes, Thow art my
louyd sone : in þee I haue plesyd.
And anoon þe spiryt puttide hym
into deseert. And he was in deseert
fourty dayes & fourty nygtys & was
temptid of Sathanas. And he was
with beestys, & aungelis mynystryden to hym. ¶ Fforsoþe aftir þat Joon
was taken, Jesus came in to Galylee, prechynge þe gospel of þe kyng
dom of God, & seiynge, Ffor tyme
is fulfillid, & þe kyngdom of God
schal come nyg. Fforþinke yee or
do yee penaunce, & bileeueþ to þe
gospel ¶ And he passinge bisydes
þe se of Galilee seeig Symont and
Andrew his broþir, sendinge nettys in to þe see. Soþeli þei weren
fyscherys. And Jesus seide to hem,
Come yee aftir me ; I schal make
you to be made fyscherys of men.
And anoon, þe nettis forsaken,
þei sueden[4] hym. And he, gon forþe
þennys a lityl, seig Jamys of Zebedee & Joon his broþir & hem in þe
boot makinge nettis. And anoon
he clepide hem. And, Zebedee, her fadir, left, þei sueden hym. ¶ And þei
wente forþe int Cafarnaum. And
anoon in þe Sabotys he, gon in
to þe synagoge, taugt hem. And
þei wondreden on his techynge.
Soþeli he was techynge hem as
hauynge power, & not as scrybis.
And in þe synagoge of hem was
a man in an vnclene spyryt, & he
criede seiynge, What to us & to þee,
þow Jesus of Nazareth ? Hast þow comen bifore þe tyme, forto distruye
us ? I woot þat þow art þe hooly of
God. And Iesus þretenyde to hym,
seiynge, Were doumbe & go out of
þe man. And þe uncleene goost debrekynge hym, & cryinge with greet
voyce, wente awey fro hym. And
alle men wondreden, so þat þei sougten to gyder among hem, seyinge,
What is þis ~~new~~ þing ? What is
þis newe techynge ? ffor impower
he comandeþ to unclene spyrytys,
& þei obeyschen to hym. And þe tale or tyþinge of hym wente forþ anoon into alle þe cuntree of Galylee.
Anoon þei, goynge out of þe synagoge, camen into þe hous of Symont
and Andrew, with Jamys & Joon. So
þeli þe modir of Symontys wiif

St. Mark i. 1-30.

[1] loins [2] mounting [3] dove (*columba*) [4] followed

PAGE 228. FROM THE COVENTRY MYSTERIES—THE PLAY OF THE THREE KINGS (No. XVII).

¶ HERODE

Regyon

As a lord in ryalte[1] in non ^ so ryche,
And rulere of alle remys[2] I ryde in ryal aray;
Ther is no lord of lond in lordchep to me lyche,[3]
Non lofflyere, non lofsumere,[4] evyr-lestyng is my lay[5]:
Of bewte & of boldnes I bere ever more ȳ belle;
Of mayn & of myght I master every man;
I dynge with my dowtynes ȳ devyl down to helle,
ffor bothe of hevyn & of herthe I am kynge sertayne.

¶ I am ȳ comelyeste kynge clad in gleterynge golde,
Ya & ȳ semelyeste syre ȳ may bestryde a stede;
I wolde att my wylle alle wyghtes upon molde,[6]
¶ Ya, and wurthely I am wrappyd in a wurthy wede.
Ye knyghtes so comely, bothe curteys & kene,[7]
To my paleys wyl I passe, fulle prest[8] I yow plyth[9];
Ye dukys so dowty ffolwe me bedene[10]
On to my ryal paleys ȳ wey lyth ful ryght.

¶ Wyghtly[11] fro my stede I skyppe down in hast,
To myn heyg hallys I haste me in my way;
Ye mynstrelle of myrthe blowe up a good blast,
Whylle I go to chawmere[12] & chaunge my array.

PRIMUS REX

¶ Heyl be ye kynges tweyne,
ffere rydyng out of your regne!
Me thynkyth be your presentes seyne,
} Ye sekyn oure Savyour.
ffro Saba have I folwyd ffere
The glemynge of yon gay sterre;
A chyldys blood xal lyen us dere,
} ȳ ther is born in bestes boure.

¶ My name is kynge Baltazar

1 royalty 2 realms 3 like 4 more lovely
5 law, reign 6 all people upon the earth
7 keen, brave 8 quick 9 plight
10 at once 11 nimbly 12 chamber

PAGE 230. FROM THE YORK MYSTERIES—PLAY OF NOAH & HIS WIFE (No. IX).

THE FFISSHERS AND MARYNIRS.

[UXOR]

Nowe at firste I fynde and feele
Wher þou hast to þe forest soght,
Þou shuld haue tolde me for oure seele[1]
Whan we were to slyke bargane broght.[2]

NOE

Now, dame, þe thar nogt drede a dele[3]
ffor till accounte[4] it cost þe noght,
A hundereth wyntyr, I watte wele,
Is wente sen I þis werke had wrought[5]
And when I made endyng || God gaffe me mesore[6] fayre,
Of euery-ilke a thyng.[7]
He bad þat I shuld bryng
} Of ilke a kynde,[8] a peyre.
Of beestis and foules gynge,

UXOR

Nowe, certis, and we shulde skape fro skathe,[10]
And so be saffyd as ye saye here,
My commodrys[11] and my cosynes bathe,
Þam wolde I wente with us in feere.[12]

NOE

To wende in þe watir it were wathe,[13]
Loke in and loke with-outen were.[14]

UXOR

Allas my lyff me is full lath,
I lyffe ouere lange þis lare to lere[15]

I FILIA

Dere modir, mende youre moode, || ffor we sall wende you with.

UXOR

My frendis þat I fra yoode
Are ouere flowen with floode.

II FILIA

Nowe thanke we god al goode That us has grauntid grith.[16]

III FILIA

Modir, of þis werke now wolde ye nogt wene
That alle shuld worthe to watres wan?[17]

1 for our behoof 2 when we were reduced to such a pass
3 ye need not be at all afraid 4 to account
5 has gone since I first wrought this work 6 measure
7 of each and every thing 8 young 9 of each kind
10 escape from harm 11 gossips, companions
12 I would have them go in company with us
13 danger 14 doubt
15 Alas! my life is hateful to me: I live over long to learn such lore
16 peace 17 should turn to waters wan

PAGE 248. FROM CAPGRAVE'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

His modir. Capitulum terciũm

Off þis mater spekiþ þis glorious man in þe ix book of his Confessiones where he seith of his fader þat he was of nature ful frendly and goodly and redy eke onto ire as many men be kynde and fre of hert and sone meued[1] to malencolie. This holi woman weddid on to him whan sche had aspied his hasti condicion sche had swech gouernauns in hir dedis and swech moderacion in hir wordes þat he coude neuyr cacch no hold to be wroth with hir in all his lyf. Sche wold if he excedid, as Augustinus telliþ, abide til his ire were goo, þan wold sche reherse on to him þe euel avised wordes whech he had spoke or þe onresonable werkis whech he had do.[2] Sumtyme it happed þat sche sat among oþir matrones of hir knowlech, of whech women summe had merkys in her face whech her[3] husbandis had mad only for þei wolde speke ageyn whan here husbandis were wroth, and þan wold þese women say on to Monicha "We haue grete wondir of þe and þin husband, þat þou bringgist neuyr no merk of his strokys, ne non of us haue herd þat euyr þere was ony strif betwix you too, not withstand þat he is an irous man and hasty, as ony dwelliþ amonges us." Sche wol answere on mynde to hem on þis manere, "Iff ye haue ^ of youre tables matrimonial þat were mad betwix you and youre husbandis at youre weddyng

1 moved 2 done 3 their

Page 251. Declaration of Sir John Fortescue.

The declaracion made by John ffortescu, knyght,
upon certayn wrytinges sent oute of Scotteland
ayenst the kinges title of his Roialme of Englond.

The introduction of þe matier.

A lernid man in the lawe of this lande come late to the same sir John ffortescu, saynge in this wise: Sir, while ye were in Scotelande with Henry, somtyme ^king^ of this lande in dede, though he were not so in Right, there ware made th^e^re many wrytinges and sent hedyr, by which was sawen amonges the peple matier of grete noyse and infamye to þe tytle whiche the kynge oure soueraigne lorde Edward the IIIth hath, and thoo[1] hadde, to reigne vpon us. And truly, syr, the conceyvinge and endytynge of thoo wrytinges haue be ascribed to you in the opynion of the people, considerynge that ye were the chief councellere to þe said late kyng. ffor whiche cause hit is thought to many right wyse men, and also to me and othere of youre ffrendis, that it is nowe youre dutee, and also ye beth bounde in conscience, to declare youre selfe herein, and also the qualites and effectes of all such wrytinges as ye were in thoo pryve vnto, ^in^ such wyse as thay turne not hereaftere to þe kinges harme; and that ye doo this by wryting such as may come to the knowlache of the peaple also[2] clerely as dyde the sayd wrytinges sent oute of Scotelande, of whiche many yete remaynen in the handes of ffull evyll dysposed people, that pryvely rowne[3] and reden thaym to the kynges dyshonowre and disclaundre of his said title. Whervnto ffortescu said in þe fforme that foloith:

ffortescu agreith him to make such declaracion as is desyred.

My verray good and tru frende, I thanke you hertely of your sadde[4] & faithfull councell, which I shall folow also ferre as shal be possyble to me; ffor I know vndoutedly þat it [is] reason I do as ye move me. But yit it is so that þere were many such wrytinges made in Scotelande of which sum were made by other men than by me, wherunto I was neuer pryve. But yet þe bryngers of tham into this lande said they were of my makyng, hopynge tharby that thay shulde been the more favoured. There were also oþer wrytinges made ther by þe said late kynges councell and sent hedyr, to whiche I was not well willynge but

[1] then [2] as [3] whisper, speak of [4] discreet

Page 277. The Prophecy of Thomas of Ercildoune.

¶ La countesse de Donbar deman
da a Thomas de Essedoune
quant la guere de Scoce prendres.
fyn, e yl la repoundy e dyt.
When man as mad a kyng of a
capped man;
When mon is leuere oþermones
þyng þen is owen;
When Londyon y forest, ant forest
ys felde;
When hares kendles oþe herston;
When Wyt & Wille werres toge
dere;
When mon makes stables of kyr
kes and steles castles wyþ styes;
When Rokesbourh nys no burgh
ant market is at Forwyleye;
When þe olde is gan ant
þe newe is come þt don noþt;
When Bambourne is donged
Wyþ dedemen;
When men ledes men in ropes
to buyen & to sellen;
When a quarter of Whaty
Whete is chaunged for a
colt of ten markes;
When prude prikes & pees is
leyd in prisoun;
When a scot ne may hym hude
as hare in forme þt þe
englyssh ne shal hym fynde.

The Countess of Dunbar asked of Thomas of Erceldoune when the Scottish war should end, and he made answer to her, and said:

When one has made a king of a capped man;
When one had rather have another man's thing than one's own;
When London (or Lothian) is forest, and forest is field;
When hares bring forth their young on the hearth stone;
When wit and will war together;
When man makes stables of churches, and castles with styes;
When Roxburghe is no more a burgh, and the market is at Forwylee;
When the old is gone, and the new is come that do nought;
When Bannockburn is dunged with dead men;
When one leads men in ropes to buy and to sell;
When a quarter of poorish wheat is changed for a colt of ten marks;
When Pride rides on horseback, and peace is put in prison;
When a Scot may not hide as a hare in form so that the English shall not find him.

PAGE 283. FROM WYNTOUN'S "CHRONICLE OF SCOTLAND."

The passage runs thus in the *editio princeps* of Wyntown, ed. Macpherson, London 1795.

[*And Huchown of þe Awle ryale*
In-til hys Gest hystoriale
Has tretyd þis mar cunnandly]
Þan suffycyand to pronowns am I.
As in oure matere we procede
Sum man may fall[1] þis buk to rede,
Sall call the authour to rekles
Or argue perchans his cunnandnes;
Syne[2] Huchowne of þe Awle ryale
In-til hys Gest hystoriale
Cauld Lucius Hiberius Emperoure
Quhen Kyng of Brettane was Arthoure.
Huchowne bath and þe Autore
Gyltles ar of gret errore.
For the Autor fyrst to say,
The storyis quha þat will assay
Of Iber, Frere Martyne, and Vincens
Storyis to cun dyd diligens
And Orosius, all foure
Þat mony storys had sene oure
Cald noucht þis Lucyus Emperoure
Quhen Kyng of Brettane wes Arthoure.
Bot of þe Brute þe story sayis
Þat Lucyus Hiberus in hys dayis
Wes of the hey state Procurature
Nowþir cald Kyng, ná Emperure.
Fra blame þan is þe autore quyte
As befo hym he fand, to wryte;
And men of gud dyscretyowne
Suld excuse, and love Huchowne
Þat cunnand wes in Literature.
He made þe gret Gest of Arthure
And the Awntyre of Gawane
Þe Pystyl[3] als of Swete Susane.

[1] happen [2] since [3] story (epistle)

PAGE 285. FROM THE MORTE ARTHURE.

Lordingis, that ar leff[1] and dere,
Lystenyth, and I shalle you telle
By olde dayes what aunturs[2] were
Amonge oure eldris þat by-felle:
In Arthur dayes, that noble kinge,
By-fellè Aunturs ferly fele;[3]
And I shalle telle of there endinge
That mykelle wiste of wo and wele.

The knightis of the table Rounde,
The sangrayle whan they had sought,
Aunturs that they by-fore them founde
ffynisshid, and to ende brought;
Their enemyes they bette & bounde,
ffor golde on lyff they lefte them noght;
ffoure yere they lyved sounde
Whan they had these werkis wroght:

Tille on a tyme þat it by-felle,
The king in bede lay by the quene,
Off Aunturs they by-ganne to telle,
Many that in þat lande hade bene;
"Sir, yif that it were youre wille,
Of a wondir thinge I wold you mene,[4]
How your courte by gynnyth to spille[5]
Off duoghty knightis alle by dene.[6]
Syr, your honour by-gynnys to falle,
That wount was wide in world to sprede,
Off Launcelott, and of other alle,
That euyr so doughty were in dede."
"Dame, there-to thy counselle I calle,
What were best for suche a nede?"

[1] beloved [2] adventures [3] wondrous many
[4] inform [5] be spoilt [6] altogether

PAGE 291. FROM THE "KINGIS QUAIR."

Heigh in the hevynns figure circulere
The rody sterres twynklyng as the fyre;
And, in Aquary, Citherea[1] the clere
Rynsid hir tressis like the goldin wyre,
That late tofore,[2] in fair and fresche atyre,
Through Capricorn heved hir hornis bright,
North northward approchit the myd-nyght;

Quhen as I lay in bed allone waking,
New partit out of slepe a lyte tofore,[3]
Fell me to mynd of many diuerse thing,
Off this and that; can I noght say quharfore,
Bot slepe for craft in erth myght I no more;
For quhich as tho[4] coude I no better wyle,
Bot toke a boke to rede apon a quhile;

Off quhich the name is clepit[5] properly
Boece, eftere him þat was the compiloure,
Schewing [the] counsele of philosophye,
Compilit by that noble senatoure
Off Rome quhilom þat was the warldis floure,
And from estatë by fortune a quhile
ffloriugit[6] was to pouert in exile:

And there to here this worthy lord and clerk,
His metir suete, full of moralitee;
His flourit pen so fair he set a-werk,
Discryving[7] first of his prosperitee,
And out of that his infelicitee;
And than how he, in his poetly report,[8]
In philosophy can him to confort.

ffor quhich, thoght[9] I in purpose, at my boke
To borowe a slepe at thilkë tyme began,
Or euer I stent, my best was more to loke
Vpon the writing of this noble man,
That in himself the full recouer[10] wan
Off his infortune, pouert, and distresse,
And in tham set his verray sekernesse.

[1] *Scribe's blunder for* Cynthia (the moon) [2] before
[3] a little before [4] as then, at that time [5] called
[6] wrongly judged [7] describing [8] poetic story
[9] though [10] recovery

PAGE 295. FROM A MS OF HENRYSON'S FABLES.

Ane cok, sum tyme, with feddram[1] fresch & gay,
Richt cant and crous,[2] albeit he was bot pure,[3]
Flew furth vpoun ane dung-hill sone be day,[4]
To get his dennar set was all his cure,[5]
Scraipand amang the as,[6] be euenture,
He fand ane joly jasp, richt precious,
Was castin furth[7] be sweping of the hous.

[1] feathers [2] right merry and bold [3] poor
[4] early in the day [5] all his care was set upon getting his dinner
[6] ash [7] which had been cast forth

PAGE 358. LONDON.

London, thou art / of townes A *per* se ![1]
Soveraign of cities / semeliest in sight,
Of high renoun / riches, and royaltie ;
Of lord*is*, barons / and many goodly knight ;
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;
Of famous p*re*lat*is* in habit*is* clericall ;
Of m*er*chaunt*is* full of substaunce and myght :
London, thou art the fflour of cities all.

Gladdith anon / thou lusty Troynovaunt,
City that some-tyme / cleped [2] was New Troy ;
In all the erth, / imp*er*iall as thou stant,
Pryncesse of townes, / of pleasure, and of joy,
A richer restith / under no *Chris*ten roy ;[3]
ffor manly power / w*ith* craft*is* naturall,
ffourmeth none ffairer / sith the fflode of Noy,
London, thou art / the fflour of cities all.

Gemme of all joy / jasp*er* of jocunditie,
Most myghty carbuncle / of vertue & valour
Strong Troy in vigour / & in strenuytie,
Of royall cities / rose & geraflour.

[1] The best of all [2] called [3] king

PAGE 359. DUNBAR'S WELCOME TO MARGARET TUDOR.

Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre,
Princes most plesant and preclare,[1]
The lustiest one alyve that byne,
Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Younge tender plant of pulcritud,[2]
Descendyd of Imperyall blode ;
Freshe fragrant floure of fayrehede shene,[3]
Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Swet lusty lusum[4] lady clere,
Most myghty kynges dochter dere,
Borne of a princes most serene,
Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Welcum the Rose bothe rede and whyte,
Welcum the floure of oure delyte !
Oure secrete rejoysyng frome the sone beine
Welcum of Scotland to be Quene ;
Welcum of Scotlande to be Quene.

[1] famous [2] fairness [3] beauty brigh
[4] lovely, worthy of love.

TRANSLITERATIONS OF MSS AND LETTERS.

VOLUME I.

Facing page 320. Letter from Sir Thomas More.

Our lorde blysse yow.

My derely belouyd doughter I dowt not but by the reason of th[e] counsaylours resortying hyther (in thys tyme in whych our l[. . .] theyr comforte) these fathers of the chaterhous & M Reynolde of Syon iudged to deth for treson whose maters and causes I know not/ m[ ] to put yow in trouble & fere of mynde cōcernyng me beynge [h . .] specyally for that it ys not vnlykely but that you haue herd [I] was brought also before the counsayle here my selfe I haue tho[ught] yt necessary to aduertyse yow of the very trouth / to thende that yo[u] neyther conceyue more hope than the mater gyueth lest vppon other torne yt myght aggreue your heuynes / nor more grei[. . . .] fere than the mater gyueth on the tother syde / wherfore sho[. .] shall vnderstand that on Fryday the last day of apryle in the afte[rnoon] m) leuetenaunt cam in here vnto me & shewed me that m)se[. . .] wold speke wᵗ me. Wheruppon I shyfted my gowne & went ow[t] . . m) leuetenaunt into the galery to hym where I met ma[ny] some knowen & some vnknowen in the way. And in concl[. . .] cōmyng in to the chamber wher hys mastershyp sat wᵗ m) Attor[ny] m) Soliciter m) Bedyll & m) doctour Tregonnell I was offred to s[yt] wᵗ them whych in no wyse I wolde. Wheruppon m) secretory . . . . . vnto me that he dowted not but that I had by such frend . . hyther had resorted to me sene the new statute made at th[e] syttyng of the plyament. Wherunto I answerd ye verely h[. . . . .] yt for as much as beyng here I haue no conuersacion wᵗ e[ny] people I thought yt lytell nede for me to bestow mych tym[e . .] them & therfore I redelyeud the boke shortly & theffect of the st[. . .] I neu' mar ed nor studyed to put in remembraunce. Tha[y] asked me whether I had not red the fyrst statute of them of [. . .] kynge beyng hed of the chyrche Wherunto I answerd yes. Th[en . . .] mastershyp declared vnto me that syth yt was now by act [. . .] plyament ordeyned that hys hyghnes & hys heyres be [. . . .] ryght haue bene & ppetually shuld be supreme hed in yer [th . .] the chyrch of englande vnder cryst: the kynge plesure was . . of hys counsaylle there assembled shuld demaund . . & what my mynde was therin / Wh runto I [. . . . .] good fayth I had well trusted that the kynge [. . . . . .] haue cōmaunded eny such question t[. . . . . .]

VOLUME II.

Page 15. From Bacon's MS Note-book.

Transportate Iul. 28, 1608.

leaue
To sett in fit places. Ilande more.
An Iland where the fayre hornbeam standeth with a stand in it and leate vnder Neath
An Iland with Rock
An Iland with a Grott.
An Iland Mounted wᵗh flowers in ascente
An Iland pauid and wᵗh pictures
Every of the Ilande to haue a Fayre Image to keepe it Tryten or Nymph etc.
An Iland wᵗh an arbor of Musk roses sett all wᵗh double violetts for sent in Autmn, some gilouers wᶜh likewise dispers sent.
A fayre bridg to yᵉ Middle Great Iland onely yᵉ rest by bote
To remember the poynt of husbandry of stubbing some wood as praye
The makins of the fayre waulk
The appointing more ground to lye laye thes doth, Specially the feeld as comyng in præsently.

Facing page 47. Letter from Sir Philip Sidney to Lord Burghley.

Sir Philip Sidney,

Fluching, Augᵗ 14ᵗʰ 1586.

Right honorable my singular good Lord I humbli beseech your L to vouchsafe the heering mʳ Burnā in what cace for all sort of munition we are in this town. I think Sir Thomas Cecill bee in the lyke. I hope exceedingly in your Lps honorable care thereof, the places beeing of so great moment if Ive be turned ouer to the states it is as good as nothing, and it shall be no loss to her Maᵗⁱ to haue som store vnder an officer of her own whom it shall pleas her not to be spent but vppon vrgent necessity. The garrisō is weak, the people by thes cross fortunes crossly disposed. and this is yᵉ conclusion if these 2 places be kept her Maᵗⁱ hath worth her monei in all extremities, if thei shoold be lost none of the rest wold hold a day. I wryte in great hast to your L becaws the ship can staj no longer, which I besech your L consider and pardon, and vouchsafe to hold me in your fauour as I wil praj to God for your Long and prospero[us] lyfe At Flushing This 14ᵗʰ of August 1586

Your Lps most
humbli at comandment
Ph. Sidney.

Page 52. From Raleigh's "Journal of a Second Voyage to Guiana."

that the companie having byne many dayes scanted & prest with drough dranck vp whole quarter canns of yᵉ bitter raine water The wensday night was also calme with thunder & lightninge.

Oct. 30 Thursday moring we had agayne a duble rainebow wᶜh putt vs in feire yᵗ yᵗ the iornies would never end, from wensday 12 to thursday 12 we made not above 6: 1: having allwayes vncumfortable raines & dead calmes.

The last of october at night rising out of bedd being in a great sweat by reason of a suddayne gust & much clamor in yᵉ shypp before they could gett downe the sailes I tooke a violent cold wᶜh cast me into a bᵘning fever then wᶜh never man indured any more violent nor never man suffered a more furious heat & an vnquenchable drough For ye first 20 dayes I never receaved any sustenance but now & then a stewed prune but dranck every houre day & night & sweat so strongly as I changed my shirts thrise every day & thrise every night.

11 of November The 11 of November we made the North cape of Wiapoco the Cape then bearing S: W: & by W: as they told mee for was not yet able to move out of my bedd we rode in 6 fadome 5 leagues of the shore, I sent in my skiff to enquire for my old Sarvant Leonard the Indian who bine wᵗh me in Ingland 3 or 4 yeers, the same man yᵗ tooke Mʳ Harcorts brother & 50 of his men when they came vppon yᵗ coast & were in extreame distress, having neither meat to carry them home nor meanes to liue ther but by yᵉ help of this Indien whom they made beleiue yᵗ they were my men. but I could not here of him.

Page 91. Letter from John Lyly to Lord Burghley.

For yᵗ I am for some few daies going into the Countrie, yf yoʳ L. be not at leasvre to admitt me to yoʳ speach at my returne I will give my most dutifull attendaunce, at wᶜʰ time, it may be my honesty may ioyne wᵗ yoʳ L wisdome and both preuert that nether wold allow. In the meane season what coloʳ soever be alledged, if I be not honest to my L. and so meane to bee during his plesure, I desire but yoʳ L. secret opinon, for as . . . my L. to be most honorable, so I besech god in time he be not abus[e . . .] loth I am to be a prophett, and to be a wiche I loath

most dutifull to comaund

Jhon Lyly.

Facing page 120. Document in the handwriting of Edmund Spenser.

Siqua habes nova de statu illor) Dñor) in castro remanentiũ p sertim Dñi Baronis Ossoriensis mihi rescribe si ille nō deliquit in principem semper illi favendū sentio: multos habet adversarios sed vtinā illi tam fideles ẽent Principi vti ego illum ẽe puto

Tuæ excellentiæ Verus amicus

Marmaducius Cassellens,

Copia Vera /

Edm̃n. Spser.

Page 262. From "Basilikon Doron."

puritie according to goddis worde, a sufficient prouision for thaire sustentation, a comlie ordoure in thaire policie, pryde punished, humilitie aduauncid, & thay sa to reuerence thaire superioris, & thaire flokkis thaims as the floorishing of your kirke in pietie, peax & learning maye be ane of the cheif pointis of youre earthlie glorie, being euer a'yke uarre with baith the extremities, als weill as ye represse the uaine puritane sa not to suffer proude papᵘll bishoppis, but as sum for thaire qualities will deserue to be præferrid before of otheris sa chaine thame with sicc bandis as may præserue that estait from creiping to corruption the next estate now that be ordoure cummisin purpoise, accordᵘing to thaire rankis in parliament is the nobilitie althoch seconde in ranke yett ouer farre first in greatnesse & pouaire ather to doe goode or euill as thay are inclyned, the naturall seikenessis that I haue perceaued that estate subiect to in my tyme hes bene a fekles arrogant conceat of thaire greatnes & pouaire, drinking in with thaire uerrie noorishe milke that thaire honoure stoode in comitting three pointis of iniquitie, to thrall be opression the meaner sorte that duellis nere thame to thaire seruice & following, allthoch thay haulde nathing of thaime, to maintaine thaire seruandis & dependairis in any wronge althoch thay be not ansourable to the law (for any boddie will mainteine his man in a richt cause) & for any displeasure that thay aprehende to be done unto thaime be thaire neichboure to take up a plaine feade against him, & without respect to god, king, or commounweill to bang it out brauelie, he & all his kinne against him & all his, yea thay will thinke the king farre in thaire commoune in kaice thay agree to graunte ane assurance to a shorte daye for keiping of the peax, quhaire be thaire naturall deutie thay are obleist to obeye the law & keipe the peaxe all the dayes of thaire lyfe upon the perrell of thair

Page 303. Letter from Sir John Harington to Lady Russell.

I observe this, that in all common wealthes, the gowne and the sword rule all; and, that the pen is above the sword, they that wear plumes above their Hellmetts doe therein (though they know yt not) confesse according to the saying, Cædant arma togæ. My Education hath bin suche, and I trust my Limmes and sperit both are suche as neither shalbe defectyve to yᵉ service of my Prince and Contry, whether it be with wryting or weapon; only my desyre is my service may be accepted, and I doubt not, but yt shalbe acceptable, to the which, his Loᵖˢ good Conceyt of me, I count would be a good stepp and to that good Conceyt your Honors commendacion, I perswade me would be a good meanes. So I humbly take my leave this xiiiiᵗʰ of August./

Your honors most bownde

John Harvngton./

Page 305. Letter from Sylvester.

Beeing inforced (through the grievous visitacion of Gods heavie hand, upon your Highnes poore Cittie of London) thus long (& yet longer like) to deferr the Impression of my slender Labours (long since meant unto your Maᵗᶦᵉ) I thought it more then tyme, by some other meane, to tender my humble Homage to your Highnes. But wanting both leasure in myself; & (heere in the Countrey) such helps, as I could have wished, to copie the entire Worke (worthie your Maᵗᶦᵉˢ reading) I was fame thus soudainlie to scribble over this small Parte. Thaᵗ (in the mean time) by a Part, I might (as it wear) give your Highnes Possession of the Whole; untill it shall please the Almightie, in his endles Mercie to give an end to this lamentable affliction, wᶜʰ for his deer Sonns sake I most earnestlie beseech him: & ever to protect your sacred Maᵗᶦᵉ & all your Royal ffamilie under the winges of his gracious ffavour

Your Maiesties

most humble subiect

& devoted servant

Josuah Sylvester.

PAGE 320. THE EPISTLE TO BEN JONSON'S "MASQUE OF QUEENS."

The Epistle.

Humanitve, is not the least honor of yo^{r} Wreath. For, if once the Worthy Professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the care of Princes, the Crownes theyr *Soueraignes* weare will not more adorne theyr Temples; nor theyr stamps liue longer in theyr *Metalls*, than in such subiects labors *Poetry*, my Lord, is not borne wth euery man; Nor euery day: And, in her generall right, it is now my minute to thanke yo^{r} Highnesse, who not only do honor her wth yo^{r} eare, but are curious to examine her wth yo^{r} eye, and inquire into her beauties and strengths. Where, though it hath prou'd a Worke of some difficulty to mee to retriue the particular *authorities* (according to yo^{r} Gracious command, and a desire borne out of iudgment) to those things, w^{ch} I writt ovt of fullnesse, and memory of my former readings; Yet, now I haue ouercome it, the reward that meetes mee is double to one act: w^{ch} is, that therby, yo^{r} excellent vnderstanding will not only iustefie mee to yo^{r} owne knowledge, but decline the stiffnesse of others originall Ignorance, allready armd to censure. For w^{ch} singular bounty, if my *Fate* (most excellent Prince, and *only Delicacy of mankind*) shall reserue mee to the Age of yo^{r} Actions, whether in the Campe, or the Councell-Chamber, y^{t} I may write, at nights, the deedes of yo^{r} dayes; I will then labor to bring forth some Worke as worthy of yo^{r} fame, as my ambition therin is of yo^{r} pardon.

By the most trew admirer of yo^{r} Highnesse Vertues,
And most hearty Celebrater of them,
BEN: JONSON.

PAGE 353. LETTER FROM PHILIP MASSINGER.

To my Honorable ffreinde S
Ffrancis Ffoliambe Knight
and Baronet.

S^{r}. wth my service I present this booke a trifle I confesse, but pray you looke vpon the sender, not his guift, wth your accustomde favor, and then 't will indure your serch the better. Somethinge there may bee you 'l finde in the pervsall fit for mee to giue to one I honor, and may pleade in your defence, though you descende to reade a pamplet of this nature may it prove in your free iudgement, though not worth you^{r} l*ô*o^{r} yet fit to finde a pardon, and I'll say vpon your warrant that it is a play

ever at your comandment
PHILIP MASSINGER.

PAGE 375. LETTER FROM JOHN DONNE TO SIR ROBERT COTTON.

S^{r}

I ame gone to Royston, and I make account that hys mtie may receiue the booke thys eueninge so that y^{u} may at yo^{r} first bey sure deliuer thys Booke to my L to whō I bee seech y^{u} to recommend me most humble services.

Y^{rs} ever to be
comaunded
24 Jan J. DONNE.

VOLUME III.

FACING PAGE 16. FROM MILTON'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

TYRANNUS. *Vide* 248.

185

Sigerbertus West Saxonum tyrannus leges patrias conculcans meritas luit pœnas Malmesbur, l. 1. Sto.

Richard the 2d. in his 21 yeare holding a violent parlament shorten'd his daye. See in Sto. the violences of that parl. See other tyrannicall actes an. 22. and of this parl. Holinsh. 490.

his definition, see de Rege out of S^{r} Tho. Smith. 7 et 8 c. and Basil distinguishes a tyrant from a k. breifly thus: Τοῦ το γε διαφέρει τύραννος βασιλεως, ὅτι ὁ μεν τὸ ἑαυτοῦ παντάχοθεν σκυπεῖ; ὁ δε τὸ τοῖς ἀρχομένοις ἀφέλιμον ἐκπορίξει. Tom. i. 156.

Tyrannicall practizes of Rich. 2 and his accomplices. See Holinsh. p. 456 an. reg. 11, 437, 458, 462, 487. See also the parl. Holinsh. 420, 493. Blank charters, 496, and othe' tyrannical actions, ibid. See also the articles against him in parliament, Holin. 502, also 508.

Aiding tyrants The Black Prince by aiding the cruel tyrant Peeter of Castile brought himselfe to all the mischeifs that fell on his latter days and his father's, for besides the suspicion of poyson in the voiage he brought himself into so deep debt, beeing defrauded of his soldiers pay by y^{e} ingratful tyrant, that he was forc'd to raise that sharp taxation of fuage in Aquitain wherby he lost the Country. See our writers and Spe. p. 597.

Whether it be lawfull to rise against a tyrant? S^{r} Thomas Smith prudently answers that the common people judge of that act according to the event, and successe and the learned according to the purpose of the doers &c. Com. Wealth of Engl. c. 5.

Ludovicus pius beeing made judge of a certain German tyrant, approves the people who had depos'd him, & sets his younger brother up in his stead. Girard. Hist. France, l. 4. p. 248.

Scoti proceres missis ad Elizabethā legatis post Mariā regno pulsam jure id factum iniustis exemplis contendunt. Thuan. hist. l. 50, pag. 769.

of the deposing of a tirant and proceeding against him. Richard the 2d. was not only depos'd by parliament, but sute made by the commons that he might have judgement decreed against him to avoid furder mischief in the real[m]. Holinsh. 512.

Petrus Martyr in 3 c. Iud eis qui potestatem supiorem eligunt certisqz legibus reipub. præficiunt ut hodie electores impii & licere si princeps pactis, et promissis non steterit eum in ordinem cogere ac vi adigere ut conditiones, et pacta quæ fuerat pollicitus, compleat id qz vel armis cum aliter fieri non possit citatqz authorem polydorū nostros homines aliquando suos reges compulisse ad rationem reddendā pecunia . . . administratæ.

ab occidens liceat. Ad un principe cattivo non e altro rimedio che' il ferro. A curore la mal. . . . S . . ponolo bastano le parole, ny a quella del principe bisogna il ferro Macchiavel. . . . .

nec impatorem ppetratis flagittis urgere metuunt principes Germaniæ quo quidem rex qui vix Europæus neqz major neqz Sanctior potest esse ne quis facinus esse patet regem justas ob causas accusationibus appetere. *Vide* Sleidan. l. 18, 299

Vitam principum ærumnosam, et ppetuo sollicitam, etiam eorum, qui rem propius non in tuentibus, felices videntr, describit Cominæus testis præpe oculatus Comines. l. 8, c. 13, p. 684, &c.

De monarchiâ Gallicâ ad tyrranidem Turcicam redigendâ consilium Blesis fuisse inituma rege Car., reginâ matre, aliis tradit Thuanus, et rationes ejus rei pficiendæ p sane commodas a Ponseto quodã explicatos In se narrat. Hist. l. 57, p. 970

Reges a subditis potestate exuti, aut minuti, nullâ reconciliatione ne interposito quidem juramento postea placant[r]. exempla recentis memoriæ extant. Anon. An. [?] l. 71, 423.

PAGE 47. MS OF JAMES HOWELL.

It is humbly offerd to y[e] Consideration
of
The Right Hon[ble] y[e] Councell of State.

That, Wheras vpon this Change of Goverment, & devolution of Interest from kingly power to a Comon Wealth ther may happen som question touching the primitiue and Inalienable Right that Great Britain claymes to the Souuerainty of her own seas as hath allready appeerd by the late clash that broke out twixt vs & Holland (which may well be sayed to be a Comon Wealth of Englands Creation) It were expedient, humbly vnder favor, that a new Treatise be compild for the vindication, and continuance of this Right notwithstanding this Change; And if the State be pleased to impose so honorable a comand vpon y[e] Subscriber, Hee will employ his best abilities to perform it; In which Tretise not only all the learned Reasons & Authorities of M[r] Selden shalbe produced, but the truth of the thing shalbe reinforcd and asserted by further arguments, Examples, & Evidences. And it were requisit that the sayed Treatise shold go publishd in French, as well as English, French being the most comunicable language of Comerce among those Nations whom the knowledg herof doth most concern, & so may much avayle to disperse the truth, and satisfie the World in this point

JAM. HOWELL.

FACING PAGE 52 LETTER FROM SIR THOMAS BROWNE, March 28.

D S.

I send this letter by Capt. Lulman & within 25 shillings, for I find I am endebted for some bookes unto M[r] Martyn bookseller at the Bell in S. Pauls church yard 24 or 25 shillings. And when M[r] Ray was to print his ornithologon or description of birds I lent him many draughts of birds in colours which I had caused at times to be drawne and both hee and Sr Phil. Skippon promised mee that they should bee safely returned butt I have not since received them, but they were lost in M[r] Martyns and therefore present my service unto M[r] Martyn and desire him from mee to deliver the same unto you and I shall rest satisfied. pay him the 25 shillings which are now sent with my respects and service for I have always found him a very civill & honest person to trust

Your loving father
THOMAS BROWNE.

PAGE 79. LETTER FROM DAVENANT.

May it please your Highnesse

This inclosed is accompanyd with many others, no lesse complayning and importunate: And I feare least the rumor which is so common at Chester of the Kings necessities, (and consequently of your Highnesse marching towards him) may come to their eares, who will not fayle to convoy it to Yorke, which would prevaile upon the peop[le] there, more than their want of Victuall, or the Enemies continuall assau[lts]. To prevent this I have written that the reason of your not Marching thither yet, was by being necessitated to call upon the Enemy in Lancashire, who els had binne in posture to have marchd at the heeles of your Army, with a great and a form'd Army, which is now dispersed by several great actions in this County; and that you are hastning towards Yorke. I will presume to put your Highnesse in remembrance that if the pressures upon the King, force him to march Northward he will hardly be follow'd by those Armys which consist of Londoners; for it was never heard that any force or inclination could leade them so far from home. If your Highness should be invited towards the King, you lose imediatly 8000 old Foote in Yorke which with those that may be spard from the Garrisons of Newcastle, Hartlep[ool] and Tinmouth, with those under Clavering, under my Lord Crafford, Montroe, Westmerland and Bishoprick forces will make at least 14 000 Foote and Horse which is a much greater Army than ever the south will be able to rayse in his Ma[ties] behalfe, besides your Highnesse will by that diversion perceave the 3 great mines of England (Coale, Alome and lead) imediatly in the Enemys possession and a constant treasure made from them, which formerly my lord Marquise had done but that he was hinderd by want of shipping: and they havin[g] the advantage of the sea will make those Mines a better maintenance to their cause than London hath binne. I humbly beseech you to excuse for this presumption

Sir Your Highnesse most humble
& most obedient servant

[Hal]eford, 13th June, 1644. WILL: DAVENANT.

PAGE 107. LETTER FROM DRYDEN.

[*October* 1699.]

Sir,

These Verses had waited on you, with the former; but they then wanted that Correction, which I have since given them, that they may the better endure the sight of so great a Judge & Poet I am now in feare that I have purgd them out of their Spirit; as our Master Busby, usd to whip a Boy so long, till he made him a confirmd Blockhead. My Cousin Driden saw them in the Country; and the Greatest Exception He made to them, was a Satire against the Dutch valour, in the late warr. He desir'd me to omit it, (to use his own words) out of the respect He had to his Soveraign. I o'eyd his Commands, & left onely the praises, which I think are due, to the gallantry of my own Countrymen. In the description which I have made of a Parliament plan, I think I have not onely drawn the features of my worthy Kinsman, but have also given my own opinion, of what an Englishman in Parliament ought to be; & deliver it as a Memorial of my own Principles to all Posterity. I have consulted the Judgment of my unbyassd Friends, who have some of them the honour to be known to you, & they think there is nothing which can justly give offence, in that part of the Poem I say not this, to cast a blind on your Judgment (which I cou'd not do if I indeavourd it) but to assure you, that nothing relateing to the publique shall stand, without your permission. For it were to want Common Sence, to desire your patronage, & resolve to disoblige you: And as I will not hazard my hopes of your protection by refusing to obey you in any thing, which I can perform with my Conscience, or my honour, So I am very confident you will never impose any other

terms on Me. My thoughts at present are fixd on Honor: And by my translation of the first I had, I find him a Poet more according to my Genius than Virgil: and Consequently hope I may do him more justice, in his fiery way of writing; which as it is liable to more faults, so it is capable of more beauties, than the exactness of Sobriety of Virgil. Since tis for my Country's honour as well as for my own, that I am willing to undertake this task; I despair not of being encouragd in it, by your favour who am, Sir

Your most obedient Servant
JOHN DRYDEN.

PAGE 117. LETTER FROM JOHN EVELYN.

In the businesse of W, wee haue perfectly made a conclusion so soone as the deede is sealed &c by you, & my mother; wch wth the fine shall (if possible) be conveyed by you next post day: for till that be past neither Estate nor Mortgage is valled in Law longer tha[n] you liue: nor was your heyres any way responsible to myne Vnkle if you had fayled (in default of a recovery) as now (& not till now) he very well knowes; in the interim I shall secure to myne Vnkle the payment of the remaynder, so soone as either of you shall determine of the summe, wch I desyre you should due speedily, that I may prouede the monyes: and heere againe I doe freely reiterat my promisse of settling the Land vpon my deare Wife, as the least part of what I haue allready giuen her in my Will. This being perfected, I shall adjust the tyme of my Coming ouer, being exceed[i]ngly desyrous to confirr wth you about many things. And so I beseech God to blesse us wth an happy meeting

Sr
Lond: 14th May: Yr most obedient
1649. Servant:
EUELYN.

PAGE 119. LETTER FROM TILLOTSON.

Edmonton, Jan. 23, 89.

My Lord,

I recd yor Letter; & find it agreed on all hands that the 6 months for taking the Oaths are expir'd; but I think his Matie will not be hasty in disposing the places of those that are depriv'd: He hath not yet said anything to me about it. When that matter is taken into consideration I will not be unmindfull of yor motion for the supply of Gloucester, and am glad yor Lop hath pitch'd upon the same Person I alwayes design'd to recommend to his Matie for that Bishoprick. The great difficulty I doubt will be to persuade him to accept it though he keep the Living he hath in Comendam without wch he will be undone by the smallnes of the Bprick, having a Wife & many children. The weather is very bad & I have a great cold, otherwise I & my Wife had before this waited upon yor Lop & my Lady. I am, my Lord yor

Lops most oblig'd & humble servant
Jo. TILLOTSON.

PAGE 144. MS OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

Criticismes vpon Bookes & Authors.

He that belieues in the Scriptures is mistaken if he therefore thinkes he belieues in God, for the Scriptures are not the immediate word of God, for they were written by Men, though dictated by Diuine Reuelation; of wch since we haue no Testimony but their own; nor any other Assurance; we do not belieue them because they are the word of God; for wee must belieue them, before we belieue that wch we receiue only from them. And if we beliue God, because wee belieue them, we belieue in him, but at the second hand; & build the Foundation of our Fayth in God, vpon our Fayth in Men. So if we imagine we belieue in God because we belieue in the Scriptures, we deceiue ourselues; for if I tell a man something of a third Person wch he belieues, he do's not belieue that third Person, but mee that tel it him. He that appeares to be of no Religion may perhaps be as much a wel-willer to Dishonesty as a Religious Person, but can never haue so much Power to comit any great or considerable mischife, for he that bespeakes euery mans Distrust, shall hardly be able euer to deceiue any. If such Men intend any hurt to Mankinde, they are very vnwise to depriue themselues of the Power of acting it; and loo e so many aduantages wch the mere Pretence of Religion would put into their handes. *For the Saint & the Hypocrite* are so very like, that they passe all the world ouer vndistinguishd the difference being only in the Inside of wch we haue no guess (vntil it be too late) but by Symptomes that comonly *bely both*. All wee are sure of, is. that the Hypocrites are the greater Number more deuoutly zealous in appearance; & much more crafty then those that are in earnest.

Gueuara, Antiquary to Charles the 5t in his Epistle to him speakes of an old Coyn of an Agyptian King, the Ancientest that euer he saw. that had a Latin Inscription vpon it, Much like the Stagg some years since sayd to be kild that had a Coller found about his neck wth an *English Rhime* written in it by Julius Cæsar.

PAGE 165. LETTER FROM CONGREVE.

My Lord,

By yr Graces direction, mr Southern has don me the honour to read his tragedy to me. I cannot but think that it has been a wrong to the town; as well as an injury to the Author, that such a work has been so long withheld from the Publick. This I say with respect to it as a Play. Whatever may have been proposed or suggested against it on the score of Politicks is in my Opinion absolutely groundlesse. I can see no shadow of an Objection to it upon that account tho I have attended to it very precisely even in regard to that particular. In Justice to mr Southern and in Obedience to yr Graces Commands I am thus plain in my thoughts on this occasion. I am always with the greatest respect

My Lord
yr Graces most Obedient
humble servant
WM. CONGREVE.

PAGE 167. MS OF VANBRUGH.

November the 18th, 1712. Memd. this day, the Duke of Marlborough (upon his Design to travel,) made a new Will, which he executed at St James's. Mr Cardonel, Mr Craggs and myself, saw him sign, seal, declare and publish it, and afterwards sign'd it as Witnesses in his Presence, with a Codicil. The Duke at the same time, burn'd his former Will, cancell'd a former Deed. and executed a new one. The Will consists of fourteen sheets, everyone of which the Duke sign'd,

J. VANBRUGH.

PAGE 242. A PAGE FROM SWIFT'S DIARY.

or a Welch man or woman by its peevish passionate way of barking. This paper shall serve to answer all your questions about my Iourny; and I will have it printed to satisfy the Kingdom. Forsan et hæc olim is a damned lye for I shall always fret at the remembrance of this imprisonment. Pray pity poor brat for he is called dunce puppy and Lyar 500 times an hour, and yet he means not ill, for he will nothing. Oh for a dozen bottles of deanery wine and a slice of bread and butter. The wine you sent us yesterday is a little upon the scum, I wish you had chosen better. I am going to bed at ten a clock, because I am weary off being up. Wednesday. Last night I dreamt that L^d^ Bolingbroke and M^r^ Pope were at my Cathedrle in the Gallery, and that my L^d^ was to preach; I could not find my Surplice, the Church servants were out out of the way; the Doors were shut. I sent to my Lord to come into my stall for more conveniency to get into the Pulpit the stall was all broken, the sd the Collegians had done it I squeezed amorg the Rabble, saw my L^d^ in the Pulpit I thought his prayer was good, but I forget it. In his Sermon, I did not like his quoting M^r^ Wycherlye by name, and his play. This is all and so I waked.

FACING PAGE 254. LETTER FROM DEFOE.

S^r^

I am Sorry there Should be any Manner of room for an Objeccon when we are so near a Conclusion of an Affair like this, I should be very Uneasie when I give you a Gift I so much value (and I hope I do not Over rate her Neither) There Should be any reserv among vs, that Should leav y^e^ least room for Unkindness, or so much as thinking of Unkindness, no not so much as of the word.

But there is a Family reason why I am tyed down to y^e^ words of Your b^p^ Cena and I can not think m^r^ Baker Should Dispute so small a matter w^th^ me, after I tell him So (Viz) that I am So Tyed down: I can I believ many wayes make him up the Little Sum of five pound a year, and when I Tell you Thus under my hand, that I shall Think my Self obligd to do it *Durante vita* I shall add that I shall Think my Self more Obligd to do so, than if you had it unde[r] Hand and Seal.

But if you are not willing to Trust me on my Parole, for So Small a [*sic*] and that According To the Great Treatys abroad, there must be [*sic*] Article in Our Negotiacoñ; I Say if it must be so, I would fain put my Self in a Condicoñ to Deny you Nothing, w^ch^ you can ask, believing you will ask nothing of me w^ch^ I ought to Denye.

wher you Speak of a child, Fortune, w^ch^ I hear you do very modestly; you must giv me leave to Say Onely this, you must accept of this in Bar of any claim from the City Customes; and I doubt you will have but Too much reason, Seeing I can hardly hope to do equally for all y^e^ rest, as I shall for my dear *Sophie:* But after that, you shall Onely allow me to say, and that you shall Depend upon, what ever it shall please God to bless me with, None shall have a Deeper share in it, and you need do no more Than remember, That she is, Ever was and Ever will be My Dearest and Best Beloved, and let me add again I hope you will Take it for a Mark of my Singul[ar] and affectionate Concern for you, That I Thus giv her you, and That I say too If I could giv her much more it should be to you, w^th^ the same affeccoñ

Aug^t^ 27th, 1728. Yo^r^ without Flattery

D F

FACING PAGE 308. LETTER FROM RICHARDSON.

Sir

Your Letter, unsubscribed and without a Date, as well as without a Name, came to my Hands by the Peny Post on Tuesday last, inclosed in one from a Gentleman who subscribes W. S.

You desire to know, if I concur with you in your Sentiments relating to the Compromise between Sir Charles Grandison and Clementina, in the Article of Religion. Those Sentiments are contained in your wishes, that I had given another Turn to it, and had gone further in the Subject: "For, say you, as such an "Agreament is now almost a Point in Course in the "Marriage of Persons of different Religions, if you had "made use of that Handle to expose the Iniquity of "such a Practice and that poor Girls Souls were as "much to be regarded as Boys, some few of those "Reasons which you would have then brought, might "have done more Service towards putting a Stop to so "wicked a Practice, than the best set Discourses could "have done; Multitudes of young People of both Per-"suasions reading the one, who must have been utter "Strangers to the other."

I am very much obligd to you, Sir, for your Good Opinion of my Undertaking, and in General of the Execution, and of the Service to Mankind that may result from it.

Give me Leave to Say, that I *have* Shewn in the Volumes, when the Subject required it, that I have the Honour to be of your Opinion, as to this Compromise. I have in Vol. III. Octavo p. 105, 106 made the Bishop (Clementina's Brother) thus say to M^r^ Grandison, after a Debate between them on the two Religions, "You "will call to mind, Chevalier, that *your* Church allows "of a Possibility of Salvation out of its Pale—*ours* does "not."—"My Lord," answers the Chevalier, "Our "Church allows not of its Members indulging them-"selves in capital errors, against Conviction."

M^r^ Grandison was a young Man: He pretends not to be divested of Passion. It was necessary to let the Porretta Family, and the Reader, who, it was supposed, would not be unconcerned in the Destiny of Clementina, see, that he was desirous to make some Sacrifices, for those . . . the Family made, in consideration of so excellent a Creature, who had suffered so much, and was actually in a State of Suffering, for her Love of him: What could he do *more*, he asks D^r^ Bartlett, than to make such an offer? He considers it as a very great Concession, tho' he must know, that it was, as you, Sir, observe, a too usual one. And he tells her warmest Relations the *General*, too in particular, "that "he would not have come into such a compromise, no, "not in favour of a Princess, in a *Beginning* Address." And this he says, in Answer to the General's Question, sneeringly put, "what, Chevalier, must the poor "Daughters have done, that *they* should have been left "to Perdition?" And this put by him, when he knew that M^r^ Grandison was of a Religion that inspires its Professors with more Charity, than does that which allows not Salvation out of its own Pale.

Who that thinks the Porretta Family bigotted, must not have allowed *them* to think M^r^ Grandison so, had he not made some such sort of Concession, as he expected them to make; and even a much greater than *he* offered—[The Sons of the Familys] And who were much more apprehensive of theire Daughters Non-Adherence to her Religion, if his Wife, than hopeful of what they called his Conversion.

Some Concessions are expected to be made in all Marriage-Treaties; and (contrary to what was proposed in *this*) greater on the Man's than on the woman's side,

since it is understood, that the Wife is more the Property of the Husband than he is hers; and he therefore makes an Acquisition. Pecuniary Sacrifices could not have affected Mr Grandison. Nothing but what touched his Principles could. This was a severe trial to him. He was to be proved by Severe Trials. Clementina at the Time, was the only Woman he could have loved. He knew not then Miss Byron: But we have Reason to believe, from different Parts of the Story, that he thought himself not unhappy that it was owing to Clementina herself, and not to him, that he was not put upon carrying his Compromise into Effect notwithstanding the Frequency of Such Stipulations in Marriage-Treaties between People of different Persuasions.

That these observations lie scattered, as I may say, in different Parts of this Story, is owing, a good deal, to the manner of writing, to the Moment, as it may be called, as Occasions arose as the Story proceeded. A manner of writing, that has its Conveniencies and Inconveniencies. The *latter* in such Cases as that before us; the *former*, in giving Opportunities to describe the Agitations that fill the Heart on a material and interesting Event being undecided.

You will be pleased to observe, that I had a very nice and difficult Task to manage; To convince nice and delicate Ladies, who it might be imagined, would sit in Judgment upon the Conduct of a man in a Love-Case, who was supposed to be nearly perfect, and proposed as a Pattern; that a Lady so excellent as Clementina, of so high a Family and Fortune; all her Relations adoring her; so deeply in Love with him; yet so delicate in her whole Behaviour to him; was not slighted by *him*. I have *said*, He was to make some Sacrifices. If his Distress, in different Scenes of the Story, were duly attended to (as he was attacked on the Side of his Generosity, his Compassion, his Gratitude, his Love) together with his Stedfastness in his Faith, I presume, that he would be thought a Confessor for his Religion, in the whole Affair between him and Clementina. See only for what he suffered, and how he persevered in his Duty, Dr Bartletts 3d. Letter, Vol. III, p. 93 to 102. And his following 4th and 5th Letters.

In an omission in the Sixth Volume Octavo, which is supplied to p. 401, 402, Lucy Selby is made thus to express herself, retrospecting this Compromise, in order to weaken the Danger to Religion that might be apprehended from y^e^ Example—"How could Sir Charles, so "thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an "Italian Wife?" "His Heart indeed is generously "open and benevolent to People of all Countries. He "is in the noblest Sense a Citizen of the World: But, "see we not, that his long Residence abroad, has only "the *more* endeared to him the Religion, the Govern-"ment, the Manners of England."—

"How was this noble-minded Man entangled by "Delicacies of Situations by Friendship, by Compassion, "that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in "a Family of Roman Catholics, and lived half of his "Days out of his beloved Country; and the other Half "to have set, as to the World's Eyes such an Example "in it!

"I know he would have made it his Study to prevent "any Mischief to his Neighbours from the active Zeal "of his Lady's Confessor, had a certain Compromise "taken Effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father "Marescotti: But would even that good Man have "thought himself bound to observe Faith with Heretics "in such a Case?"

And in the concluding Note to the Work, I have, as Editor, thus further endeavoured to obviate the apprehended Mischief, by not contending with such of my Readers, whose laudable Zeal for the true Faith, led them to consider this Compromise as a Blemish in Sir Charles's Character. See the Place, p. 300, Octavo Edition.

I need not, Sir, I presume, intrude further on your Patience, on this Subject. Repeatedly I thank you for your kind Letter. I could wish that I might know to whom I have thus explained, and perhaps exposed myself: At least, for a few Lines to acquaint me, whether what I have written, without Reserve, and as my Memory served me, is in any manner satisfactory to such a solid Reasoner, and worthy a Judge of Religious and Moral Subjects, as you appear to be to,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

Salisbury Court, Fleet street,
March 22, 1754.

Excuse, Sir, my bad writing. Transcribing is always painful to me.

FACING PAGE 342. LETTER FROM GOLDSMITH.

*Rec'd in Jan^y^* 1759.

Sir,

I know of no misery but a gaol to which my own imprudencies and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable this three or four weeks, and by heavens, request it as a favour, as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigince brings with it with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a gaol that is formidable, I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society. I tell you again, and again I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the taylor shall make; thus far at least I do not act the sharper, since unable to pay my debts one way I would willingly give some security another. No, Sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity I might surely now have been in better circumstances. I am guilty I own of meanesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it, my reflections are filld with repentance for my imprudence but not with any remorse for being a villain, that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books I can assure you are neither pawn'd nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities oblig'd me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment; it is very possible that upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealouses. If such circumstances should appear at lest spare invective 'till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be publish'd, and then perhaps you may see the bright side of a mind when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity but of choice. You seem to think Doctor Milner knew me not. Perhaps s[o]; but he was a man I shall ever honour, but I have friendship only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; Nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, Sir, your Humble servt.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S.—I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.

PAGE 366. LETTER FROM HORACE WALPOLE.

Tuesday, Aug. 16th 1796.

Tho I this morning recieued y^r Sunday's full letter, it is three o'clock before I have a moment to begin answering it, & must do it myself, for Kirgate is not at home. First came in Mr. Barrett, & then Cosway, who has been for some days at Mr. Udney's with his wife; she so afflicted for her only little girl, that she shut herself up in her chamber & would not be seen—the Man Cosway does not seem to think that much of the Loss belonged to him; he romanced with his usual vivacity. Next arrived D^r Burney, on his way to Mrs. Boscawen. He asked me about deplorable Camilla—Alas, I had not recovered of it enough to be loud in its praise. I am glad however to hear that she has realized about 2,000£—and the worth (no doubt) of as much in honours at Windsor, where she was detained three days, & where even Mon^r Darbelay was allowed to dine.

I rejoice at your Bathing promising so well. If the beautiful Fugitive from Brightholmston dips too, the Waves will be still more salutary.

Venus Orta mari Mare prestat eunti.

I like your going to survey Castles & Houses; it is wholesomer than drawing & writting tomes of letters—which you see I cannot do—

Wednesday, after Breakfast. When I came home from Lady Mendip's last night, I attempted to finish this myself, but my poor Fingers were so tired by all the Work of the Day, that it will require Sir W. Jones's Gift of Tongues to interpret my Pothooks: one would think Arabic Characters were catching, for Agnes had shewn me a Volume of their Poems finely printed at Cambridge, with a Version, which Mr. Douglas had lent to her, and said were very simple, and not in the inflated Stile of the East—you shall judge—in the first page I opened, I found a storm of Lightning that had burst into a horse laugh—I resume the Thread of my Letter. You had not examined Arundel Castle enough, for you do not mention the noble

FACING PAGE 370. LETTER FROM SHERIDAN.

Sat. Morn.

D^r Sir,

I am perfectly convinced how unpleasant it must be to you to write me such a Letter as I have just received containing so extraordinary & ridiculous a a Threat from the Bankers. I assure you this is the first communication of the kind I have had. M^r. Grubb undoubtedly ought to give the security to the old Trustees & if He does not some one must be found that will. As to the executions, they ought long since to have been withdrawn in good Faith. The ettling an intriccate account with a Pistol at one's breast is not a Pleasant way of doing business, nor I should think a satisfactory manner of having charges admitted. Everything else on our Part has been acquiesced on our Part & done & merely my necessary attention to the theatre and Weekley's accusations have prevented this, which I must naturally be most anxious to have completed if I considered myself only. I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you in the course of the Day.

Yours truly,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

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